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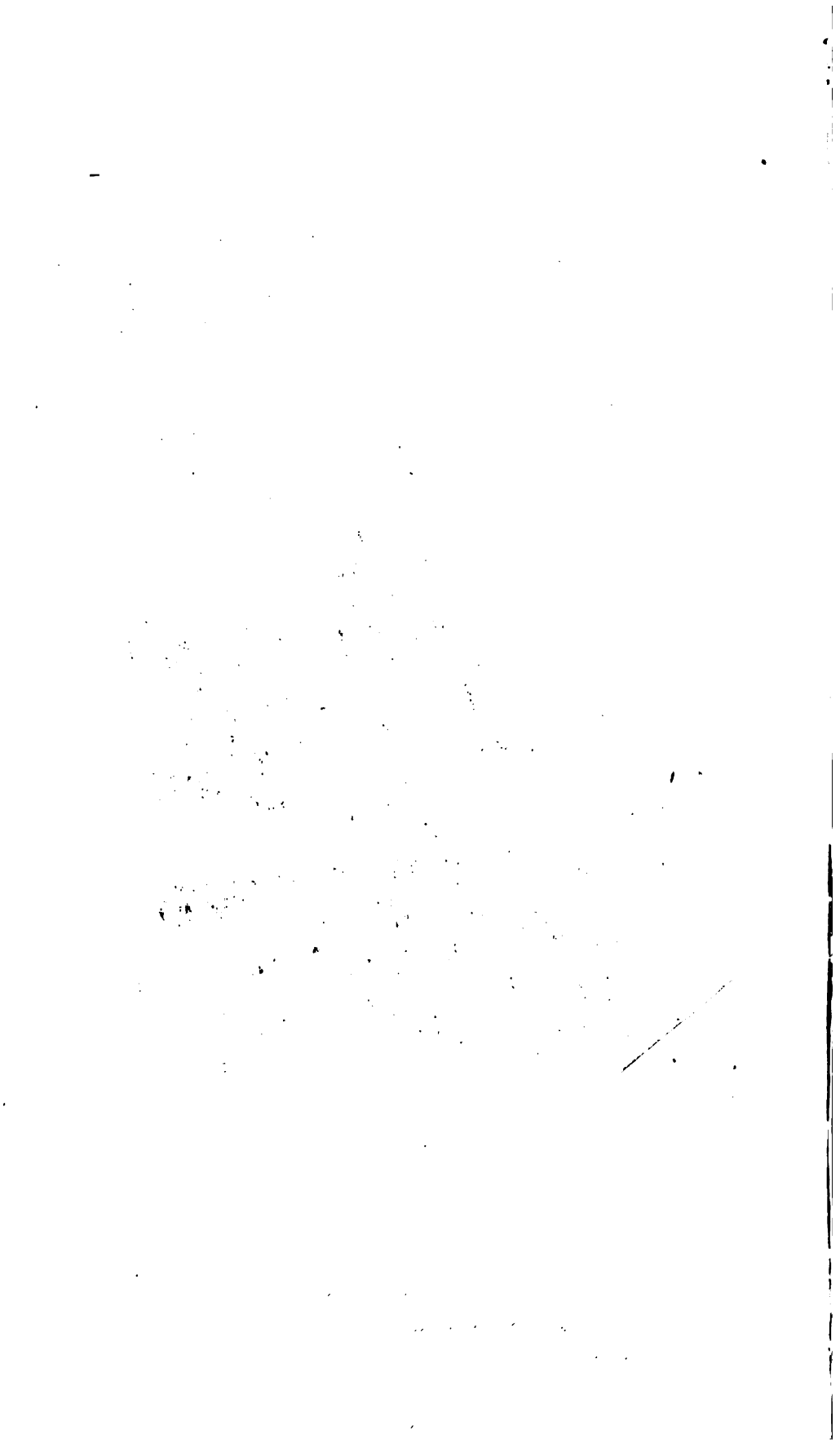

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR BOOK:

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, MORALS, AND RELIGION.

VOLUME V.

NEW YORK:
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S

PAGE.

Sketches of Copenhagen 17, 109
" of Dr. Lyman Beecher 20
Sunday Evening Thoughts 165
Sketches of Western Life 198
Scenes in a Pastor's Life . 225, 274, 289, 359
Song 235
Song of the Gondolier 367

T

The Young Gleaner 4
The Power of Fiction 5
The Sailor's Widow 9
Time 19
The Mission of Flowers 23
True Aspiration 40
The History of a Soul 35, 74
The Two Spirits 41
The Invocation 45
The Delaware Water Gap 65
The Widow's Son 67
The Shipwreck 77
The Jewess of Pera 81
The Wayfaring Laborer 86
The Wigwam in the Forest 87
The Vine—a Sketch 91
The Three Great Crises in Modern History, 97, 145
The Limerick Bells 101
The Lost Child 104
Two Pictures of Life 105
The Spirit's Rest 123
The Spell of Earth 132
Thirty Years Ago 133
The Education of Conscience 139
The Corner Stone 142
The Beauty of Earth 152
The Self-denying Student 153

PAGE.

The Place of Prayer 156
The Pastor's Wives 162
Thoughts of the Lost in the "Atlantic" . 166
To E—— 168
The Fine Arts in America 178
To my Sister 186
The College Spirit 216
The Past 216
The Old Maid 217
To One Beloved 209
Three Scenes of Death 260
The Death of Nicholas Copernicus . . 268
The First Dream of Life 294
Tasso's Last Abode 302
The Vigil of a College Senior 303
The Physician 304
The Lock of Hair 307
The Mission of Trial 312
The Gentle Shepherd 321
The Flight of Time 324
The Good Samaritan Age 329
The Snow Storm—a Sketch 334
The Magdalen to her Sleeping Child . 340
The Harp 341
The Christian Pilgrim Encouraged . . 343
The Lay of the Wounded Heart 348
To Harriet 349
The Fatalist 232
Tidings in the Wilderness 366

U

Unwritten Poetry 110

W

We only know what we have lived . . 257
Where the Money Goes 353
Where is Happiness? 378

EMBELLISHMENTS.

The Young Gleaner.
Bird of Paradise.
The Notch House.
The Hyacinth.
Landing of the Pilgrims.
Red Partridge.
Harper's Ferry.
The Rabbit.
Shoe Shopping.
Summer in the Country.
Montreal.
The Bonnie Bairns.
A Scene on the Hudson.
Walderic Cottage.
Washington Monument.
An Italian Villa.
The Hermit.
Floral Illustrations.
Going to School.
Brockville.
Memory.
Floral Illustrations.
The Pardon.
The Home for the Friendless.

OURSELVES AND OUR READERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN many places, and in none more than in this bustling city of ours, the first of May is a most eventful annual epoch. Everybody, almost, is removing—*moving*, according to the technical phraseology—or undergoing the revolutionary penance of house-cleaning, or both. We turn our city, about these days, into a kind of Daguerreotype of life on wheels, or rather, perhaps, a grand moving panorama of Bedlam. It is a great epoch, this first of May. It is a season when the ladies have the entire control of one's house, and the men are coolly turned out of doors, to take an airing. On the first of May, we begin the world anew, as it were.

It is in accordance with the general regimen, and possibly from sympathy with it, that the PARLOR MAGAZINE, a Knickerbocker by birth and education, enters upon the month of May as upon a great broad-stair of its existence. With this eventful month, reader, it begins a new volume. No season likes us so well in this respect as the ides of May; for aside from the fact that the New-Yorkers signalize the first of May by all

sorts of mutations, Nature has marked this period as one of the most remarkable in the earth's circuit in the zodiac. In this latitude, waking from their winter sleep, hundreds of sweet flowers, as if by magic, spring up in the wild wood and the meadow, and unfold their delicate petals to the kiss of the breeze; and the music of birds, hushed for months by the cold breath of winter, again gladdens our hearts. Bright, beautiful, charming May! How we love thee and thine! How dost thou light up everything with the smiles of thy own blessed face!

But we wander. We said, reader, or tried to say, that at this eventful period—eventful in the city and in the country—we commence a new volume of the PARLOR MAGAZINE. Our publisher, taking a hint from Nature, who is so generously providing new robes for the earth, has had his *protégé* furnished with one of the richest and most graceful and becoming dresses that could be found. We do candidly believe that a more tasteful and elegant cover does not envelop any magazine on this continent, than that which is designed by Wallin and engraved by Felter, for our own monthly.

But this is not all. We shall not forget that the gem is of more importance than the casket which holds it—that the spirit of our magazine claims far more attention than the outward adornments of its person; and the editor and publisher will labor assiduously to render its pages richer than they ever have been. The PARLOR MAGAZINE now—thanks to the thousands who have appreciated its design and valued its mission—is established on a secure basis. Whatever apology might have been valid for allowing it to fall below the standard of mechanical excellence to which any of its cotemporaries have attained, no such apology can be made at this period in its history; for its increased popularity has, we are aware, enhanced in the same ratio its facilities for improvement in all the elements which constitute a good magazine. We shall not be unmindful of this.

We are desirous that our plan should be distinctly understood. We design—as we have designed from the outset of our undertaking—to furnish a monthly literature of the lighter class for the family circle, and especially for young ladies and gentlemen, not only free from the exceptionable features by which our literary monthlies are too generally and strongly marked, but aiming, in every page and every paragraph, to aid in the healthful development of the mind, including under this term not the intellect merely, but the taste and the affections.

Still, in guiding our bark away from the dangers of Scylla, we shall endeavor to avoid the perhaps equally formidable dangers of Charybdis. We shall read no dull, prosy homilies, nor shall we allow our respected and valued correspondents to do anything of the kind.

While we hope our magazine will be acceptable generally to all the members of the family, we frankly confess that we shall labor to make it especially a favorite with the ladies. They, we are aware, cannot be expected to take a deep interest in most of the current newspaper periodicals of the day, teeming as they do, many of them, with the details of political controversy; and consequently they need access to channels of literature more congenial to their taste and habits of thought. Such a literature we shall aim to provide for them.

It is a matter of some doubt with us—as it is to most thinking men and women who have at heart the interests of the domestic sanctuary—how far it is judicious to employ the agency of fiction in rendering our work acceptable and useful. Fiction is both a valuable and a dangerous instrument. Wielded with judgment, and especially judgment controlled by moral principle and religion, it may be made available not only in enlisting the sympathies of youth of either sex, when all other agencies are comparatively powerless, but in exerting a kindly influence directly or indirectly upon the sacred founts of the affections. So that we shall not discard it altogether. Yet, like other classes and orders of literature, innocent and even estimable in themselves, it cannot be disputed that this of fiction is liable to abuse; and we shall exercise a zealous and careful censorship over this department in our magazine.

This rule must ever be a prominent one with us, in deciding upon the admission or rejection of every article in prose or verse: to be admitted, *the article must possess some positive points of utility*. By this we mean, that it will not be considered sufficient endorsement for an article, that it be entertaining and spicy. This element is well enough; we have no objections to urge against it—but the contrary. We shall not allow the *means* to take the place of the *end*, however. Other periodicals there are, scores of them, that have large alcoves appro-

priated to humor and *jeux d'esprit*, some of which are at least of a questionable character. But our Parlor will exhibit these features but sparingly, and never unaccompanied by some valuable lesson, or when desirable to temper a healthful moral precept.

As for poetry, it is our deliberate conviction, that in this, as in the sister branches of art, poor or indifferent specimens are worse than none at all. We are fond of poetry. Indeed, unless we greatly mistake, we narrowly escaped being a poet ourself. A few grains more of imagination, and perchance a drachm or two additional of ideality, in our constitution, we verily believe, would have formed the materials of that mysterious compound, which, when it passes through the alembic of the soul, is called poetry. But, for all that, we shall consent rather to have our pages from beginning to end, as barren of poetic thought and expression as the problems and propositions of Euclid, than to make them the media of rhymes, miscalled poetry, and unconformable in the main to the conventional rules of the art.

This we say, friend author, to you, as well as to our readers. We say it prophetically, or if that term is inadmissible, prospectively; for in the offing of the future—in the dim perspective which bounds the present—we see some bushels of manuscripts, more or less, belonging to every class, order, genus and species of poetical composition under the sun, all of which are sure anon to find their way into our sanctum, and to look imploringly up to us as an usher to introduce them to their excellent friend the public—and many of which are as sure to be disappointed.

Still we are anxious to encourage real genius, however sparingly developed, in this as in every branch of the fine arts; and we do most cordially and earnestly invite our friends to assist us in providing the monthly entertainment of the PARLOR MAGAZINE. The editor wishes to establish and keep up an intimate correspondence with those who write for the press; and we shall be sincerely grateful for any contributions in our judgment appropriate to our pages, and acceptable and profitable to our readers.

We mean, ere long, to lay down a few rules to direct our friends in their communications—in other words, to tell them precisely what we most desire for our pages. Meanwhile we may say, in general, that while there are many of our present contributors from whom we should love to hear much oftener than we now do, it would gratify us not a little to extend our list; and we should be satisfied if our new friends were as fortunate in their selection of subjects and in their manner of treating them, as those now in the field. We are confident there is a great deal of unemployed genius in the way of literary effort, among our patrons, and we are not without our hopes that we shall be able to educe some of that genius for the benefit of our magazine. We shall try hard at any rate.

But we must spend no more time in "defining our position," as they say in Congress. We would rather our friends should judge of the character and disposition of our Parlor visitor by personal observation than from a miniature sketch; and doubtless they will prefer to do the same. One thing we will say, however—that no means accessible by talent and untiring industry, will be left unappropriated to make the PARLOR MAGAZINE the best work of its class in the world; and though it may savor a little of undue enthusiasm, possibly of arrogance, we assure our friends that we fondly hope to make it such.

THE YOUNG GLEANER.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THUS a gleaner was repining,
As she sat her down to rest,
Summer's sun above her shining,
Winter lowering in her breast:—

"Why am I so poor and lonely,
In a world so full of joy?
Must I then, a menial only,
Ever thus my life employ—

"Forced to toil from morn till even,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Scorned by men, unloved by Heaven,
For one meagre sheaf of grain!

"Yet with such a life before me,
Oft my mother used to say,
'God is kind, and angels o'er thee
Watchers are by night and day.'"

Heard she then, that weary maiden,
Words that seem'd from heaven address'd:
"Come to me—though heavy laden,
I will give thy spirit rest."

Then the maiden's toil grew lighter,
Ceased for aye her tears to flow;
Then her sunny face beamed brighter,
For it caught a heavenly glow.

Toils she now from morn till even,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Blest to be beloved of Heaven,
Though a gleaner 'mid the grain.

New York, May, 1848.

INVOCATION TO THE MUSE.

BY E. J. HAMES.

WILT thou too leave me—thou, who wast the first
And fairest vision of my happiest youth,—
Who at my side the germs of Poesy nurs'd,
And blent wild fiction with the hues of Truth;
Thou, who didst follow wheresoe'er I roam'd?
In the wood-path—by the sunny stream—
By the red rose tree, when the twilight "gloam'd"—
Thou wert my Inspiration, and my dream.
Oh! angel of the faded year! I need
The Glory of thy Presence once, *once* more,
And on thy beauteous forehead fain would read
The Prophecy the Sibyl wrote of yore.
I do not ask thy stay for long, sweet Muse—
Oh, then do not this last request refuse!

THE POWER OF FICTION;

OR, DEACON PRESCOTT AND HIS DAUGHTER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THAN Deacon Job Prescott a more unyielding opponent of fiction, in all its forms, was nowhere to be found. He denounced all composed histories as lies, and referred the origin of this particular order of literature to the Father of Lies. It was but rarely that Deacon Prescott had patience to reason with any one on the subject. To him, the truth of his position was so clear, that he felt irritated when others attempted to sustain an opposite opinion. Knock-down arguments were his weapons in dealing with the Monster of Iniquity, as he was pleased to call it.

Unfortunately for the peace of Deacon Prescott's household, his sons and daughters by no means agreed with him as to the sinfulness of fiction. In spite of his most watchful care, novels and tales were obtained and read by them in secret, with an avidity increased by the fact that the pleasure was a stolen one. Mary, quiet, thoughtful, loving Mary Prescott, who, from the time her sweet young mouth could take a kiss from her father's lips, up to the period when the bud of girlish beauty expanded into the lovely young woman, had been acknowledged by the Deacon as his most precious gift from Heaven—saving, always, her mother—even Mary, in the solitude of her little chamber, long after all the household had retired for the night, would often lose herself for hours in the deep spell that lies in Ivanhoe, Waverley, Kenilworth, and other master-pieces of fictitious history, from the pen of gifted novelists. Often, as the light of morning came stealthily in, and blending with, at length destroyed the dim rays of the feeble lamp, has Mary started with surprise to find that the night was past; and hiding away the fascinating book, that had caused her to take no note of time, thrown herself upon the bed to catch an hour's sleep before joining the family, and entering into the regular duties of the day.

Sometimes Deacon Prescott would discover a stray volume of romance, and then came trouble to the guilty one who had dared introduce the "moral poison." But it all did not do. Mrs. Radcliffe, Scott, Cooper, and dozens of others, were familiar names among the younger members of the family. The evil resulting from Deacon Prescott's rigid views and practice on the subject of fiction, was, that he ceased to be the rational guide of his children. Had he wisely discriminated on this subject, he would have understood that there was a wide difference between a mere fictitious history, in which imaginary characters are made to appear and act out to their ultimate consequence certain good or evil principles, and a deliberate falsehood uttered with the end to deceive. He would have seen that there was a power in fiction that might be made to subserve good as well as evil purposes; and instead of interdicting light reading, as it is called, altogether, have introduced that which was elevating to his children, and thus been their guide where one was so much needed. But, instead of this, he condemned all as bad; and the inevitable consequence was, that his children, unable to see that he was right, obtained novels and romances, and read them in secret. Two evils were the result. In the first place, they disobeyed their father, and lost respect for his judgment; and, in the second place, with no guide to a selection of books, read the good and the bad indiscriminately. Nor was a perversion of taste, so far as bad books were read, the only consequence. Mary's health—she was of a delicate constitution—from sitting up late at night, and often in a cold room, to devour, rather than read, the fascinating works of fiction that she was able to obtain from one source or another, was seriously injured; and her parents remarked, with anxiety, her altered appearance, without in the least suspecting the cause.

Thus matters went on, until Mary, so deeply loved by her father, was addressed by a young man for whom Deacon Prescott entertained a dislike almost equal to what he felt for novels and tales of fiction. The rigid, uncompromising old Puritan, the moment he saw what was going on, acted with his usual decision. There was no temporizing in his policy.

"Mary, if that young man comes here again, I shall request him not to repeat the visit," said the father, on the occasion of Edward Baldwin's first formal visit to the lovely maiden.

Tears came to the eyes of Mary, and a bright flush to her cheeks. Her head drooped, and her bosom heaved strongly; but she made no answer, and as soon as it was respectful to do so, arose and left her father's presence.

Deacon Prescott considered the matter as settled. Mary had always been a loving, obedient child, and the thought that she would go directly counter to his wishes, did not once cross his mind. But he erred. The very fact of opposition to the young man, caused her to think of him with more favor. She could not understand the objection as anything but an unfounded prejudice.

Baldwin came again, and the Deacon, true to his purpose, desired him not to repeat the visit. The manner in which this was done was offensive, and the young man was indignant; but it did not in the least touch his regard for Mary, to whom he wrote a long letter, fully declaring the nature of his feelings for her, and begging her to give him an interview. They met according to his wish, when pledges of affection were exchanged. From that hour, Edward Baldwin was all the world to the true-hearted Mary. They met frequently, at the house of a friend. In due time, thoughts of marriage came, and the lovers began to look forward to a union. The desire, on both sides, to conciliate the father and gain his consent, was very strong, and an attempt was made by the young man to effect this. He called upon the old gentleman, and frankly stated the relation that existed between him and Mary, and earnestly desired his approbation and consent to a marriage union. But all availed not. The young man he looked upon as carnal-minded, and given to worldly follies. In his eyes he was a mere pleasure-seeker; one who, without religious principles, was afloat upon the great ocean of life possessed of neither chart nor compass. To resign his daughter into the hands of such a man, he considered little better than an act of insanity, and he would never consent to do it.

The final result was, that Mary left her father's house secretly, and was married to Baldwin. When she wrote home, conjointly with her husband, announcing the fact, and earnestly desiring that opposition to what was inevitable might no longer exist, the old man returned no answer. They wrote again, but he remained silent. With her hand upon her heart to repress its agitated pulsations, Mary then went back to her father's house, and sought forgiveness. But her tearful, imploring face could not move the inflexible old man. Sternly he waved her away, uttering, as he did so, the words—

"You have dissolved the tie between us; you are no longer my child!"

With a fainting spirit, Mary went back to her home, and fell, with a gush of tears and a cry of pain, upon the breast of her husband. He asked no question, for he understood all too well. But he held her tightly to his bosom, while he cursed the evil spirit of unforgiveness that had so wronged his innocent, loving, gentle-hearted bride.

No further attempt was made, on the part of the young couple, to bend the old man from his stern spirit of resentment. Months passed, nay, even years went by, and Deacon Prescott, in all that time, had not once seen his daughter, who, shortly after her marriage, removed to another city with her husband. Mary corresponded with her sister and mother, but her father would not see her letters, nor hear with patience any allusion that was made to her. But he was not permitted to indulge his humor unopposed. The mother often strove with him, and sought, by every means in her power, to restore Mary to her old place in her father's heart. She did not know how desolate his heart was without the smiling image of his favorite child, nor how strongly nature pleaded for her to be brought back again into his acknowledged affections. But he could not forgive an act of disobedience like that. Mary had chosen her own way. She had gone from his side, and taken for her companion one whom he utterly disliked and disapproved. The act was wrong, and she must suffer the full penalty.

It happened, two years or so from the time that Mary left her father's house, and while her father still retained his unbending position towards her, that the old man was in company

where some one spoke favorably of "moral fictions." The person who did so was a stranger to the Deacon, and knew nothing of his family history.

"Moral falsehood, you had better say," was half-rudely uttered by the Deacon.

"No," said the person to whom this was addressed, "moral fictions; or rather, imaginary histories, in which we see, as it were, the hidden impulses of the heart imbodied in living action; and thence are able more truly to understand and sympathize with our fellow-men."

"Sheer nonsense!" replied the Deacon. "No wire-drawn apologies like that will do. They cannot make a lie the truth. It is lying, sir, lying! and you can make nothing else out of it."

"What is a lie?" was asked.

"Anything that is not true."

"And uttered with an intent to deceive?"

"Certainly."

"Then, a fictitious history, written with intelligent skill, and a regard to just principles, is not a lie, for it is a true picture of human nature, and seeks not to deceive any one. The end in view is to do good, and the means employed injure no one, nor violate a single law in the Decalogue."

"Is not lying a violation of the Decalogue?" said the Deacon.

"In what commandment is it forbidden?"

"*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*"

"Very well. Now, I wish to illustrate a moral truth, and bring it directly home to the minds of the people. I know that principles only have power when they influence our actions; and that when seen in their ultimate effects, their quality is more fully understood. But I have no pertinent example to hold up to the people; or, if I have, the doing so, by dragging forth persons, or families, and directing toward them the public eye, would result in far more harm than good. I, therefore, imagine a series of acts, from causes in the mind, introducing actors, of course, and carrying them on through a variety of scenes, all legitimately resulting from the principles that govern them. Now, if, in doing this, I am careful to show the difference between good and evil, and as carefully refrain from presenting vice in any attractive form, but rather make it repulsive as it really is, am I guilty of bearing false witness against my neighbor? Am I guilty of a moral wrong?"

"You are guilty of having given utterance to what is not true; and you can't make anything else out of it, argue as you will," replied Deacon Prescott, dogmatically.

"Pardon me for disagreeing with you," said the person. "If I have presented false views of life; if I have made my story unnatural and improbable, and given it, at the same time, a power to mislead the mind and deceive it in regard to the legitimate tendency of either true or false principles, then I have been guilty of uttering what is untrue; but not otherwise. There is no attempt to deceive on my part. No one doubts that my history of a life, or my representation of a passage in life, is a composed history, and not a literal detail of what has actually taken place."

"Very ingenious, but mere sophistry," returned the Deacon. "And as to the good these things do, I always had my doubts on that head; while the harm stares us in the face at every turn. Reading of this kind enervates the mind, and makes it unfit for sober reflection, or active duties."

"To that I will by no means assent, as a general principle," was answered to this declaration. "A bad novel or tale will do more harm in the world than a bad book of philosophy; and, on the other hand, a good novel or tale will accomplish more good than a grave, moral disquisition, I care not how true may be its teachings."

"Preposterous! Such a position is an insult to the human reason," said Deacon Prescott.

"Oh, no. Not by any means. The moral essay is a cold enunciation of truths, but the fictitious history not only declares the same principles, but shows us their power in action. It takes hold of our sympathies—it makes our understandings clear by warming our affections."

"Precious few such histories are there!" said the Deacon.

"I think I have something," said the stranger, resuming, "that will illustrate what I have said. I met with a touching little story to-day, and as I, fortunately, have it with me, I will, with the permission of the company, read it. It will take but a very few minutes."

All asked for the story but the Deacon, and he did not object to its being read. The story was brief, but earnest. Singularly enough, for the individual who read it knew nothing, as we have already intimated, of the family affairs of Deacon Prescott, it was the history of a pa-

rent's estrangement from his child, in consequence of her marrying in direct opposition to his wishes. The struggles in the father's mind between pride and affection, between the stern reasonings with which he sustained himself, and the tender appeals that his heart made for his child, were finely portrayed; and the Deacon was startled at the picture of himself so suddenly and unexpectedly conjured up before him. He sat and listened with the most intense interest. To him it was no fiction, but a veritable history, for he recognized its truth in every line.

From a description of the father's unbending spirit, the writer next turned to the loving child he had thrown from him with so rude a hand that she had fallen to the earth. He opened the door of her heart, and showed the father's image still there. He pictured her as she really was, true to her husband, yet sad for the loss of a parent's love, and yearning to lie again upon the bosom where her head had rested in confiding love since the early dawn of childhood. He took the reader into the chamber where she sat alone, blotting with tears the paper upon which she was writing an earnest appeal to her father to be taken back into his affections; and then he showed him the unrelenting and unforgiving old man, as he spurned the tear-stained missive, and sent it back unopened.

But the writer's end in composing this history, was to fill the heart with the blessed spirit of forgiveness, and in the conclusion of his story, he introduced a fitting combination of circumstances to produce the effect desired—that is, a reconciliation of the father and daughter.

"Now," said the individual who had read the finely told story, addressing Deacon Prescott, "do you not see that a picture like this would have double the power over the heart of a father, who stood in such a relation to his child, than any appeals to his reason that cold didactics could make? Do you not——"

The speaker suddenly became silent, and looked wonderingly at the individual he was addressing. The picture had come home to Deacon Prescott with a power that he could not withstand. Fiction had done what reason had failed to accomplish—it had softened his heart toward his child, and set free the long pent-up streams of affection. He started up quickly, and to hide the emotion he felt, hurried away from the company, most of whom understood what was passing in his mind.

Mary, or rather, Mrs. Baldwin, was sitting alone, with a sleeping babe on her lap, her thoughts tracing in the delicate features of her babe's face a likeness to her father, when there came a tap at the door.

"Come in."

The door opened, and a form, the last expected, came in hurriedly.

"Father!" she exclaimed.

"Mary! my child!" was responded in a quivering voice.

A moment more, and the father and child were in each other's arms.

Since that happy hour, the old man has less to say against works of fiction. He is not their advocate, for old prejudices are still strong, and old habits of thinking confirmed. The fact of their not being true is the stumbling-block with him. He cannot clearly discriminate between writing a story and telling a lie. "They are not true," is the mental position he takes. And yet they are true, in the sense that the image in a mirror is true—they are true reflections of what occur in real life. Deacon Prescott saw and knew himself in a story, and, perceiving what manner of man he was, put off the evil that had so long clung to him, and made both himself and others unhappy for years. Hundreds and thousands in this world are benefited in like manner. There is no calculating the amount of good that a well-wrought fiction, based upon true principles, may effect in the world.

Those who, from a narrow prejudice, would blot this form of writing from the page of literature, are about as wise as a man would be if he dashed a mirror to pieces because it merely reflected what was around it, instead of containing the real things within itself that it pictured to the eye.

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

I.

Ah! sad the morn to me;
Though bright are earth and sky;
And on the smiling sea
I look with streaming eye!
Where yonder line, so pale,
Scarce parts the wave and air,
I watched his flying sail,
Till lost to vision there.
Passing away, in distance far,
It vanished like a setting star!
My day-star, once, it neared the shore;
But now 'twas sunk to rise no more.

II.

To hear my orphans call
Their father's name in vain,
Brings gloom that's like a pall,
And tears, that shower like rain.
They ask, "Why don't he come
His little ones to take?"
I sit, with sorrow dumb,
And feel my heart-strings break.
Wild raged the storm that dismal night;—
It plucked him from our mortal sight!
His spirit up to God it gave;
While ocean yawned, his restless grave.

III.

My light of life is past;
And from that fatal hour,
A shade of death is cast
On each fair earthly flower.
Oh! whither can I go,—
I dare not look above,
Nor yon cold flood below,—
For my departed love?
Just Heaven would spurn my envious prayer;
In ocean's cave dwells dark Despair;
And, O thou sea! thou hungry sea!
A daily death I die by thee!

Newburyport, Massachusetts.

OUR FIRST-BORN.

BY A. J. PRIME, M.D.

AUTHOR OF "PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN."

It was a terrible blow, which fell upon Marion Lee, on the third anniversary of her marriage. It was also the second anniversary of the birthday of her boy, who was born just one year after her marriage. But I must introduce her formally to my readers, and for this purpose let me take them to her father's house. Will you let me choose the time? Then let it be in May, one month before she was married.

The house is a large, antique-looking building, near the centre of the village of ———, a few miles out of New York. Ample grounds surround it, and a fine green lawn spreads out before the door. In many places large forest trees stand in thick clumps, planted by the hand of man to be sure, years before, yet not in symmetrical rows, but as near like nature as they could be scattered. Here and there a bunch of evergreens cluster together with their sombre shadow, and two or three ancient pines whistle their doleful music in the gentle wind. Old ivy has crept up one end of the house, and covered it completely, and around and over the old-fashioned portico is a dense and tangled growth of climbing plants that almost inclose it. The lawn is sprinkled here and there with flower beds cut into the neat and close shaven sod. Over all the place there is an air of age, and a display of taste and luxury. The present possessor is the third in the line from the original owner, and he would not alter its appearance on any account.

Let us enter the house. This is the sitting-room. I take it, reader, you are something of a clairvoyant, and can see as I do. That stern and haughty looking man of about fifty years, is Mr. Anderson—James Anderson—an incorruptible republican by profession, but at heart as sturdy and uncompromising a despot as ever breathed. His very look, his eye, his position, every movement speaks an indomitable pride, and speaks the truth. He is proud of his ancestry—a thing in his case worth being proud of, if it is in any; of his rich old grandfather, who built these old walls, and left exhaustless riches to his descendants; of his father, who had done deeds to make his descendants glory in his memory; and he is proud of his wealth—a haughty old aristocrat, seeking to disguise his true heart under the title of a republican. But in this he is honest. He thinks he is one, though he would willingly crush with his heel any man in the village who aspires to be his equal. See—his stern dark eye is fixed upon us as we enter the door, as if he would drive us back. Shall we venture in?

Certainly we will. We are republicans too, and have sterling blood running in our veins—blood that came down to us from the Pilgrims, who faced sterner frowns than man's. Who has better? Besides, I promised to introduce you to Marion. She rises to welcome us. She has her mother's look—the same mild blue eye and auburn hair—the same graceful form and the same gentle heart. Her mother has been dead for some years, but she lived long enough to leave, when she died, a holy influence on the mind of her daughter. Did I say her heart was her mother's? So it is, but there is in it a strength of determination and firmness of purpose that came from the father's side; and though she is gentle, and affectionate, and kind, yet to follow the dictates of her trustful woman's love, she is ready this moment to sacrifice father, home, wealth, all, to be the wife of Harry Lee. Her father fears this, and hates him with all his heart, and rather than see Marion his wife, he would see her in her grave. Sweet Marion! I love her as a sister in spite of her stern old father and his aristocratic pride. Now let us go.

* * * * * *

"Marion," said her father.

She calmly turned her face towards him, as she laid her work in her lap to listen to him.

"Marion, do you still continue to receive this Harry Lee with favor?"

"Father, you know——"

"Nay, answer me. Would you stoop so low as to marry this beggar?"

"He is no beggar, father," she said firmly; and he saw his own spirit rising in his daughter. "Yet would I have you give your sanction to what is for my happiness."

"Never, never. Sooner would I see you dead, than disgracing your family by such an alliance."

They were unfortunate words to speak to a girl with Marion's spirit, and Marion's love, and most unfortunate just at that time, for they were hardly spoken before the subject of them entered. He was met at his entrance by a torrent of wrath. Marion interposed, but all in vain. The young man was driven from the house with curses.

He was no beggar. A few years before, his father had been a man of immense wealth, and a friend of Mr. Anderson's. It was under such circumstances that their children first knew each other, and had affairs continued to stand as then, there would have been no hindrance in the way of their union. Indeed, the highest wish of the proud man would have been gratified. But by a series of misfortunes, Mr. Lee saw a large part of his wealth swept away, and under the accumulating sorrow consequent upon it, he sunk and died. The remaining property divided amongst the children made but a small portion for each. Harry had already commenced business as a lawyer, and in a distant part of the State, stimulated by his reduced circumstances, was pressing on to eminence. A strong love, in the mean time, had grown up in his heart for Marion, and he knew that she returned it. But with her father there was a great difference between Harry Lee the son of a rich man, and Harry Lee the poor lawyer, a distinction which resulted as we have already seen.

Marion did not weep. She returned to her seat, and calmly resumed her work. That night, when she retired to her room, a letter lay on the floor. She opened it and read:

"To-night, Marion dearest, at 12 o'clock, meet me at this window. Then if you will be mine—if you are still the same I have ever known you—I shall be ready. If you know the depth of love that burns in my heart, you will not hesitate. Yet why do I say so? Consider all—count the whole cost—wealth in your father's house, or boundless and faithful love in mine, and then decide. I will be there."

She did not hesitate. She count the cost! Had she not counted it over and over, and long ago made up her mind to be his wife, come what would? It required but a few minutes to make all the preparation she required, and then she sat down by the open window to wait the hour. Her heart did not even beat out of its natural course. She was calm and resolute. True to the time, he was there, and in one moment she stood by his side. The next morning, the happy wife of Harry Lee, she was with him on their way to her new home.

Disappointed affection, the betrayed confidence of kind and affectionate parents, may break the heart. But the disappointed pride of such a father as Mr. Anderson sustains its own defeat; and when that same morning it was announced to him that Marion was not in her room and had not probably been there through the night, he understood at once all that had taken place, and though a torrent of fury rolled in his heart, and almost rose to his lip, he subdued it, and sat down to his solitary breakfast as if nothing had happened. And from that time, for years, the name of Marion was never on his tongue. Yet can I not believe, that, proud, and stern, and unforgiving as he was, that name was not often—always—in his heart, and dearer than it had ever been before; for pride cannot quell the voice of conscience, and he knew he had done wrong. A month after she went away, she wrote to him, and told him she was happy, though sorry she had to find happiness in filial disobedience; and a long time after, that letter was seen worn and faded, as if it had been read over and over. But he made no reply to it. Yet let us believe, that had he ever known that she was suffering from want or the treachery of him she had trusted, he would have called her hastily back to his house and his heart. I do believe it, though he never had reason for doing so.

I would not seem to be the apologist of clandestine marriages, for I believe they generally turn out badly. But it was not so in this case. Marion was happy in her new and comparatively humble home—far happier than she had been in her father's house, for now she was united to the man she loved, and all his care was to make her so. He was respected in the place where they lived, and she found herself received with great joy and kindness by his

friends; and if she ever looked back to the home she had left, it was not with one thought of regret. The house in which she lived was on an eminence sloping gradually down to the river that flowed below, and here she sought in her leisure hours to revive the beauties and ornaments she had deserted. Flowers sprung up here and there; vines were planted to run over the house and the little porch, and during the hours in which Harry was absent from home, she employed her time in contriving some new object to surprise him when he returned. It was the first and pure gushing out of her wedded love, and as he folded her to his heart, and called her his own beloved Marion, and exhibited his delight in all she did, she felt that it would be foolish and ungrateful, should she ever suffer herself to regret even for one moment the change she had made when she left all for him.

Months rolled on, and the anniversary of their marriage came, and with it came the birth of a boy—their infant Harry. It was a new object of affection—a new tie between the two hearts that loved so fondly. Marion had often heard indirectly from her father, and now she wrote to him again. The letter was full of her own overflowing happiness and joy, but she said nothing of reconciliation, though now her heart felt an indescribable longing to lay her boy in her father's arms, and, proud as he was, hear him call him his boy. But no answer came, and she yielded without a sigh. She had still her husband and her child, and what more did she want?

Let me now pass over the next two years—years of unalloyed happiness, during which time their boy grew and became the idol of their hearts. He was a beautiful and noble-looking boy. The house was filled with guests, for it was the anniversary of their marriage again—the third, and the second birthday of the little Harry, and they had prepared to celebrate the two events in one. All was joy. The child, in his rich dress, was sporting among the flower beds in the lawn with his nurse by his side. She left him but a moment, to enter the house at his mother's call, and when she returned he was gone.

Wildly the poor woman ran through the place. It was but a moment she was absent; he must be near; he cannot have gone far. It was in vain. He could not be found. Poor Marion—how the news fell upon her. She could not believe it at first, but when it became certain, after all efforts to find him had proved fruitless, and day passed after day and no tidings of her darling boy, she gave herself up to the wildest grief. They concluded that he must have fallen into the river, swollen and rapid from recent rains, and been washed down to the lake.

It is a terrible thing to watch over the gradual inroads of disease, sapping day by day the foundations of life in a darling child, an only one; to see consuming sickness drink up its life's blood; to watch the wasting away of its beautiful limbs with a slow emaciation, and see the light in its bright eye fade, and grow darker, darker and more dim, till it goes out in death. It is a terrible thing for a young and happy mother. But, oh! how far more terrible to Marion Lee, thus in the very hour of her heart's highest happiness and joy, thus surrounded by her friends, rejoicing with her on the birthday of her boy, to have him snatched away by an unseen hand; one moment by her side and the next, gone, and her eye never again to behold him. It would have been lighter, if even then she could have found his body, that she might fold it once more to her agonized heart in one last yearning caress, to prepare her to let him go. But even this was denied her. It would have crazed the brain of many a woman. But not so with Marion. She had a portion of her father's spirit, and though smitten down with the bereavement, she endured it. Yet she was not again the same she had been, and though, after days had passed, and she became more calm, she gathered back to her memory the teachings of her mother, and then, led by them, turned to the consolations of the Bible, and there found comfort, still the wound had sunk deep into her spirit. To Marion and her husband, for a long time, the path of life looked gloomy and dark.

Again she wrote to her father. She told him how her boy had grown, and become dearer to them as he grew, and had added to their happiness every hour of his life, and how he was gone—torn from her—and what desolation it had made in her heart; and the words were marked with her tears. But she had still her husband, her own Harry, who was more to her now than he had been in the first days of their married bliss. Did she think to soften his hard old heart? It was too late if she did.

Before it reached him, she received one from him, or from his physician, saying that he was

sick—had been sick for weeks, and was now fast sinking into the grave. Death, or the sight of the grim tyrant, is a wonderful thing to break up old feuds; and when James Anderson felt that he had not long to live, his aristocratic pride sunk down to the measure of the narrow house he was about to occupy, and he sent at once for Marion, and her boy, and Harry Lee. Yes, the very man he had thrust out from his door, he sent for by name, and sent, not his forgiveness, for that he felt they did not need, but his confession that he had done him wrong, and his Marion wrong, and he only lived now to have them come back to smooth his dying pillow. Oh! how Marion wept, that her boy was gone, and she could not take him to her father that he might love and bless her child.

Her father died in her arms, with his hand in that of her husband, and they buried him in the old family burying ground, and raised a costly pillar at the head of his grave. And by its side a neat and beautifully sculptured monument was erected, bearing only the words—

"OUR FIRST-BORN."

They were in memory of the loved and lost child.

* * * * * *

Twenty years!—they seem long in prospect—long in passing—but oh! how short when gone. Twenty years passed over the heads of Marion and Harry Lee, and no other child was born to them. But a little girl—another Marion—a daughter of one of Harry's sisters who died, was taken to their hearts to fill the void there. They had returned to the old mansion of her fathers, where they continued to reside. Time brought its healing to their wounded spirits, and they mingled again with the world as if no child had been sundered. The little Marion grew up to be a beautiful woman, and loved—loved a stranger. She met him on one of their summer journeys, and had been with him amongst the beautiful and noblest scenes of our country, and listened to his voice, breathing out those glowing words that only come from a heart full of love for Nature in her grandest scenes, and which soon win their way to the heart of such a woman as our younger Marion. But no one knew who he was, and though his attentions to her were always of the tenderest kind, and revealed to her as plainly as wo[illegible]s of his heart, and to others [illegible]poken to her of himself—

Harry and his wife were sitting in their room one evening, at the hotel in ——, where they had been spending a few days, and Marion had gone out with the stranger.

"I cannot but feel a little apprehension for our Marion," said Harry to his wife. "That her heart is deeply interested in this stranger, no one can fail to see."

"Do you fear that she will do as I did, Harry?" said she, with a smile, which he returned.

"Oh, no! I only fear that her heart may be too much taken with him to bear up if she should be disappointed. He seems to be a worthy young man, but who is he?"

"He is your namesake, at any rate, Harry, for that is his name. It would be a strange coincidence, as they say—another Harry and Marion;" and she laughed at the thought.

"Would it not be well to speak to her on the subject? You must remember she belongs to my side of the house, and has not the heart of Marion Anderson to sustain a disappointment."

"No, no," said she; "I do not fear for her, and I have formed so high an opinion of him that I should be slow to believe his soul is not all honor."

At this moment Marion entered, leaning on the arm of the stranger.

"This lady tells me, Mr. Lee," said he, "that you are to leave for your home in the morning."

"Such is certainly our intention," replied Mr. Lee.

"Then, late as it is," said the stranger, "I must beg you still to hear an explanation I wish to make, and for which we shall not probably have an opportunity in the morning."

"Anything that concerns yourself I shall listen to with pleasure," said Mr. Lee.

"I will return in a moment," he said, and left the room.

Marion—I call the younger lady by this name—was gone when he returned. Perhaps she anticipated the object of his communication to her uncle, and young ladies do not like to receive proposals in public. The stranger held in his hand a bundle, and took a seat in front of Mr. Lee.

"The communication," said he, "which I am about to make to you, is one in which I feel a deep interest, and much of my future happiness, I will not say all, depends upon the result of it."

He paused a moment as if to collect himself, and then proceeded with an unhesitating voice

and frank manner, that at once impressed his auditors in his favor.

"I love your niece, Mr. Lee. You must already have noticed this in my attentions to her, though to her I have never yet breathed a word in reference to it. Perhaps I have done wrong in what I have done, for I am a stranger to you all, and to confess the truth, sir, I am as much a stranger to myself. I know not who I am. This package, which I have had in my possession for many years, is the only record I have of my parentage, and is in truth a very insufficient one, even when my history is told."

As he said this he opened the bundle, which seemed to consist of several packages. From the first he drew out a number of small articles, the ornaments of a child's dress. The next revealed the dress of a child. He was proceeding to open another, when, with a cry of agony, Marion sprung from her seat, and seizing the little dress, exclaimed—

"Where did you get this? Oh! tell me, tell me—where did you get it? My boy, my poor little Harry!"

"They are his own, our dear boy's," said Mr. Lee, his voice choking with emotion.

"What do you recognize?" inquired the stranger, himself not less affected.

"They were my son's, my little Harry's, who was drowned more than twenty years ago," said Marion Lee.

"They were mine, too, at that very time," he replied.

"My son—my long-lost son!" and she fainted in the arms of her recovered child.

It was, indeed, he. There could be no doubt of it. And after Marion was restored to consciousness, and the first bewilderment of the discovery had passed away, they sat down to hear the conclusion of his story. He continued:

"I was brought up in Canada, near the northern shore of Lake Ontario, by a wealthy man who gave me his own name, and who died about a year since, leaving me all his property. He often told me that I was not his son; but that one morning, many years since, he had gone down to the shore of the lake, when he saw an Indian landing his canoe on the beach, and with him a child about two years old, crying bitterly. From the appearance of the child he knew that he must have been stolen, and he succeeded in obtaining him from the Indian. I was that child, and as he had no children, he treated me as his own. These clothes and trinkets he carefully preserved, and often told me, in after years, they might be the means of my finding my parents. I knew no father but him, and never felt a desire to know or find one till he died. And even then I cared little about it, preserving these things rather out of curiosity, than with any wish to discover my parentage. I loved him as a father, till he died. Since that time I have been travelling in the States. But when I first met your niece, my cousin now, and learned to love her as I told you, then I first learned, also, that there was any value in knowing my true parents. Day after day have I resolved to break away, and still my heart held me back; till to-night, learning that you were to depart in the morning, I determined to cast myself upon your feelings as a man, and tell you all I knew of myself, and ask for a fatherless man the hand of Marion."

"I thank God that you did," said the joyful father; "but ask herself, my son."

At that moment she entered, and he sprang to her side and whispered a few words. One anxious, questioning look to the others, and she threw herself into his arms. Then, for the first, she heard who he was.

There is no monument to "Our First-born" standing in the old grave-yard now.

"Life is short, and they mistake its aims and lose its best enjoyment, who depend for happiness on outward things, and not the state of the heart. The affections, reposing and sweetly twining round their just objects, are a never-failing source of improving delight; but condition, show, power and riches, or envy, pride and contempt, the common retinue of them all, do but burn out or burden our nature, so that what we call happiness is but a poor and starving imitation of it."

ON TRUMBULL'S PICTURE

OF

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Behold them there! The chiefs of other days!
Deep thought upon each brow, and high resolve,
As though they wrought a deed for after-times.
—Why meet they thus, in conclave?
Ask the pen
Which, not like that of Runimede, constrain'd
In the pale fingers of a craven king,
Gives credence to the chart of Liberty.

From distant homes they gather—from the hills
Where bleak New-England hoards her northern snows,
From shores that wrestle with the northern surge,
And sunny climes, where floats the fragrant breath
Of the magnolia-blossom.
Lo, they come,—
The people's chosen ones, jurist and sage,—
The lightning-tamer, and the man whose hands
Were harden'd by the tools that earn'd his bread,—
All with one motive glowing—filled and fused
With the same lofty purpose. Bold and firm,
They sever from the old, neglectful stock,
A branch, whose shadow, like the banian-tree,
Shall cheer the famish'd caravans of earth;
They mould a form of polity, on which
The faint and tottering thrones of Europe fix
An envious gaze; they rear a beacon-light
To guide the groping nations, as they breast
The flood of tyranny. Not for the love
Of restless change, or fired with maddening zeal
For revolution, do they face the storm
Of war, that thickens round; but with calm eye,
Forethought, that grasps the future in its arms,
Most reverently, and in God's holy fear,
They give the soul's deep pledge, "Fortune, and life,
And sacred honor."
In each manly heart
Linger some tender memories—by their sires
Instill'd in childhood—of the Mother Land,
Who fed their weak, colonial infancy,

* Our readers will perceive that the picture which has awakened the harp of our highly gifted poet is the one offered to our subscribers as a premium, as advertised on the cover. It is but justice to say that this splendid work was engraved by W. L. Ormsby, 116 Fulton street, and is alone sufficient to place his name in the front rank of Engravers.

When the babes' sleep the savage war-whoop broke,
And the red Indian laugh'd, to see the flame
Curling at midnight round their cottage lone.
Such memories, mingling with the sense of wrong,
Temper its hasty bitterness, and make
Their high-wrought resolution more sublime.

These are the heroes of our new-found world!
Behold the group once more!
How weighs their fame
With that which history and the harp have borne
On sounding pinions, from remotest time?
Assyria boasteth him who humbled Tyre,—
Her victor monarch.
Greece the clarion swells
For him of Macedon, whose warrior-tear
Deplor'd the narrow limits of a world,—
Yet in a wine-cup strangely plung'd his soul,
Like a dissolving pearl. Stern Carthage vaunts
Hamilcar's dauntless son, and iron Rome,
Worn with her armor, rais'd the ceaseless shout
Of "Io Cæsar." Scandinavian skies
Cast forth a meteor, but Pultowa quench'd
Its wild-fire splendor. France bow'd down to take
Her idol on her shoulders, till the blast
That swept Siberian forests, blanch'd his brow,
Riving his self-made crown.
And so they died,—
These demi-gods of earth,—and left their fame
To ravag'd realms, and slaughter'd hecatombs,
And the sad record of the mourner's tear.
But yonder heroes no rash conquest sought,
No throne usurp'd, no vassal homage claim'd,
Nor causeless stain'd the shuddering earth with blood:
Yet bade the time-incrusted sceptre bow
To Liberty, who like a hunter came
Fresh from our western hills.
So, 'mid the fields
Where Industry along his furrow sings,
'Mid haunts of Wealth and Knowledge, still they live,
And move, illustrious, in the gifts they gave.
—When 'neath the woodman's axe the forest falls,
And, like a phœnix, from its ashes springs
Some new-born city, of their care it tells,
Or haply, at its baptism takes their name.
The star-clad banner, borne o'er ocean blue,
To every region of this peopled globe;
Broad rivers, where the tides of Commerce roll
Unceasing; streams that bind with links of gold
Village to village; lofty domes that rise
Without the sound of hammer, stone to stone;
The steeds of fire, that o'er the valleys sweep;
The thought that trembleth on the electric wires,
Utter their praise, who from dark chaos drew
This fair republic.

The bold man who leads
Far from the shadow of their native groves
His only precious treasures—wife and babes—
To plant them where the prairie-roses blow,
Remembereth 'mid his western home their deeds
Who gave his nation birth, and makes their life
A text-book, nightly, for his listening sons
Around the winter hearth.
Their pictur'd forms
Look down from halls of taste, and wake the soul
Of the young student to sublimer thought,
And nerve the patriot for his country's weal.
The child doth name them, in its murmur'd prayer—
For like Penates, 'neath each peaceful roof
Where freedom smiles, they dwell.
Is it not fame—
To prompt the patriot's prayer; to cheer the toil
Of letter'd statesman, and of laboring swain;
To prop the columns of a nation's strength,
That at each birthday, turning toward her sires,
Doth take their hallow'd words upon her lips,
With filial joy and deathless gratitude?
Is it not life?
Such glorious life they live.

SKETCHES OF COPENHAGEN.

BY REV. E. E. ADAMS.

THORWALTZEN—MUSEUM—PICTURE GALLERY—STATUES—PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

THORWALTZEN, the Danish sculptor, was a native of Copenhagen, though of Icelandic extraction. His name is conspicuous amongst the first artists of the present age. He resided twenty years in Italy, and so great was the attachment of the late king to him, that a Danish man-of-war was devoted to his service when about to return to his native city. At Rome his genius luxuriated in the halls where mind has left some of its fairest creations. His copy of the *Venus de Medicis* is pronounced by those who have compared it with the original, a specimen of uncommon execution. It is, indeed, admired as second to no other copy. At the time of my visit to Copenhagen, this artist was nearly eighty years of age, and yet his works were rapidly multiplying. The hand that had, for half a century, been giving life to stone, moved at that age as freely as ever, at the bidding of an unclouded genius. His studium still bore witness to his industry, and young artists waited for the mantle expected to fall so soon. He has since left his hall of silent forms for a world, it is believed, of warm, and conscious, and ever-beaming life.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities is an object of much interest, as it contains sarcophagi with the ashes of the ancient dead; implements of husbandry and war; ornaments and coins excavated from the tumuli which abound in Zealand; as also many Icelandic antiquities illustrative of the national and social

character of the ancient inhabitants of that island.

The Picture Gallery is one of the most interesting on the continent, containing many rich specimens from artists of a former age, and also of landscape paintings by modern Danish artists. Many of the Norwegian and Swedish winter scenes, reminded me of my own New-England, where the Author of nature has for ages

"Poured the waters from his hollow hand
And notched the centuries in the eternal rocks!"

Jonah preaching to the Ninevites, and Jesus blessing little children, are among the best of the collection. Indeed, the former is considered by competent judges, the master-piece of its great author. The earnestness of the prophet—heightened by penitence for his recent infidelity, gratitude for his miraculous preservation, and resolution to live in future for the honor of Him whose commission he bears—is strikingly portrayed in his features and posture. The king, forgetful of his throne and royal pageantry, bends with the humility of a child before the awful messenger of God. The members of the royal family kneel around the king, and with streaming eyes and trembling hands lifted heavenward, pray that the bolt of wrath may not fall; that their city may not at once and forever be blotted from the world. In the market place is an equestrian statue of Christian V., in bronze. His steed tramples upon a most pitiable and hideous mortal personating "Heresy." This is the work of an indifferent French artist of whom Belzoni, the distinguished Italian traveller, said, "he must have been a clever fellow, for all the animation I can discover about his statue is in the tail of the horse."

Near the harbor, in the centre of an octagon, formed by four palaces and as many intervening dwellings and streets, is an equestrian statue of Frederick V. This portion of the city, and the statue of the king who designed it, are indicative of no small degree of taste.

A beautiful monument in the suburbs towards the country, commemorates the honor of Christian VIII. for proclaiming liberty to the Danish peasantry in 1793.

The traveller is amused with a rude stone monument in a low and dirty part of the city, "erected to the *infamy*" of one Ulfeldt, who was suspected of treachery during the war between Sweden and Denmark. A mob once assembled to destroy this monument, but the military interfered and saved it. How many whose names are emblazoned on columns of marble or brass, as heroes and statesmen, would have been more justly commemorated by an enduring tribute to their "*infamy*."

The city is not destitute of benevolent institutions. It has one hospital capable of accommodating twelve hundred patients at once. This is supported in part by the crown, and partly by the voluntary contributions of the citizens. There are also two asylums, one for deaf mutes, containing fifty scholars, and one for blind children, containing twenty-six scholars. These last are taught to spin and knit, to reckon by wooden or pasteboard figures, and to sing. The readiness with which some of these children answered our questions was surprising. A little boy played most sweetly on the violin, whilst the girls sang to his numbers. It was a sacred tune, one which I had often heard by my own native hearth. We left the asylum with a deep sympathy for the young unfortunate inmates, but consoled by the reflection that the eye of benevolence has not overlooked them, and that although deprived of sight, they can still enjoy and occasion happiness. How many in the world, who have not to lament the loss of any of the senses, abuse their nature by a wrong use of them, gazing upon scenes which cannot with safety be witnessed; listening to discourse which stains the soul; and tasting pleasant things in which lurks the poison of death. To be prepared for a better life, our physical as well as moral nature must be educated. If the soul would converse with the glories of the heavenly state through a perfect spiritual medium hereafter, let it begin to purify that medium here. Let it breathe through its earthly tabernacle all it can of spirituality, before that tabernacle shall be taken down to await its reconstruction in the revival of immortality.

Havre, France.

TIME.

BY J. HAGEN.

I HONOR thee, Time, for thy deeds of might—
I honor thee, Time! for thy honest dealing!
Thou'rt ever bringing the truth to light,
And the secret arts of the false revealing.

I honor thee, Time! for thy fearlessness:
Thou art ever the wrongs of the weak redressing;
Confounding the schemes of those who oppress,
Humbling the proud, and the faithful blessing.

I honor thee, Time! o'er the wounded heart
Thy healing balm thou art ever pouring;
To vigorous life, by thy matchless art,
The broken spirit thou art restoring.

I honor thee, Time! for thou art alone
The terror and dread of the evil-doer;
While the fallen and injured a friend have none,
With steadier aim, or purpose truer.

That thou art a fell destroyer, we say,
But it's falsehood only thou art destroying;
And didst thou not sweep the corrupt away,
Little would life have worth the enjoying.

The tyrant buildeth his castle strong,
And toileth to render his sway enduring;
And vainly fancies the reign of wrong
He is forever and aye securing.

I honor thee, Time! for no wrong can withstand
Thy assaults, determined and persevering;
To succor the right thou art ever at hand,
And the way for its final triumph clearing.

We murmur, Time, that of ages past,
The things are so few that thou art preserving;
Yet nothing dost thou in oblivion cast,
A place in thy treasure-house deserving.

I honor thee, Time! for a flood of light
Upon the darkened soul thou art pouring;
The slave thou art teaching to know his right,
And love for his brother to man restoring.

I honor thee, Time! thou art clearing away
The mists which so long have our pathway shrouded;
And bringing the dawn of a brighter day,
Whose sky shall forever remain unclouded.

SKETCHES OF DR. LYMAN BEECHER.

BY "JOHN SMITH."

In this connection I am tempted to report from memory a passage from Dr. Beecher's lectures on Butler, combining all the singularities of his style. "Revery is a delightful intoxication into which the mind works itself by this power of retiring from the real world to one of fancy. Revery is an extempore making of novels. It destroys the power of God's moral government over us; it blots out the beauty and excellence of holiness; it eclipses the fearful ideas of God, eternity, heaven and hell; and shuts up the soul against all motives to correct action. I knew a person who, by the power of this habit, for a year battled conviction and delayed conversion. When truth cut too closely, he would open this back door and retire into the elegant garden of fancy, thus stifling unwelcome facts with pleasant fictions. I told him he must break up the habit or be damned, for God's Spirit would not seek for him in that garden."

Somewhere in the same course of lectures, he spoke of "laziness deranging the nervous system, and rousing a tyrant within capable of making hell on earth. And it is most remarkable how stoutly nature resists all inroads upon her rights, always hanging out the flag of distress before she yields."

And by the way, I am reminded how much we used to be amused by the Doctor's questions on Butler. He would construct questions of such a leading character even on the most profound ideas of the book, that the answer was indicated, and a child could have replied. It required no study to keep square with this examination. But when he began his own development of Butler in continuous remarks, no mind could flag and yet keep up. He pressed forward like a panting war-horse. Never did that knotty old book appear so grand, as when this master commentator took it to pieces, showing us the intricate and splendid mechanism which so skillfully had fitted bone to his bone, and fleshed it into perfect form. Now he would take an isolated idea compressed as with a hydraulic press by Butler, and then expand and illustrate it in its relations to a great scheme, until our minds would glow with excitement. Now he would fathom some chapter, and prove it not bottomless, but on the contrary, a sea of condensed thoughts from which common minds may draw to their fill without exhausting it. Now he would take his position as a man in a quarry of this primitive granite, and roll down thence huge blocks out of which to construct the eternal temple of truth. And with his mighty torch illuminating the perfection of God's government, and of the means He has instituted to secure the highest good of all his creatures, never did we realize more forcibly that "Satan is an intermeddling scoundrel, who has thrust his hand maliciously into the perfect chronometer God made to guide his creatures to heaven. Wretchedness and death ensued. And yet was God to be blamed?"

These lectures on Butler abound in most splendid passages, which make me long to see them published. I cannot refrain from quoting one, although it must be imperfect, having been written from memory. It was delivered with the greatest energy. The Doctor had closed his book, and laid his spectacles up on his head. "The infidel demands, why did not God *so* create man that he *must* be happy? Because He is *benevolent*. Mind, to be happy, must be voluntary. God never intended to people this world with machines, and then create another order of beings to wait on them! Had this been done, that fountain, *the affections*, would have been dried up. Affection for a wife, a child, or a friend, would then have been impossible. The exercise, free and joyous, of reason, conscience, will, is necessary to happiness. Yet the infidel wishes God to blot out all this. All the happiness resulting from the restless activity of mind, which may roam from object to object, collecting something new from every-

thing in nature, and then soaring from world to world, enraptured with the new displays of wisdom and benevolence it everywhere beholds; all the happiness gushing like a well of living water within the heart of a being voluntarily holy; the tender sympathy which now thrills the souls of friends in prosperity and adversity; all these must be annihilated to satisfy the cavils and the sneers of cold-hearted infidelity! But it cannot be. God's plan is the best. It diffuses heavenly joy if unperverted, even if it does hurl thunderbolts on the transgessor."

I have no doubt but hundreds of the Doctor's most brilliant thoughts, having been flung out as the friction of excitement has elicited them, will perish. They have been like brilliant meteors, rushing in a track of light down to darkness. And no more striking illustration of the fact can be made, than the series of lectures he preached to the mechanics of Cincinnati, the first year after he went to the west. The circumstances were so peculiar, that they called out all the Doctor's power. A young man, of devoted piety, was employed by some pious ladies of Cincinnati as city missionary. Somewhere in the city he had found a clique of infidel mechanics, who frequently assembled to discuss their common disbelief in Christianity. He managed the case with so much adroitness, that they consented that he should meet with them on one condition. They were to propose their difficulties in writing, and he should have a week to prepare his answer, which was to be delivered to the club assembled. For a short time he acquitted himself remarkably well, but it was not long before they drove him into deep water. He tried to fathom it, but it was too deep. On his way to the place of meeting he met Dr. Beecher going to his weekly lecture in his own church. He unburthened his difficulties, and besought the Doctor to go with him.

Forthwith, without any more notice, the Doctor started to grapple with these subtle opponents. The place of meeting was a workshop, and his rostrum a carpenter's bench. More auspicious circumstances could not be summoned to arouse his mind. The entire novelty of the scene, its suddenness, and withal, the hand-to-hand fight he had now engaged in with *actual men*, who were no "men of straw," all combined to rouse every energy, and string every nerve. Those eager and earnest men crowded around him, waiting his reply to the

moved the internal power of the man, and gave it momentum, which bore him triumphantly through the difficulties. Those who heard him, agree in this, that he drove, like a giant, at the heart of every objection, and sent every man away silenced if not convinced. Another meeting was appointed at the same place, which was so numerously attended that all could not be admitted. The Doctor was none the less a giant for having girded his mind with the meditations and researches of a week. The whole ground was now laid open, and the work of refutation commenced in earnest. No objection could be started, but this luminous mind would search it through and consume it. But he was not content with mere defensive war. Like a bold warrior he made aggression. The heartlessness of infidelity was shown up in clearest light. Then the hopeless darkness which infidelity would bring, made all shudder. Then the fruits of the system were drawn out in flaming fire, as seen in the lives and deaths of particular infidels, and especially in the horrid catastrophe of infidelity in the French Revolution. Men wondered and quaked, and felt the flimsiness of every system save Christianity, as a strong man grappled the difficulties and dissipated the objections relied on.

By this time the affair had become notorious, and as the original place of meeting was insufficient to accommodate the crowd, it was determined to hold the meetings in the Doctor's church. But the charm was broken. The men who most needed the lectures would not go to a splendid church, and they being gone, the real living men, and in their place being found men of straw, the Doctor's mind lost its interest. To be sure, he lectured with great power in the church, but not with such power as in the shop, surrounded with actual infidels. It was a pity that so good a beginning should have become so popular as to mar it.

Some one at the time wrote out meagre reports of these lectures for the "Cincinnati Journal," and those bare outlines are all that remain of a course of intellectual efforts, which those who heard them, pronounce to be the noblest Dr. Beecher ever has made in the Queen city, which is saying not a little.

And while speaking of this, it may not be out of place to say that when Dr. Beecher is inspired to speak in such manner as has been described, never was there a more natural speaker. He gives himself up to his own thoughts, which bear him forward naturally as

a strong, rapid river. There is no straining after great things, but his genius is an Aladdin's lamp, summoning at a touch thoughts and images more wonderful than magic creations. Sometimes his mind will become kindled in prayer, and perhaps sublimer petitions were never uttered. I look back with intense delight to the chapel devotions, in which he took a conspicuous part, as among the most precious privileges of my life.

Dr. Beecher had a most singular faculty of attaching young men to himself by a friendship more personal than that of instructor and pupil. He was regarded as a father, and yet sometimes he could scourge as with a rod of iron. I shall never forget one young man, no doubt now in heaven, who had a singular mania for denunciation. The whole church was corrupt. The clergy were dumb dogs. The laity worshipped Mammon and not God. On one occasion this young apostle delivered a speech, at the regular time of seminary declamation, in which he arraigned the whole church, and condemned it most magisterially. When the Doctor made his criticisms, he did it mildly, reminding the speaker that he was young yet, and that such words would hardly become the aged apostle to the Gentiles. He admonished him to cherish a more kindly spirit, assuring him that as the spirit of true love should reign in his heart, would this spirit of denunciation be banished. All felt the justice of the remarks, and admired the spirit which dictated them.

But the culprit could not give it up so, and after the exercise was finished, confronted the Doctor with the demand to soften what he had said as unchristian and unjust. This touched the old man to the quick, and he forthwith put off "bowels of mercy." He scourged the poor fellow till he wept like a child, and begged forgiveness. Poor W——! his mind was peculiar, and needed greatly a balance wheel. He worked with untiring devotion for Jesus, and yet once in a while would fly off in a tangent into some wild aberration. He did much in spite of this, and has left on earth the record that he had not lived in vain. He died at his post, a much wiser man, I am told, than when his gray-haired instructor bastinadoed him so justly and so mercilessly.

In his family, Dr. Beecher is a most amiable man, and his friends always meet a welcome. The happiest New Year's evening I ever spent was at his house. Myself and a friend found the Doctor unwell, and rather taciturn, comforting himself with scraping a violin. Not much was elicited from him above a bare civility for some time. We were drawn up around a bright fire, and a variety of pleasant remarks was made by the different persons present. Among them was his eldest daughter. The conversation of Miss Beecher was filled with striking thoughts, and at the same time was unusually sparkling. All at once the Doctor was observed to lay aside the old violin and straighten up in his chair, as he always does when interested. We could see the fun laughing in the corners of his eyes, and the whole movement was accompanied with a peculiar blowing through the nose. This last is always the precursor of something droll. I will not attempt the description of an incident which had occurred only a few nights before. Gough himself might have envied the pantomimic power displayed, as this cheerful veteran stood in the centre of the circle and acted out the scene. The horses in the night had been kicking up a great racket, and the Dutchman had gone out to quiet matters. Just as the Dutchman went into the stable, one of the boarders happened to see him, and she screamed out, "Horse thieves!" That roused the Doctor in another part of the house, and out he sallied to the rescue. But the brave man had a hindrance from behind, because his wife held fast to his morning-gown with the beseeching expression, "Now don't go, Doctor! oh don't go! you will be killed! you will be shot!" But he shook her off, and by this time all the ladies were screaming with fright; and lo, just then poor John, the Dutchman, having regulated things at the barn, came in just in time to save from fits those especially concerned, and to relieve the courageous Doctor farther demonstration of his valor!

Indeed he is as kind and noble a man as one can meet, and I trust I have violated no propriety in entertaining numerous readers with some facts, which will make them better acquainted with one of the giants of our age now fast passing away. Perhaps some of these facts may stimulate others to recall scenes of personal intercourse, and of public life, which otherwise will be lost. These will be needed by the man whose lot it may be to sketch the life of this veteran when he is gone. May this event be long deferred, is the prayer of one who loves him as a father, and who loves to recount the past, as bright spots in his own history!

THE MISSION OF FLOWERS.

A FRAGMENT.

Who does not love flowers? The utterly sordid may pass them with a careless eye, the unconcerned may trample them rudely under their feet; but where the heart is alive to the pious or higher emotions, where the love of beauty is cherished, or the charm of refinement felt, flowers are prized and sought. The love of flowers is one of the earliest tastes of childhood, and after a life of worldliness, if not of crime, a fresh flower has spoken to the heart seared and blighted, and opening the fountains of tears, brought back the days of peace and purity.

Flowers have been called the smiles of Heaven. Nothing in the world of nature so speaks to our hearts of the love of God—of his delight in the happiness of his creatures; while they seem, too, to display his delight in the work of creation: there is such an infinity of beauty, and such an infinite variety of beauty displayed in the floral world. Think of the beauty of the colors—from the most gorgeous hue to the most delicate tint, with every possible combination of color and shade, laid on with the boldest brush or the lightest pencil. The coloring of flowers alone furnishes a study for the life of an artist, while no touch of his imitative pencil can rival the work of the Great Designer.

The forms of flowers, too, are wonderfully varied. They have supplied designs for the sculptor and architect; patterns for the loom and the embroidery. It is the great delight of the artist to imitate them; to reproduce and combine them in every form, with every material, from the simple chintz, through worsted and silk, to golden-threaded tapestry; from the clay of the potter to the marble of the sculptor, or the embossed wreath of the golden goblet. They present, in their natural state, an infinite variety of form, from every line of chaste beauty and pure elegance, to forms fantastic and grotesque. It seems as if they mimicked all in the realms of nature and art; from the white spring flowers which reflect while they shadow forth the stars above them, to the tall, heavy sun-flower, imitating while it bows to and follows the orb it is likened to. All features as well as all forms seem copied in flowers. Almost human eyes glance from some, and pearly teeth glitter in many. Here you have a finger, and there you see a glove; here is a goblet, and there a hatchet; here an arrow, and there a slipper; fairy bells are ringing, perhaps, merry chimes as they hang on their hairy petals; and here the face of a wild animal peeps out, and there you note the tongue of the serpent; while each flower has its own appropriate foliage, from the rich, dark, polished leaf of the japonica, carefully guarding and well befitting its queenly blossom, to the fantastic, grotesque foliage of the cactus, contrasting with the rich and gorgeous blossoms, reminding of dragons and gorgons guarding fair nymphs.

All climates, all lands boast their own flowers; and while among the choicest treasures of pride and wealth, as gathered from many climes, they bloom in conservatory and hot bed, save some brilliant strangers, the poor man's garden boasts those as sweet, and almost as fair; and they spring up too in the waste place and solitary, in the deep chasms and dark woods, by lone streams and dark ravines, where the earth seems cursed for the sin of man—as if still to proclaim the mercy and love that faileth not.

There seems a striking similitude between the birds and flowers of a land. In tropical lands, birds seem almost winged flowers—the same deep and varied dyes, the same rich and glowing hues; while in our colder lands, birds and flowers are both more modest, more sober in their tints, while the one sheds a richer fragrance, and the other pours a sweeter melody. And we may more fully learn the influence of natural objects upon the eye, thus forming the taste, if we note how the favorite colors of nations assimilate to the floral world around them. Natives of tropical climates, with their birds of splendid plumage, and flowers of gaudiest dye, choose for their apparel likewise, the richest, gayest colors. They wear robes and turbans of crimson, and blue, and yellow, while we are pleased with colors grave and modest.

D.

LETTERS FROM A WHALE-SHIP.

There leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.—MILTON.

For the first time on the passage from the Sandwich Islands, ten weeks to-day, we heard day before yesterday from the mast-head, "There she blows." The usual question and orders from the deck quickly followed: "How far off?" "Keep your eye on her"—"Sing out when we head right." Three whales were descried from aloft in different parts, and in a short time the Captain gave orders to "stand by and lower" for one a little more than half a mile to windward. Three boats' crews pulled merrily away, glad of something to stir their blood, and with eager hope to obtain the oily material wherewith to fill their ship. The whale was going leisurely to windward, blowing every now and then two or three times, then "turning tail," "up flukes," and sinking. The boats "headed" after him, keeping a distance of nearly one quarter of a mile from each other, to scatter (as it is called) their chances.

Fortunately, as the oarsmen were "hove up," that is, had their oars a-peak about the place where they expected the whale would next appear, the huge creature rose just by the Captain's boat, and all the boat-steerer, in the bow, had to do, was to plunge his two cold irons, which are always secured to one tow-line, into the blubber sides. He did it so well as to hit the "fish's life," and make him spout blood. It was the first notice the poor fellow had of the proximity of his powerful captors, and the sudden entrance of the barbed harpoons made him caper and run most furiously. The boat spun after him with almost the swiftness of a top, diving through the seas, and tossing the spray, and then lying still while the whale sounded, for the space of an hour; in which time another boat "got fast" to him, and the Captain's cruel lance had several times pierced his vitals. He was killed, as whalemen call it, that is mortally wounded, an hour before he went into "his flurry," and was really dead or "turned up" on his back.

The loose boat then came to the ship for a hawser to fasten round his flukes, which being done, the Captain left his irons in the carcass and pulled for the ship in order to beat to windward, and getting alongside to "cut him in." This done and the carcass secured by a chain, they proceeded to rieve the huge blocks that are always made fast for the purpose to the fore and mainmast head, and fasten the tackle. The Captain and two mates then went over the sides on steps well secured, and having each a breast-rope to steady and lean upon. The cooper passed them the long-handled spades which he was all the time grinding and whetting, and they fell lustily to work cutting off the blubber.

First came one of the huge lips, which, after they had nearly severed close to the creature's eye, was hooked into by what they call a blubber-hook, stripped off and raised on board by the windlass. It was covered with barnacles, exceedingly compact and dense. Next came one of the fore fins; after that the other lip, and then the upper jaw, with all that peculiar substance called whalebone, through which the animal strains his food. It is all fringed with course hair that detains the little shrimps and small fry on which the creature feeds. The bones radiate in leaves that lay edgewise to the mouth, from each side of what may be called the ridge-pole of the mouth's roof, forming a house almost big enough for a man to stand up in.

Next came the lower jaw and throat with the tongue, which latter alone must have weighed fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, an enormous mass of fat, not however so firm and tough as the blubber. Whalers often have to lose it, especially from the north-west whale, it being impossible to get it up on deck alone, because it would not hold, and is too large and heavy to raise with the throat.

After this was hoisted in, the rest of the way

was plain sailing, the blubber being cut and peeled off in huge unbroken strips, as the carcass rolled over and over, hooked into by the great blubber-hooks, and hoisted in by the men heaving at the windlass. As often as a piece, nearly reaching to the top of the mainmast, was got over the deck, they would attack it with great boarding-knives, and cutting a hole in it nearly even with the deck, thrust in the strap and toggel of the "cutting blocks," that they might still have the purchase on the carcass below; then sever the huge piece from the rest and lower it down into "the blubber-room" between decks, where two men had as much as they could do to cut it into six or eight pound pieces and stow it away. It was from nine to eleven inches thick, and looked like very large fat pork slightly colored with saltpetre.

The magnificent swan-like albatrosses were round by hundreds, eagerly seizing and fighting for every piece that got chopped off, swallowing it with the most carnivorous avidity, and detracting considerably from one's admiration of that most superb of birds, just as your veneration for one whom the coloring of a youthful imagination has made a little more than human, is not a little abated by finding him subject to the necessities and passions of poor human nature. Gonies, stinkards, horse-birds, haglets, gulls and petrels, had many a good morsel of blubber. A shark, too, appeared to claim his share; but it was not until after a man had been twice on the wave-washed carcass to get a rope fast to a hole in the head, or I should have trembled for his legs.

Before the blubber was all off, the huge entrails of the whale burst out at the wounds made by the spades and lances. I hoped the peeled carcass would float for the benefit of the gonies and other birds. But no sooner was the last fold of blubber off, and the flukes hoisted in, than it sank. About the same time two ships came down to speak us, the Henry, of Sag Harbor, and Lowell, of New London. Their captains came on board to congratulate us on our success, and "learn the news." They had just arrived on the ground, and had not yet taken any whales.

Soon after we had finished cutting in, about 8 o'clock, the wind increased almost to a gale, making it impossible to try out that night. But to-day, while the ship is laying-to, the business has begun in good earnest; the blubber-men cutting up in the blubber-room; others pitching it on deck; and others forking it over of the "try-works;" two men standing by a horse with a mincing knife to cleave the pieces into many parts for the more easy trying out, as the rind of a piece of pork is cut for roasting; the boat-steerers and one of the mates pitching it into the kettles, feeding the fires with the scraps—bailing the boiling fluid into copper tanks, from which it is the duty of another to dip into casks.

The decks present that lively though dirty spectacle which whalemen love, their faces all begrimed, and sooty, and smeared with oil. A farmer's golden harvest in autumn, is not a pleasanter sight to him than it is to a whaler to have his decks and blubber-room "blubber log," the try-works a-going, cooper a-pounding, oil flowing, everybody busy and dirty, night and day. Donkey-loads of Chilian or Peruvian gold, filing into the custom-house at Valparaiso and Lima, or a stream of Benton's yellow-boys flowing up the Mississippi, have no such charms for him, as cutting in a hundred barrel whale, and turning out oil by the hogshead.

The whale now taken proves to be a cow-whale, about forty-five feet long, and twenty-five round; and it will yield between seventy and eighty barrels of excellent right-whale oil. This is about the ordinary size of the New Zealand whale, a dwarf in comparison with that of the north-west, which sometimes yields, it is said, three hundred barrels, ordinarily one hundred and fifty or one hundred and eighty. Though so huge a creature, a very small part of its bulk appears out of water, nor do you have so fair a view of this immense mass of organized matter, as of a ship afloat in comparison to one on the stocks. As is usually the case, the observed reality of this immense animal hardly comes up to the pre-conceived vague idea of it, still less to the poetic imagination of

"That sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays."

They used to tell some big "fish stories" in Milton's day, and I have no doubt they had

something to do in his mind with the creation of that image of Satan on the burning lake—

With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove:
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and rolled
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, *incumbent on the dusky air,*
That felt unusual weight.

H. T. C.

New Zealand Cruising Ground,
Pacific Ocean, lat. 42°. S. long. 160°. W.

BIRDS.

[SEE THE COLORED ENGRAVING.]

BY THE EDITOR.

It is a part of the plan of the Parlor Magazine to give the portraits of the fairest native and exotic flowers; and we think that this feature has always been acceptable to our patrons. But there is such a relation between flowers and birds, that we can hardly help giving an occasional sketch of the latter. Birds and flowers! the two ideas are necessarily and inseparably blended. So in the last number of our Magazine, we introduced one to our Parlor, and in this number we have another. We do not mean to apologize for the introduction—nothing of that kind. That were as if we should, in so many words, impeach the good taste of our fair friends; for we hold this truth to be self-evident, that the lady who loves not birds and flowers is not a lady of taste. We do not mean to make an apology, therefore, for introducing these friends of ours, but rather that we have not invited them to the Parlor before.

The Bird of Paradise, represented in our engraving, has been the subject of a great deal of poetry, as well as of some rather absurd and extravagant eulogies in prose. It was believed, by naturalists too, in former days, that the Bird of Paradise had no legs; that it consequently was an ethereal bird, never alighting on this globe, and subsisting upon the dew of heaven. However, it is generally conceded, now, we believe, that the bird has feet, and rather ugly ones at that. The beauty of its plumage is the principal attraction of the bird of Paradise, and that is unrivalled. It is an inhabitant of the Molucca Islands, and it seems fitting that such a bird should reside in a country where the air is filled with the odor of spices.

There is nothing which makes one who is cooped up in a large city, feel the rigor of his imprisonment so much as the absence of birds. Many a time, when we have escaped from our confinement for a day or two, have we been affected almost to tears by the sweet voice of the Robin and Blue-bird. Oh, this world would not be so bright and gorgeous as it is, were it not for these warblers, which seem to have been sent down from heaven to gladden us with their unearthly music.

"The birds, the birds, of summer hours!
They bring a gush of glee
To the child among the fragrant bowers,
To the sailor on the sea.
We hear their thrilling voices,
In their swift and airy flight,
And the inmost heart rejoices
With a calm and pure delight.
Amid the morning's fragrant dew,
Amid the mists of even,
They warble on, as if they drew
Their music down from heaven.
And when their holy anthems
Come pealing through the air,
Our hearts leap forth to meet them,
With a blessing and a prayer."

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—It is, perhaps, too early in the day to indulge in any golden dreams about the results of the recent revolution in France. Of this we are certain, however: it is one of the most wonderful political phenomena, all things considered—in the mode of its accomplishment and in its probable consequences—which the world ever saw. From a monarchy, by no means the mildest, the French nation passed to a republic, very nearly after the model of our own, in less than a week, and almost without the effusion of blood! But it is not principally on account of the mode in which this phenomenon was brought about, that it will form a remarkable epoch in the world's history; it is in the results which have already followed to France, and which are still to follow, there not only, but all over Europe, if not all over the world. What are to be these results? We cannot tell—no one can tell. But the mutterings of discontent, which were heard before the scenes of the 22d February, in Paris, from the lips of many thousands of oppressed people in different sections of Southern Europe, have now increased to thunder-tones. Already a Constitution has been extorted from the King of Bavaria, at the point of the bayonet. The Emperor of Austria, quailing before the armed populace, has dismissed the ministers so offensive to the people. Metternich is disgraced, and has fled the country in disguise. Liberty of the press—a representative constitution—trial by jury—all this and more has been guarantied to the clamorous people of Austria. The Roman Pontiff, having himself given the reins to some extent to the steed of liberty in his dominions, finds the nag running away with him, and he has not the power to stop her. Italy, Sicily, Prussia, Germany—slow-moving, phlegmatic Germany—all are waking up from the sleep of centuries; and liberty and equality are words which thrill through the hearts of the peasants, while their oppressors are terror-struck as they read an inscription as ominous, as full of meaning, and almost as mysterious, as that which Belshazzar saw written on the wall of his palace. What is to become of the doctrine of the divine right of kings? We shall see.

Meanwhile, under God, the French people are in one sense demonstrating a great problem for the thrones and dynasties of Europe—whether in a country for ages under a regal government, with the many appliances of a monarchy interwoven in the whole structure of society, a republican form of government can be sustained—or, in other words, whether the people are capable of self-government. For one, we have some fears about the issue—fears of which merely political men seldom dream—fears which by some would be pronounced puritanical. We are afraid, we confess it, of any movement toward self-government, that has not a foundation deep and broad in *religious principle;* which does not recognize God as the Great Sovereign, at every step; which does not place allegiance to Him infinitely higher than patriotism and everything else beneath the sun. Thus, acknowledging God and relying on His arm, our fathers laid the corner-stone of liberty in this Western World; and thus, we are confident, if the edifice is preserved at all, it is to stand. There is no safety for a republic else. But we are getting tedious.

GERMANY AND GERMANISM.—Take them altogether, the Germans are the most singular people on the face of the globe, except the French, perhaps, and perhaps not. They defy all attempts at classification. Their philosophy, their ethics, their religion, are unique. One hardly knows what to think of Germanism, as a whole, even if he understands it; though, for our part, we are a little inclined to say of it, as some one is reputed to have said of his horse, that is, as having these two radical faults: first, being hard to catch; secondly, being good for nothing after it is caught. We believe it was Coleridge who said there were two kinds of nature—human nature and French nature. We are something of that way of thinking, especially in view of the recent developments among that people. Moreover, we are not quite sure but to complete the classification, he ought to have added German nature. But be that as it may, the celebrated J. H. Merle D' [illegible] eneva, author of the

world-renowned history of the Reformation, in a recent work, entitled GERMANY, ENGLAND and SCOTLAND, published by Robert Carter, has, in a short paragraph, delineated in his masterly style the peculiar elements of the German mind; and the conclusions at which he arrives are not essentially diverse from ours. He says, "The German has several features which distinguish him from the Englishman and the Scotchman. He lives within himself. He seems born for the ideal world. His faith, when he has any, is rather in his head than in his heart, and he easily loses himself in mysticism. He feeds upon the ideal; he seeks out the first principles of things, their general laws, their essence. Systems of philosophy succeed one another in his country more rapidly than the forms of government with the people most changeable in politics. While elsewhere the life of man assumes more and more a public character, the German leads a solitary existence. He lives in his study, from the window of which, late and early, the light of his lamp is ever shining. The Germans are a people to be taken separately and singly. They have seldom or never hitherto formed into groups and parties; and it may be said of Germany, as regards the empire of thought, what the Bible said of Israel, at one period, with regard to social order: 'In those days there was no king, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes.'"

CHESS FOR WINTER EVENINGS.—D. Appleton & Company have just issued a work with this title. It contains the rudiments of this intricate game, and elementary analyses of the most popular modes of playing. It is a work which will be interesting to the young learner and the scientific student; abounding in anecdotes and tales relating to chess, and accompanied with beautiful steel engravings, from original designs. It is by far the most complete work on the subject which we have ever seen. A question here arises, which, perhaps, we shall be expected to answer, as to the moral character and influence of chess. While we must condemn, in general, games of mere chance, we are inclined to favor those of skill, and especially one so ingenious and scientific as chess. We cannot condemn it—no one, we think, can condemn it—without indiscriminately proscribing all amusements. It has been said that playing chess is a waste of time. So thought not Dr. Franklin, who can scarcely be accused of placing a low value upon such commodities as time and money. Chess with him was ever a favorite source of relaxation; and he wrote an essay upon the "Morals of Chess," in which he says, "The game is not merely an idle amusement; several very valuable qualities of the mind, useful in the course of human life, are to be acquired and strengthened by it, so as to become habits ready on all occasions."

We are gratified to learn that the poem entitled "Niagara," written by our friend and contributor, the Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley, a production of which we have spoken in terms of commendation, and specimens of which have appeared in our Magazine, is about to be issued in an elegant volume, by Messrs. Leavitt, Trow & Company, of this city. We have examined the sheets of this poem as far as they have passed through the press, and our opinion of its merits, formerly expressed, has been confirmed by the more critical analysis we have thus been able to make of its plan and execution. It has become a proverb, almost, that nobody reads a volume of modern poetry; and we are somewhat inclined to the opinion that there is at least some foundation for the proverb. But of "Niagara," we confidently predict a fate very different from that of kindred and cotemporary aspirants to public favor. Our readers will be gratified to learn that Mr. Bulkley contributes an excellent article for our next number.

HOME.—Beautiful in the extreme, and true as beautiful, is the following picture of home. It is from the easel of Mrs. Ellis, and occurs in a recent work of hers on THE MORAL WANTS OF THE WORLD WE LIVE IN, republished by D. Appleton & Company. "There is no word in our language, to which, in all probability, so many hearts have responded as that of home. To the sailor on the midnight watch—the soldier on the eve of battle—the shepherd on the hills—the wearied huntsman returning from the chase—the wanderer when he asks a stranger's welcome—even the outcast and the alien, when they watch the glow of evening fires, at which there is no place for them—the prodigal upon his death-bed, when no father's voice is near—to each and all, their childhood's home may be 'the brightest, purest spot on memory's page;' and often, like the

morning sun, forgotten in the busy noon of day, will this sweet home, with all its once endeared associations, its kind and gentle influences, be brought back to vivid recollection at the sad close of a long life; for it is no mystery of the poet's art which has invested the word with all its powerful influence over the passions and the hearts of men, though verse has never found a more prolific theme, nor music sung a more enchanting lay. If there be one thing real in this life, it is the influence which home has exercised upon the heart, the conduct and the experience of mankind." Mrs. Ellis, in the volume from which this *morceau* is borrowed, has done an essential service to the cause of virtue and healthful morals; and those who have charge of the young, especially, in whatever capacity, will find her hints timely and valuable.

The Minstrel Pilgrim.—Such is the title of a volume of poems which has just dropped from the press, for which the public are indebted in the first instance to the pen of T. W. Field. The first thought that struck us, on glancing over the book, was that the bard was in a great hurry to publish; and on examining it more critically, our opinion has been rather strengthened than otherwise. In the first place, there are only sixty-four pages in the volume, and twenty-eight of these are as white as when they came out of the paper-mill, leaving only thirty-six pages occupied with the oracles of the muse. There are not seven hundred lines, all told. So much for quantity. In the second place, while some of the poetry, as to quality, is tolerable, a great deal of it will hardly pass muster. For instance, the author, in his very first fugitive, called "Symphony," selects the very convenient measure of seven iambuses, split up in the common way, so that four ride in the first line, and three in the second. Well, there is no great sin in that, that we know of, though we do honestly believe that unless the octo-syllabic lines rhyme, the measure is not fit for anything under the sun except the ballad, and hardly then, unless the ballad partake somewhat of the comic. But our author sometimes rhymes and sometimes he does not. That is quite unpardonable. It is as much as to confess that he ought to rhyme, but that, either because it is rather inconvenient to do so, or because he thinks his readers will let him off, he stumbles along without rhyming.

Apropos of this business of rhyming. We think it is Hannah More who says, that she is often at a loss to determine whether it is preferable to rhyme to the ear or to the eye, but that she is never quite satisfied unless she does both. We might pardon our author for doing one of these things, if he failed to do the other. But in many cases he does neither. In his "Minstrel Pilgrim," for example, written in pentameter, the alternate lines rhyming, we have such rhymes as these: *time, grim; clang, song; theirs, tears; led, speed.* In one case, being hard pushed, we presume, he makes a word rhyme with itself. We beg pardon, if that is an *Irishism.* In another case—and this is pentameter, remember—he refuses to rhyme at all.

On the whole, he seems to be a genuine out-and-out disciple of the Coleridge school—that is, he goes for the "largest liberty" in verse-making. He makes nothing of welding on an additional foot, or of cutting one off, as it likes him best. He essays to build a sonnet; but he disdains to follow the architecture of the masters who have preceded him in sonneteering. Fourteen lines will not do for him—nothing short of fifteen. Shades of Petrarch! that is a little too bad.

In one of his miscellaneous poems of some twenty lines, he tries his hand at blank verse. Here, to say nothing about such a line as this,

"Then I said I will be fearless, wise, and calm,"

except that, as it now stands, it possesses the merit of being perfectly unique, and that when cured of its chronic spring-halt, it might suit Wordsworth, as he could never see much difference between prose and poetry—passing by this, Mr. Field pounds us with the Alexandrine hammer twice, and then, as if his breath was all spent, winds up his poem with a tame octo-syllabic!

It is our deliberate conviction, as our readers will by this time have surmised, that such productions as this "Minstrel Pilgrim," do not form very valuable contributions to the treasury of Anglo-Saxon literature, and are not likely to be generally regarded as very dazzling coruscations of genius.

This mention of light, jostles our thoughts about a novel and exceedingly convenient lamp, which has just come under our notice, a[illegible]ave duly installed in our edi-

torial laboratory, as a sort of nocturnal presiding genius. The light in this lamp is produced by the burning of aëriform gas, which is emitted in jets from small perforations in platina. But this is not the most curious part of it. The gas is generated as it is used, by the heat of its own combustion acting on the burner, connected with the liquid in the lamp. It is perfectly safe and portable, and requires no cleaning or trimming. In our way of thinking, it is quite the most perfect thing in the shape of a lamp for the study that we have ever met with. It is called the Phosgene, or Safety Gas Lamp, and is manufactured and sold in a multitude of different styles, by Charles Starr, Jr., & Company, of this city. Whoever wishes to pursue the even tenor of his way, without being vexed with the odor of lamp oil—to say nothing about occasionally spoiling his books and manuscripts, and perhaps his best coat—can hardly do better than to patronize the Phosgene Lamp.

To Correspondents.—We have been at work for some two or three weeks, at intervals, looking over the huge pile of manuscripts which had accumulated on our table editorial, and have succeeded in forming an opinion of the merits of most of them, as candidates for our magazine. Many of those which we are forced to decline are *almost* good enough, while some are excluded more for want of sufficient adaptation than for a lack of intrinsic merit.

The following are respectfully declined, and are on file at the office of the publisher, awaiting the orders of their writers respectively:—To Summer; Memories of Badger Land; We, too, will Fade; Lines on the Falling of a Gallery; To the Patriot Spirit of Brooklyn; To Candidates for Missionary Life; Afflictions; Divine Love; Hymn to the Saviour; Ruth's Address to Naomi; Old Maids and Wives; Piscatorial Lines; A Psalm of Cheerfulness; The Spirit of Reform; The Camp Meeting; Grief; The Man of 1847 to the Man of 1947; Mourning; The Garden of Gethsemane; Lines to a Young Missionary; Eleanor; The Old Oak Tree; Stray Leaf from my Portfolio; Sketch of Southern Life; Shopping; Lines on the Death of a Clergyman's Wife; The Last of the Sturles; The Church of St. Paul's; The White Dove; On Hearing the Report of a Rifle (*postage unpaid*); Death of the First Born; Sarah Barrett; Take no Thought for the Morrow; the Music of Earth; the Mother's Portrait; Sketches from a Friend's Journal; and Sunlight in the Storm.

We have accepted The Wayfaring Laborer; Lines on Seeing a Gifted Young Lady Insane; Night; History of a Lord; Raphael's Picture; Letter from a Whale Ship; Forgotten the Past! The Invocation; The Two Spirits; Remember Me; To One Beloved; True Aspiration, and Unwritten Poetry.

A few manuscripts are yet unread. We think, however, that we may safely promise to render a verdict upon all the cases now on the docket in our next number. Meanwhile, we assure our friends that our table is not by any means so overwhelmed with good articles that others will not be acceptable.

☞ The writer of the very pleasant lines under the caption of "Forgotton the Past," which have just been laid upon our table, will oblige the Editor by affording him a personal interview.

Cole's Paintings.—What a world of beauty there is in this artist's landscapes! May it not with truth be said in the matter of landscape pictures, no other of our countrymen has done so well? We think so. A genuine child of nature as he was, sympathizing with all that is lovely, and identifying himself with it, as it were, how rural nature seems to live, and breathe, and smile, and warble, as he portrays her on the canvas! Oh these artists of nature! We would give more for one Cowper, one Bryant, one West, or one Cole, than for a regiment of *artificialists*—we hope we shall be pardoned for the verbal coinage. "The Hunter's Return," the original of which is a remarkably picturesque scene among the Blue Hills, is a beautiful conception. One loves to study such a picture for hours. We are gratified to be able to inform our friends that the works of this lamented artist are now on exhibition at the rooms of the American Art Union.

Ormsby's Picture of the Declaration of Independence.—This is a most admirable work of art, beautifully engraved on steel, on a surface more than two feet square. It is said to be the result of two years' labor. Our publisher, as will be seen by an advertisement on the cover, has placed this great national picture within the reach of almost every one. He could scarcely have selected a more generally acceptable premium.

HOME INFLUENCES.

HE art of making our homes happy, is one of general concernment, for there are few who cannot point to some sacred inclo- and say, "There is that select- of earthly possessions, our own r Home." The name of Home is symbol of a happiness rarely nd in the dusty highways of life; which, once tasted, leaves its savor through all the after stages of our so that wherever or in whatever es we may at any time be placed, selves returning with a relish and a he hearth-stone and the endearments of chil- 's home. So it is; and might we penetrate at all times the secret longings which lie hidden beneath business cares and heartless conventionalities, we should see the hearts of our fellow-men everywhere setting out on silent, unannounced pilgrimages to the homes of their childhood, hastening thither like so many devotees, and revelling amid the images and memories of scenes, faces and joys that belong now to the past and the departed. Oh, what a mighty, nay, innumerable throng crowd back from the busy, bustling present—from islands of the ocean; from ships tossing on the deep; from the poles and the tropics; from cots and palaces; from prisons and counting rooms; from the abodes of plenty and the refuges of want; all animated by a common desire, aiming at a common goal, swept backward by a common impulse—the cherished love of childhood's home—that blest spot which, viewed from whatever point, and however homely to others, is to each the life-garden of his existence, the Eden from which each has fallen, and to which each longs oft-times with tears of penitence to return.

It is of unspeakable importance that this everywhere prevalent love of the home of early life should be noted, and an attempt made so to elevate and purify home influences, as to make them act with power upon the heart. Imperfectly as home virtue and happiness are now cultivated, it is not to be doubted that great and important advantages accrue to society from that source. Many a man has been brought to sober reflection and an altered life, through the influence of some home remembrance. A mother's prayer, a father's counsels, a sister's love, the nursery hymn, a visitation of sickness, or death removing some loved one—these and like events happening in the home of our early years, and remembered amid the heated action and urgent pressure of after life, have often made the thoughtless think, and the hardened and impious pray. Many a man, contrasting his character in middle life with the remembrance of himself as he was when a boy, has bitterly reproached himself with the change. And even when the dull round and palling satiety of luxurious pleasure is experienced by the mere pleasure seeker, how often will he turn wistfully to the simple joys and innocent delights of the home of his childhood, and wish he were again a child.

And if every family were made as virtuous and happy as it might and should be, what blessed and genial instruments for good upon one's whole after life would household memories become. If every man, while experiencing the sorrows and disappointments of the world, could look back upon charming visions of a loved and loving home; if, as often as memory returned from communing with those visions, she should come laden with images of love and genial tenderness, and with the freshened and fragrant record of household charities and sympathies, who can estimate the effect of such memories upon the whole heart and life? Like a mild golden aurora, it would bathe the earth and baptize the clouds, and roll waves of light all around us. Like the breath of southern breezes over flower fields; like the voices of spring birds after winter winds and frosts, the influences of happy childhood's home would come upon us and calm our hearts, or renew them for the great life-battle raging around us.

It is a doctrine of the Bible which common sense and common experience confirm, that the frequent contemplation of a future heaven has a powerful tendency to transform the mind and prepare it both for the duties of this life, and the rewards of duty in the life to come. Communing with the true, the spiritual and the holy, we receive their impress and pass into their likeness. And by the same law of our minds, the frequent contemplation of a virtuous and happy past, tends to produce in us a resemblance to that past, and to transform us into its image.

The home of our childhood should be, by its design and constitution, an image of heaven; and if that design were realized, the active portion of human life would be passed in circumstances peculiarly beautiful. Manhood would accomplish its high task on a field midway between two heavens: onward are the distant and dim towers and gates of the holy city, the New Jerusalem—behind him, the sacred inclosure of the family, with its priest and altar and daily oblation; in prospect is the family of the redeemed with harps of gold—in retrospect, the family where his existence had its origin, and where his first, and simplest, and purest hopes and joys were felt.

The distinguished President Dwight once narrated to a friend a striking dream, the most remarkable character in which was an intelligence, half child and half cherub. The combination, he said, struck him as presenting a most wonderful and unspeakably beautiful whole. Infantile and godlike attributes flowed together, and formed one transcendently lovely character.

Something very like this beautiful creature of vision might be expected, as the product of those two concurrent influences which flow, the one from heaven, the other from "Home, sweet Home." What, indeed, but a union, in more or less perfect degree, of the qualities of the angel and the child, constitutes that highest style of man, the Christian? The truly godlike, is ever also the truly childlike. To the idea of intelligence little less than an angel's, add the simplicity, frankness, innocence, affectionateness of a lovely child, and the product is a great man. Secure one thing more, that his affections be placed upon proper objects, and he is a great and good man.

Now, we say, one of those great and blessed benefits which the family influence was intended to work out for us, is this of nurturing within us the childlike, while the contemplation of a heavenly home, on the other hand, inspires and cherishes the godlike and lifts us up to its greatness and glory. Just as often as we go back in thought to the family, (provided always, that it has been what it should have been in character,) and as often as we throw our hearts open to its influence, just so often do we find ourselves, like the disciple on the mount, deeming it good to be there and wishing to remain. We get back to our old place on the village green, or by the old fireside, or at the family board, and for the moment, at least, our artificiality and stiffness stand rebuked, and we wish we were children again, as free, as artless, as happy as they. We think with sorrow and shame of the changes that have taken place in us—of the pride, the cunning, the infinite trickery of business and political competition—of the idle dreams we have indulged in—of the vain hopes we have blown and followed, as formerly we chased the soap bubble, or pursued the butterfly in the meadow. Above all, we think with sadness of the loss of sensibility and guileless simplicity which we have suffered, amid the cares and pleasures of active life, while the imagined goods for which we have sacrificed them are quite as unsubstantial as the toys of childhood.

Thus, evermore, the home of our childhood is saying to us, "Come back and be a child;" while the heavens are urging, but not inconsistently, "Come up hither and be an angel." Let us obey both. Let us often catch the influences of both, and hold them to our hearts, and live habitually in that precise focus where the soft, mellowing rays from the hearth-stone and altar of our childhood's home meet and mingle with those which descend from the home of the soul in heaven. Let the voice of the one recall us daily to the simplicity and sincerity of childhood, while the whispers of the other allure us onward and upward forever.

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL.

A TALE OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S.

BY MRS. E. D. W. M'KEE.

I WENT to visit my cousin H——. His was a noble nature, but at the time to which I now refer, it was almost a wreck. He had not grown strong in the struggle of life, as such brave and athletic natures usually do. A vigorous will is naturally roused by the opposition of adverse circumstances; but in his case, this faculty had sunk into such utter powerlessness, that he could neither do nor dare, or even muster manly courage to suffer uncomplainingly. It had not merely sunk into inertness, and left the mental powers to stagnate, but with strange moral perversity, Satan-like, by one desperate and controlling volition, it seemed to say, "Evil, be thou my good."

I need not detail the social circumstances which had induced this lamentable condition of a mind so gifted, yet now so aimless, hopeless, cheerless; for that were to tell a trite and common story. I should but recite the history of every young man of genius, who, without fortune or influential friends, enters the professional lists, already thronging with fierce and eager combatants, who do not always tilt with hurtless weapons, like the true knights of yore —where the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; the laws of that despicable warfare being neither brave nor gallant, but allowing fraud to overcome force, and bravery to be outdone by trickery. Never did knight of chivalry run such a gauntlet as the young Æsculapian of the nineteenth century, who, armed with drug and scalpel, turns errant, to seek his fortune in the world's great thoroughfares—striving to win fame, and wealth, and power, and the sweet smiles of the "faire ladye of love." But such a contest, even for the bravest and manliest spirits, is well nigh hopeless; for though the young doctor's practice be after the most approved allopathic methods, his fame and pay are sure to come in homœopathic doses.

If, however, this "*similia similibus curantur*" mode of prescribing be the right one, then my cousin Hubert's professional and other disappointments should have cured themselves; and yet they did not, but left him early in his life-journey, like the man of Jericho, fallen by the wayside, wounded, fevered, heart-sick. Thus I found him when I went as the bearer of a message from my dearest friend—a lady whom he once fondly loved, and had vainly hoped to win, but whom he was now as vainly striving to forget. In losing *her*, life lost its zest so utterly, that if wishing could have brought the things he once had sighed for, he would not have wished, save to lie down and die. After this shock, an ill-suppressed misanthropy, or at best a cold indifference, seemed to have sent a fatal chill over the warm life-blood of his generous and enthusiastic soul, which once had beat so high with hope and fond desire. Even his welcome to me, his earliest and truest friend, would have been cold, but for a certain sudden lighting of the eye and a pressure of the hand which bespoke a cordiality his words did not express. When I seated myself by his side, he only said, "My dear Anna, it is kind of you to come to me now," and then relapsed into a sombre and moody silence—a seeming forgetfulness even of my presence. I delivered the message with which I had been charged. It was kind and hopeful, yet he did not respond. He seemed not to feel, for he sat apparently stolid and unmoved. This alarmed me, for I knew how every fibre of his heart had hitherto trembled responsive to such a touch; and surely, thought I, the golden cord must now be loosened, or it would answer to the soft whispering breath of love.

After a moment's silence, I ventured on that most difficult and delicate of all the duties of friendship—the attempt to encourage and console. I began, however, with common-places, fearing to offend or irritate by being more direct.

"All will by and by go well," said I; "keep up a good heart, your fortunes yet will brighten."

"Perhaps so," replied Hubert; "but I never expect to be happy again, or even to be enough in love with life to make existence tolerable. The world may perhaps go well with me, as you say. I may possibly experience what is called luck or good fortune—that which Christianity teaches, and which I would fain believe, is not luck, nor mere worldly chance, but the clairvoyant eye of an ever-watchful Providence, spying out among the infinite possibilities of circumstance and condition, those which are best suited to my particular wants and necessities, tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, and shielding me by its omnipotent hand from the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.' Yes, all this may be—I hope it will be: I shall be glad, and I hope grateful, even for the satisfaction I may be able to derive from a tranquil and satisfed outward life; but a wounded spirit who can bear? If all the delights of this earth-life were compounded into one potent panacea for all the ills the heart is heir to, it were a useless unguent for wounds that lie so deep, and fester even at the heart's core. It might prove a medicine for the mind, and help the brain somewhat to bear the heart-throb. It might, nay, it would certainly mollify and heal the bruises on the surface; but could it allay the burning fever of that hidden soul-sickness, which dries up the very fount of human happiness within? Yes, I may be happy as the world calls it; I may have a large house, a sumptuous table, and fine clothing.. I may say to others less favored than myself, Go and come; and they shall do my bidding and await my pleasure. But this is not happiness. To be housed, to be fed and clothed, to be served and obeyed, is not to be happy. This worldly thrift is after all a meagre thing, and all the happiness it brings but a low and vulgar species of content, even if it can rise so high as that. That is a coarse and common greed which is satisfied with mere physical fatness—with a feast of the good things of this present animal and sensuous life. A mere good-liver who enjoys fire because it warms him, meat because it feeds him, and fine array because it makes him look gay and handsome as a peacock, or social rank because it enables him to strut and gobble like a turkey foremost in the flock, is as surely and entirely a mere *animal*, as a stall-fed ox just ready for the shambles. Indeed, the gramivorous feeder is the nobler of the two—higher in the scale of being—because truer to the heaven-implanted instincts of its nature, than the half-rational human eater of boiled and roasted flesh. Yes, the pampered goose from whose swollen liver we make a '*paté de fois*,' and even an oyster, or its brother clam, have each subserved the true ends of their existence better than such an earth-cumberer. Like these silly creatures he is only useful when he dies—when in obedience to the great law, 'dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return,' he renders up his individual being, or more properly, surrenders his useless carcass to fecundate the bosom of the fruitful earth, from whence he stole her elemental atoms, only to animate, and waste, and squander them in useless breathing. That were a bold stone-cutter who should dare to contradict Heaven, by carving 'Requiescat in pace' over a heap of such human ashes. No! these creature comforts are not happiness, neither do they furnish material out of which by any cunning alchemy or talismanic touch the soul of man can manufacture it. To attempt, Anna, to satisfy the natural craving of the human soul after superhuman good by feeding it on such delights, is to seek nourishment by eating and drinking from the witches' caldron, where all is 'boil and bubble—toil and trouble.'"

I was silent, because I knew not how to reply. Here was a mind of immense strength, almost infinite in its reach and grasp, whose power was now destructively turned inward on itself. Objective existence seemed to have lost its charm. The love of the sensuous had perished in the shock which had shaken to its centre the inner moral life of the soul. How was Hope, that most vitative of all human passions, again to be resuscitated in such a bosom? I was sorry when he ceased, for it had been long since he had spoken out his hidden thoughts so freely; for of late, unlike himself, he had grown cold, reserved, and timid, even with me his most cherished friend, to whom he had always unreservedly confided his every thought and purpose.

In endeavoring to combat and put to flight these gloomy fancies, it seemed to me that "discretion was the better part of valor;" that perhaps a simple hopeful prompting of his mind, such as had elicited the last reply, might urge him unconsciously to disclose his inner life more fully—to open up to me the depth of

the wound to which he had so affectingly alluded; for well I knew there was balm in Gilead, and a physician there, could I but persuade him to seek healing. In a season of like suffering, the armless hand whose mystic hieroglyphs once terrified the guilty Belshazzar by a prophecy of coming doom, had extended itself to me, yet not in such dire threatenings, though well deserved; for it wrote indelibly on the desolate chambers of my soul—

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come at the shrine of God fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

But how should I tell him this? how urge forward a mind, blinded by philosophic skepticism, and withal stronger and fuller than my own, to the cross of Calvary—to the Saviour—to the Holy Comforter? How, contrary to its constitutional tendencies, and its long-cherished habits of thought and feeling, should I make it know the rest, the joy there is in loving and believing—yea, even in suffering—when we know that a Father's infinite heart of pitying love yearns over us, even while His hand wields the rod whose smart chastises our sinful stubbornness into right loyal and loving obedience?

Hubert, though still silent, heaved a sigh so profound, that his very life seemed breathing itself out along with it; and the shade of absolute despair which settled over his face, was sadder and more fearful to look upon, than that awful and passionless repose which overshadows the human countenance when the wing of the Death Angel hovers over it. Had the wealth of a world at that moment been mine, I would have gladly bartered it for the joy of putting into Hubert's empty and failing hand, the single pearl of everlasting price. But how should I make him comprehend the value of such heavenly riches? Alas! that we should have in our hands a price to buy wisdom, and know it not, nor use it to our everlasting gain. But something told me, You can do it. Heart will yet answer to heart, but not now. Something made me know, that when the proper crisis in his moral experiences should come, my heart would then find ready utterance, and the electric fire of feeling run along the brightening chain of sympathy between my soul and his, till his should be touched and warmed, and comforted. My heart prayed, oh! how earnestly, yet held these deeper emotions in abeyance, while I calmly replied, that in seeking to comfort him by a prospect of future good fortune, I had not intended to allude merely to those grosser forms of mere animal enjoyment, of which he had spoken with so much indifference, and even disgust, but to those more refined and rational pleasures, which the Creator has so wisely and beneficently superadded to the mere pleasure of physical existence. He impatiently interrupted me, by saying—

"It matters not, so far as my own case is concerned, what kind of enjoyments you intended to speak of, because I know well, that no plenitude of worldly good, of whatever kind, can make the really sad-souled, happy. At best, it can only just make them contented to live. It can only repress the suicidal longing to lie down with the dreamless dead in the quiet bosom of the all-kind earth. It can only make the restless soul easy, not happy. It can shut the mouth of the canker-worm, and interrupt its gnaw; but it cannot kill it. The enemies of the soul's peace are hydra-headed; and when we slay one, we do but make a place for another to grow, with a yet deadlier venom in its viper tooth. Our poor suffering souls, all scarred, and seamed, and wounded, pant for healing and for rest. They long—nay, they even dare to hope to lie down on some warm genial summer-day of that bright Future, which shall succeed 'this winter of our discontent,' on soft beds of worldly ease, to rest in peace, or lap themselves in soft Elysian dreams. But such a hope is false as it is fair—false as that gassy fatuus which lures the sad benighted traveller into yet more fatal mires and footfalls."

"Do you really then," said I, "count as nothing all the delights of our sensible and rational existence on this earth, which the Creator has built up, and furnished, and roofed over with such infinite wisdom, both of design and execution, as a pleasant dwelling-place for His earthly children? Can you really look with indifference on the great social system in the midst of which we are placed? Can you look upon life as a lottery, or a game of chance, when the slightest observation will teach you, that there is an unseen hand somewhere, regulating the complex and often inexplicable movements of the great wheel of fortune? else, why does industry bring wealth oftener than it does poverty, and why does energy beget success, rather than defeat? Can you, Hubert, look on -d, and see the Giver of all distribute

such rich prizes, and lead on to a promised land the patient, the diligent, the wise, the hopeful, and the courageous, while you sit down and weep by the bitter waters of Meribah, or go lonely, sullen, and sad, on your life-journey?"

"But," said Hubert, interrupting me, "these golden apples of yours, which shine so fair outside, are no decoy to one, who, like myself, knows they are only puff-balls, full of dust and earthiness. I would not put out a hand, much less run a race to grasp them, even though they were truly Hesperidean. Do you know, Anna, the things you speak of seem to me worse than mocking phantoms? When, unbidden, they thrust their unwelcome shapes before my vision, they seem but the melancholy ghosts of dead hopes, I petted, nursed, and fondled when a child, only to see them die and bury themselves back again into the unreality from whence they sprang. Show me something real, something worth living for, and I will live again. That is beyond the power of your philosophy; for what earthly goods are real goods—not shadows—falses—cheats? Gold is shining yellow dust; fame a child's rattle, whose noisy din tickles a simple ear, but makes no music to a reasoning soul. What are rank and elevated station, but a narrow standing-place—a terrace on a dangerous social precipice? If we fall from thence, we land not on the terra-firma, where stand secure the vulgar multitude below; but a single mis-step plunges us into a fathomless gulf of infamy below."

"But, Hubert," said I, "you forget that there are calmer and more retired pleasures for those who cannot relish such garish outside shows as rank, and wealth, and fame. There is the calm and contemplative life of the philosophic student. There is the luxury of books—the power of silent converse with the inarticulate wisdom of the dead. Can we not thus amplify our existence, till it reaches infinitely beyond the narrow boundaries of our own individual wants and woes—embracing in our conscious life, all lives, all beings, all spaces, and all times?"

"Dear Coz," said Hubert, with more of his natural playfulness than he had yet manifested, "you are both poet and philosopher. If my cold hard nature could soften, and be warmed by anything, surely your enthusiasm would be the sweet contagion which could breathe its own life and joy into my soul again. But that young hearty life which opens the soul to such sweet influences, has died out of me. I am old—not older than yourself in years, but in that stern discipline of life, which has left me disenchanted. This learning, or rather this unlearning, has made me wiser than all the philosophy of the schools could ever do. When you tell me, Anna, of the happiness men find in books, and lives of studious thought, do you, in good faith, really believe that learning can do the soul good? For what is it? With one man, it is a Babel of confused languages, the odds and ends of all the words men's tongues have syllabled, since the scattered Babel-builders went forth from the plains of Shinar, to dot the virgin face of earth with nations of diverse character and tongues. With another, learning is a series of long and tedious trains of exact and rigid reasonings on the infinites of space, and quantity, and measurement, a kind of mathematical brain-fever; and is cerebral excitement a cure for heart-ache? But learning with another is philosophy—a perplexed and tangled mass of sequences, which have been sorted, matched, and mated, as causes and effects, and then arranged in scientific formulæ. Furnished with such instruments as Science handles, we may probe nature to the quick, and extort her secrets; but can we probe the heart with them, and from its centre remove the fester which sends its poison, at every pulse-beat, through all the veins and fibres of our being?"

"No, Hubert, I did not speak of physics, there are higher themes than these for contemplative minds—nobler fields of philosophic speculation. Beyond the confines of matter lies a soul-realm, infinite as God, with objects of curious inquiry, various and numberless as the myriad orders of intellectual being, with which the efflux of the Divine has tenanted this thickly peopled universe."

"Yes, Anna, there are such realms, but they are realms of darkness, thick, palpable, impenetrable, inscrutable, save to that Eye which watches while creation sleeps. Why do you, good cousin, give imagination wing, and talk so finely to a poor broken heart like mine? Remember fancy has turned to fact with me: nothing pleases, nothing solaces or delights me. The universe is a blank, and existence but a sense of misery. You who are so calm and happy in the midst of home, and friends, and books, cannot know how meagre the consolations are, which you offer to such a sad and burdened heart as mine."

"Why do you say so, Hubert? Can you doubt the pure and elevating character of such studies? Can you undervalue, and even despise, a kind of learning which has lured the noblest minds that ever thought or spoke?"

"No," said he; "I admit that learning is sometimes abstract and metaphysical; but is it therefore any more a cordial? Does windy wordiness, or absolute emptiness do the soul good? Was a disease of the body ever cured by putting the patient to a careful study of anatomy and the materia medica, and think you the soul-sick can be healed by mental philosophy or theology? Do they reach the wound? Verily they seem to come near it. They talk near the point, if they do not touch it. Like Plato, they reason well of man's moral and intellectual nature, his instincts, passions, aspirations, and desires. But after all, it makes our longing after immortality but a pleasing hope, a fond desire, such as a child may feel to grasp the gorgeous rainbow, at which it gazes for the first time, in the far-up heavens. But is this a medicine for the mind? for the mental unrest of a 'soul, uneasy and confined from home'—a soul which deeply feels that it can only 'rest and expatiate in a life to come?'"

"Yes, Hubert, you are right. These are poor medicines for the mind; I know it, and my heart is glad that yours, while it suffers and bleeds at every pore, feels and owns that divine aid must come, if you ever again live a healthful moral life. It was but serious trifling when I led your thirsting soul to those broken cisterns, which either hold no living water, or pollute it with their earthly taint. But, dear Hubert, I dared not take your hand and say, 'Come with me to the River of Life.' I dare not offer you a leaf, moistened with dew of heaven, from that tree which grows for the healing of the nations; for I have been no stranger to the secret though cherished skepticism of your mind, which, though stronger, fuller, and wiser than my own, has yet strangely misjudged here, and that, too, on a subject where mistake is fatal. But I do rejoice, even in this terrible heart-crush which has befallen your young life, for well I know the hand of an enemy hath not done this. The blow under which you have fallen was dealt by a Hand, which did but strike you to the earth, that it might raise you again to a higher and completer life—to holier hopes—to more infinite outreachings and aspirings than those which filled your youthful breast. has troubled the waters of your earthly Bethesda, but it has left an element of healing in the perturbed and agitated waves. You will yet find rest and joy, and because you will seek them no longer here, but in heaven, you will find them even now upon the earth. You will live happy, you will die peaceful, and you will joyfully awake in the *Hereafter*. Why should I doubt, that the Saviour of men will fully answer my prayers for you, and carry out His own eternal purposes of love, when I learn to-day, for the first time, from your own lips, that your mind has already begun to go through that painful process of voluntary separation from all earthly goods and expectations, which is but the preparatory step of a soul's initiation into the blessings and beatitudes of heaven? Yes, Hubert, I feel to-day how sweet a thing it is to pray—to pray to One so infinitely loving and compassionate, that He waits, yearning to be gracious, and grants even while the asking lingers on our lips, and even anticipates the half-formed wish, which yet lies buried in the inner sanctuary of the soul, where His own breath inspires petitions, for which human language finds no utterance. Yes, my dear Hubert, I have often prayed for you when I have not dared to speak to you. Much as I have loved you, freely as I have spoken to you, and with such utter unreserve on every other subject, I have always trembled and felt abashed when I would try to open up my heart to you on this. As much as I have loved to follow your ardent and adventurous mind as a leader, a teacher, and a guide, just so much have I feared to encounter it as an antagonist. Don't you remember, Hubert, that sad morning after your first cruel professional disappointment, when I was compelled to add a yet bitterer ingredient in your cup of misery, by bringing the intelligence that she you loved was lost—how I tried to comfort you? I knew you must sink under these repeated blows, and fall into absolute despair, unless the Hand that upheld faithless Peter on the yielding wave of Galilee, was again outstretched to rescue; but when I spoke thus, you repulsed me. No, you did not repulse, for you were always kind; but you silenced me I mean, because you made me feel, that by saying more, I should but weaken in your mind the cause I sought to strengthen. I dared not further peril truth by my weak advocacy. I felt that you had won a victory over me in argument; that my religion presented itself to your mind as an idle and weak

enthusiasm, quite allowable indeed in me—even amiable—but altogether beneath your more developed and cultivated reason. But when you thought me silenced and convinced by skeptical arguments, which I had not logical acumen enough to oppose, I was only perplexed and distressed on your account, not shaken in my own belief, which rests on other ground than that of logical argumentation. I have never loved to study the external evidences of Christianity. I care not for these feeble outward props to a belief so wrought into the very texture and frame-work of my mind, that it stands there firm and steadfast as the very foundations of my immortal being: I know Christianity is true, just as I know that I live, because I feel it; because it must be true, or all things else a lie—an inexplicable enigma—and the whole universe but a bundle of contrarieties and contradictions. If it be false, then is falsehood the only thing worth believing—the only thing that can cheat us into a feeling of complaisance towards a Godless and Christless universe. I cannot reason with you, Hubert, any more than I could wrestle with a giant; but prayer moves the arm that moves the world, and therefore I do not despair of reaching you. You will yet feel as I do; you will love me with a warmer and intenser love, and feel a more intimate relationship to me than that which results from the hereditary inheritance of the same family blood in our veins which makes you call me cousin; you will yet feel towards me that grateful and loving regard which the famished feel towards one who gives them bread—which the fatally sick feels towards one who brings relief. We shall yet love each other as Christians; and the fellowship of Jesus and the communion of the saints is a higher relation, a stronger tie, than any which can bind the soul on earth. Oh! what happiness is this which the Ever Merciful has yet in store for one so undeserving, that I may say, Hubert is a Christian, and Christ has honored me as the instrument, whereby He would bring that powerful and sagacious mind, that energetic will, into the sweet and lowly obedience of His blessed Gospel. Hubert, I am pained with excess of joy; my heart bursts and overflows towards you with inexpressible soft pity, Hubert."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRUE ASPIRATION.

BY REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY.

THOUGH Time's brief pleasures charm me not,
Nor wealth attends me in my train,
Ne'er let my labors be forgot,
While goodness shall on earth remain;
But let the poor my memory bless,
The full of faith my worth express.

Let me a monument erect,
Whose towering form those hearts shall shade
Whom earth contemns, the vile reject;
To find amid Life's sun-burnt glade,
About my feet refreshing truth,
And on my brow eternal youth.

Take from me all of social life,
That dulls the edge of worldly pain,
But fill my soul with eager strife
A crown of righteousness to gain.
My ardent hope its end will find
In friendship with immortal mind.

Twine me no laurel wreath of fame,
Greet not mine ear with plaudits loud,
Grave not upon the rock my name,
Nor in my sight admiring crowd.
I would that all my life's short state
Were greatly good, not goodly great.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

BY KATE CLEVELAND.

CHAPTER I.

It was a scene of beauty. Not beautiful because flower, and tree, and bird had put forth their sweetest charms to allure the eye and ear; but over all there was a soft, breathing influence, which belongs not to earth. The form of the flowers was strange—their perfume came borne on the breeze, almost overpowering in sweetness. In this garden of enchantment were two spirits, who stood with folded wings, and gazed upon the beauties spread around. The face of one was heavenly in its expression, and a smile of perfect sweetness played around the mouth. Not so the other; the features were as beautiful in form—the coloring as delicate, but the expression, how different! The beauty of that face was marred by the conflicting passions that shot across it; and as he gazed upon the scene and glanced to the happy countenance of his brother, a sneer curled his lip as he exclaimed—"Aye, gaze on! Feast thine eyes with the beautiful, and I will then show thee these same objects stripped of their bright colors, and presented to the eye in all their natural hideousness!"

A calm smile preceded the other's reply. "Brother, I seek the good, the beautiful; I look not for perfection; but when a fault appears in the bright coloring, shall we not rather regard it as throwing into greater beauty the remaining part, than as a spot emblematical of universal decay? Mark this delicate flower; how perfect the formation of each tiny leaf—how delicately its shades are mingled!"

He who had first spoken took the blossom, and pointed with a triumphant smile to the poison which lay beneath. "Where is now its beauty?"

The face of the good spirit was troubled, but mildly he replied to the other's words: "See you not, brother, the beneficence of the Creator even in this little flower? The poison that lies at its root will prevent its being too roughly handled. Without this defence, where would be its security? Every idle hand might pluck its beauties, and scatter them to the wind!"

"But," replied the evil spirit, "is not the good in this case completely swallowed up in the bad? Who would stop to admire the brilliant colors or delicate form of the deceitful blossom, while shuddering at the poison in its heart?"

"God has made this so," said the other, "for wise purposes of His own; and it behooves us not to question His works."

The same sneering smile was on the face of the evil spirit as he replied: "Look abroad upon this wide and beautiful earth, and gather up the good in one scale, and the evil in the other; which, think you, will weigh the heavier?"

The good spirit looked with a smile of pity on his brother's frowning features. "Would not the earth be Paradise itself, were no evil found to mingle with the good? But look upon yonder sky—no poison lurks in its blue depths, or the fair shadowy clouds that wreath themselves about it. Brother, does not its clear, serene beauty throw a cheering ray upon thy heart?"

The other gazed upon the smiling sky: his withering glance seemed to blast all it fell upon; the hue of the wreathing clouds grew dark and threatening; angry flashes of lightning came borne on the rolling thunder. It was as the passion-storm which crosses a beautiful face, and blasts with one fell stroke the lovely work of Nature. Tears moistened the cheek of the good spirit, while the face of the other was as the countenance of some storm-demon. But suddenly the heavens cleared, and a gorgeous rainbow shone in the sky. The weeper's tears were dried, as he pointed with a bright smile to the promised sign, while the rain-drops on the flowers sparkled like fairy gems. Additional beauty followed the temporary gloom that had been cast over the face of

Nature; the air breathed a purified sweetness, and every cloud or marring spot had been washed from the face of the sky. "You believe," said the evil spirit, "that all the beauty of earth lies in the heart of man—or, if evil is found, like the storm we have just witnessed, it is immediately succeeded by good?"

"I believe," replied the other, "that man is shut out by the fall from attaining a state of perfection; but flowers of good will now and then peep forth from among the weeds of the heart."

"You do not think, then, that a heart of perfect evil can be found—one in which no good is visible?"

"I would not willingly believe it; in all hearts there must be some hidden chord or feeling buried among the evil, which requires but a skillful hand to make it vibrate."

"Come with me, then, and we shall see."

"Whither would you go, brother?"

"I would go," replied the other, "and show you mankind as it is. Come with me; you to look for beauty, I for evil." The two spirits went on their journey—good and evil side by side.

CHAPTER II.

The last rays of sunset lingered, as though unwilling to depart, upon a beautiful grove, rich in every charm of nature. It was a scene of earth's loveliness, and the warm sunlight that streamed through the flower-laden trees, gave a rich glow to its beauty. But, alas! this Eden scene was polluted by human passions. There were two brothers within that grove—though brothers they seemed not then, with the words of hatred on their lips, and the fire of anger in their eyes. But they *were* brothers; brothers who in childhood had pressed the same pillow, and slept in each other's arms, with a mother's kiss still fresh upon their lips. The younger, as he attained to manhood, grew weary of the gentle discipline of his father's house, and wandered forth to seek for pleasure in the gay world. Pleasure! that gilded chalice, whose sweetest draughts are poison! poison to the unsatisfied heart that longs for something less fleeting. Years passed, and the wanderer still roamed on a foreign shore. The father was gathered to *his* fathers; and with his dying breath he blessed his first-born son, and left him all his possessions; while words of bitterness trembled on his pale lips against the son who had deserted him. The roses and violets on his mother's grave had unfolded their blossoms many times ere the wanderer returned, with old thoughts of home tugging at his breast. He hastened to receive his mother's kiss—his father's blessing; but they pointed him to the church-yard, and showed him his parents' graves! The dew was glistening on the long grass; and, as if in mockery, a bird carolled forth his song in that lonely spot. His heart was filled with hatred toward the brother who was living in his father's house, while *he* was an outcast—a wanderer. That brother would have taken him in and divided with the companion of his childhood; but proudly and sternly he was repulsed. And then followed the bitter taunt. The loneliness and slights of years had festered in the wanderer's bosom, and now, like evil spirits, they rose and armed him for the contest. His brother had borne these reproaches in silence—had yearned to clasp the outcast to his bosom; but now, stung by his angry words, he answered taunt with taunt. The good spirit stood mournfully with outstretched wings, while the evil one was goading on the brothers.

Soon the steel of swords flashed in the sunlight; and with working features, the brothers sought each other's life! Their combat was to the death, for each had spoken words that his life-blood only could efface. The good spirit turned his face from that sickening scene—it was fearful to see passion convulse those brothers' features. Suddenly the sharp noise of steel meeting steel ceased; the elder was bending over his brother's prostrate form. One blow would rid him of his enemy—why does he hesitate? He cannot! The good spirit is at his side with a host of soft remembrances, and he heeds not the sneering countenance of the evil one. The pale face of his fallen brother is turned towards the light, and the golden rays that fall upon it reveal it as it looked in childhood, with the same old familiar expression. The weapon of death falls powerless from his hand, and raising his erring brother in his arms, he bestows a warm kiss upon his pale cheek. The evil spirit makes one last, faint struggle for victory; but his power is past, and the brothers' tears are mingled together.

"You have won it," said the evil spirit to his brother; "but this is only one among the many

examples that earth affords. It may not always be so!" and the sneering smile again deformed those handsome features.

CHAPTER III.

The brothers again alighted, in a scene fit for the carousal of the spirits of darkness. There were broken glasses lying about, and decanters in which the wine still sparkled—fragments of the orgies which were nightly celebrated there. The stars were waning, and the first beams of dawn were about to gild the tall spires of the city—the last night's revellers had sought their homes to slumber off the effect of their last midnight revels, and the wide streets were quiet and deserted. Still in that place of crime sat two desperate players, who were so intent upon their game, that they noticed not the hazy light of dawn. The candles were burning low in their sockets, and threw a ghastly light upon their haggard features, which alternately burned with hope and despair. It was a last throw; each had staked his all, and they now awaited the result. It came: a fiendish smile of triumph lighted the features of the winner, as he hastily swept the piles of gold together; and seizing on his ill-gotten gains, without a word or a pitying look for his unfortunate brother in crime, he left him to the solitude of his own thoughts. *Solitude!* That solitude was peopled with infernal spirits, who gazed with ghastly smiles into his face, and fanned his aching brow with their hot breath. Wild images were dancing through his fevered brain—hideous monsters seemed to wreath their bony arms around him, and shriek triumphantly in his ear: "Come! come! We await thee!" He struggled hard with these disordered visions; he shook off their clinging forms with a powerful effort, and gazed calmly into the dark book of his life.

With his head buried in his hands, and his dark and matted locks falling in disorder over the pale, care-worn brow, the lonely man read on. He saw himself once more a child, shrinking from the tyranny of a harsh father—the averted love of a cold unfeeling mother, who gazed with pride upon her group of noble sons, and then turned with ill-concealed disgust from the repulsive features of the unloved one. As the memories rushed across his mind, he smiled a hard, bitter smile, and repeated to himself, "This is your work!" for no mother's love had followed like a guiding star to lure him from the paths of sin and crime; no words of tenderness had soothed his weary spirit, and led him with the chains of love to regain a lost name; no brother or sister's affection had mourned his fall. No! The authors of his being, the companions of his childhood, had been the first to turn upon him a cold, disdainful eye—to banish the erring one from his home. Then came soft memories of one who had plighted her pure love to him in her early bloom and freshness; who had cast upon his heart a ray of her own innocent brightness. Again the music of that voice fell upon his ear, carolling in its low sweet tones some snatch of melody, or whispering to him words of hope and comfort. And then he remembered how she had looked, when she found that her husband was a gambler! How a flash of agony crossed her face, as she pressed her babes closer to her heart! But he was kneeling before her humbled and penitent—and rising, though her cheek was pale, and tears dimmed her dark eyes, she placed her hand in his, and laid her head against his bosom, murmuring, "Whither thou goest, I will go!" And how her pure and beautiful love fell upon his heart like sunshine, and he vowed never again to be led away. But the tempter came. Mary's slender form drooped, as day after day she plied the never-ceasing needle to feed and clothe her little ones; and the thought almost maddened him, as he reflected that he had done this! Then they came and whispered that he might surround her with luxury; restore the roses to those young cheeks, and regain his lost wealth—his lost name!

He went, and gold flowed into his hands; his gentle wife questioned him about his ill-gotten wealth, but he slept with a falsehood on his lips, while Mary breathed a prayer to preserve him from harm. At length they told him that one last throw would bring him untold wealth: he went—he staked his all—and now the result! Could he tell that gentle wife who had loved him through all—as deeply now as when they knelt before the altar and pledged their vows to Heaven—could he tell her that want and beggary followed his footsteps? Could he hear his children's cries for bread, and behold unmoved their mother's patient, uncomplaining suffering? Again those evil spirits

seized his brain; and those who entered the apartment to prepare it again for crime and folly, found the body of a murdered man, from whose breast still gushed the warm, crimson blood. He had fled from scenes of earthly misery, to meet the reward of his crime in another world. The good spirit shuddered, and the bright spots on his silver wings were dimmed; the polluting air which breathed in that place of crime blasted all before it.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a scene on which the joyous sun shone with sadness. The grim, gloomy pile cast a shade on all around, and there was a hushed and solemn stillness in the very air. It was a prison—and in the faces of those who dwelt within its gloomy walls, a fixed and rigid hardness usurped the place of every soft emotion. For they brooded over their wrongs; over the want and temptation which had goaded them on to crime; over the cold slights and insults which roused their worst passions; and over the heartless justice that coldly doomed them to drag out their weary lives in the close atmosphere of a prison. Summer no longer came heralded, as in the days of innocent boyhood, by the voice of the bird and the hum of the bee; by the warm breath of clustering flowers, and the soft glimpses of sunlight that pierced even the dim old woods; by the shouts of merry voices that echoed again amid the lonely hills. No! Summer came to them in the close, stifling air of their contracted apartments; in the burning heat which scorched their very brains; and the crawling insects that shared with them their dismal cells. This was their fate in this world; but sternly they repulsed all conversation of a better; they nourished the thought of vengeance, and crushed all penitent feelings, ere the fragile buds could expand into flowers of strength and beauty.

There was a cell darker and more gloomy than the others—the cell of the condemned. No rays of sun came stealing in to light the dark face of the prisoner—dark with conflicting passions, and horror at his approaching fate; a gloomy, settled shade threw the figures only of the occupants into sight. But hark! there are voices in the cell; they come mingled with the clank of fetters that bind the weary limbs of the condemned one. A minister of God is endeavoring to lead the man of crime to thoughts of a better world. He is one of those who have their reward in a crown that fadeth not away. Withdrawing himself from the cheerful influence of a pleasant home, from the sunshine of the world without, he steadily devotes his hours to the miserable creatures who never breathe the pure air of heaven. Though their hard natures seldom melt beneath the influence of his kindly words, and discouragement and indifference often repulse his endeavors, yet he steadfastly pursues the path which he has marked out.

The prisoner is touched; could the rays of light penetrate that dreary place, they would not show features on which infamy is stamped with indelible marks: they would show a face and form that has not long languished in a murderer's cell. And wherefore are they there now? He is the survivor of a fatal duel. When the young man saw the friend and companion of his childhood lying at his feet, while the dews of death gathered round his cold brow, a thrill of agony shot through his heart; and he even wished to change places with the senseless dead. But this saved him not from the punishment of the law—and to-morrow the bell would toll his requiem! The clergyman tells him of the promises contained in the Bible, and his voice falls on listening ears; a new light has stolen on his mind; and in that gloomy cell he tastes the most exquisite bliss that earth can afford. "You have been my friend," said he, to the departing minister: "you have led me to look above this world and its transitory joys. But I am still proud," he continued; "I would not meet my death at the hands of the common executioner; and I feel that my wish will be gratified. To-night my spirit will leave its earthly tenement." The clergyman prayed that it might be so, for in that cell of condemned crime he had met with an instance of faith, rare and glorious.

The servants of the law came with chains and fetters, to lead the criminal to execution, as the golden sun unfolded his beams on the smiling earth. A faint ray of sunlight from the open door, fell upon the narrow bed that contained the prisoner; but he moved not. "He sleeps," said one; "he sleeps yet, though so near death!" They shook him gently, to awaken him—for even those rough men felt a ray of pity for the condemned prisoner; but he

slept the sleep of death. No marks of violence disturbed his features, which were calm and placid; no hidden wound was found; he had dropped to sleep like an infant, with a smile upon his face, an emblem of his purified spirit.

The two spirits still follow in each other's footsteps; one comes like a ministering angel, and draws out all the good that dwells within the heart, to bear flowers of perfect beauty; while the other follows to rouse all bad passions, and choke up the good with flowers of evil growth.

THE INVOCATION.

Come back, come back, sweet memories
  Of life's young April weather;
Of hopes that came like morning light,
  And fled at eve forever.
Come back, come back, while the stars are out,
  In the quiet depths of heaven;
Come back, come back, while this lonely hour
  To the bitter past is given—
While the hush of night is on the air,
  While the moon's pale beams are falling
On pavèd path, and lonely street,
  And hushed and silent dwelling.
Ye come, sweet visions,—from absent lips
  A breath o'er my brow is stealing,
And a kindly eye on my own is bent,
  Its world of love revealing.
A gentle, friendly, earnest grasp,
  Sweet tones, and words of meeting—
Alas! that tone, and word, and clasp,
  Should change so soon their greeting.
Oh, mournfully, visions, fade ye away!
  And the air on my brow comes sweeping,
Chill as the lonely heart that yet
  Its vigil sad is keeping.

Caroline.

AN "O'ER TRUE TALE."

The scene where the incidents I am about to detail took place, is a charming one. I wish I could describe it—the quiet cottage, with its shade trees and its vine-covered porch, just large enough for the accommodation of a young and newly married couple, with moderate views and still more moderate means, but with hearts of capacity to feel contented, because they seemed filled with each other. I speak now of the time when they first came there to live. It was in the bright and joyous time of spring. Nature looked all smiles, just full of green leaves and fragrant blossoms, as if rejoicing in the coming of two happy beings to the place. I wish I could describe the two beings I speak of—the young man full of the ardent aspirations of one just entering upon the practice of a profession, in which the promises of fame are only exceeded by the hopes of usefulness, and the voice of holy sympathies crowding and swelling up in the heart—the young and exceedingly lovely woman, wearing the bright blushes of a new-made bride, and rejoicing in the prospect of opening years of happiness—I wish I could describe all this, but I cannot. Let the reader then imagine, if he can, a quiet village sleeping on the bank of a river, and the cottage we could wish to paint for him, just on the outskirts, and overlooking a broad and beautiful bay, and then fill up the scenery with all he pleases of beauty and grace, and he will see nothing more pleasant than the place I have in my eye. Perhaps he has been there. Then he knows all about it, and has had some experience of how glorious nature is in some places. Perhaps he knew the very individuals I am speaking of. If he knew them at the time I write of, he knew two beings who, under an exterior of the most profound happiness, bore about in their bosoms each a heart corroded and tortured, and harrowed up with unutterable anguish.

Such beings there are in this world, and who has not known them? It is a mystery how they smile with such heavy hearts—how they wear a face beaming with joy and happiness, while care sits in their breast and lays its red-hot hand on every thought, and feeling, and hope. But life is full of mysteries, and the strangest of all, perhaps, is, that we can smile at all in this world of sin and sorrow—that the spirit is not always covered with a gloomy pall—that the heart is ever light. It always appeared to me strange, after I learned their history, how these two beings, apparently formed for each other, could wear, as they did wear for years, the semblance of happiness, and show in their conduct to one another all the outward tokens of ardent affection, so as to live for all that time mutually deceived and deceiving others—how they could smile upon each other, and twine themselves together in loving embraces, and press together their lips in love's kisses—how they could lie in each other's bosom and feign all they did feign year after year, and yet be utterly indifferent to each other, nay, worse—while they each loved with a deep and passionate idolatry another, and loathed and gave grudgingly their mutual embraces. Yet such was the truth; and I say it was wonderful how they lived as they did—how they wore always the same cheerful face and smiles, and spoke their words in tones of affection. But who can read the human heart? who follow it through all its windings and tortuous ways? Who knows that the heart he trusts in and folds to his own with ardent love, while the eye answers to every look of tenderness, may not be turned at that very moment in earnest longings to another? Who knows that his own heart, now clinging with intense love to some vision of his youth, some fair and beautiful being, may not yet learn to look upon that very object with coldness, and contempt, and scorn? But let me tell my story.

Early in the spring, a young man came to the village, and after looking around for a few days, and seeing that the cottage I have mentioned was to be let, called upon the owner and rented it. He was just through his studies as a medical student, and had determined to commence business there; and as he was to bring his young wife with him, he had fixed upon the cottage as a desirable residence, and one which he thought would please her. The grounds were arranged by him in advance of

her arrival, with exquisite taste. Everything was done to beautify the place and make it smile in joy and gladness to welcome the beautiful bride, who was to outshine all the attractions around her. Then she came, and the villagers gazed at her admiringly, for such beauty and grace were rarely seen. The quiet smile that sat upon her face, was a welcome to every one, and every lip was ready to bless the fair and happy young bride, even before they knew her. It required but a few days for them to become domesticated in their new residence, and to become acquainted with the kind and hospitable neighbors; and their manners won for them at once the affection and regards of all around them. It was pleasant to see them on the first Sunday after their arrival, as they issued from the little arched gate, and arm in arm passed on to the village church; how all met them with a smile of welcome, and many an old and gray-headed man and woman, finding their hearts drawn to the strangers, grasped their hands with warm affection, and gave them promises, which, from the mouth of age, seemed like prophecies of success and happiness. And in the bosoms of the young arose no thought of envy, for they loved them as soon as they saw them, and in the silence of their own hearts pledged them kindness and sympathy. I say it was pleasant to see these two, strangers to all they met, gathering at once around them good wishes and hearty love, and finding so soon their way into the very hearts of their new friends. But it could not be otherwise.

I have much, very much to tell, in the short space allotted me. I must compress the joys and sorrows of four years in a few pages, and I hardly know how to do it. If I could take you on from day to day, and month to month, I could show you the constantly accumulating sources of pleasure and happiness that gathered around our young friends, and opened to them promises of enduring bliss. But I can only say that as business increased upon the young physician, he only seemed to court it and rejoice in it, because of the wider sphere which it opened for his beautiful wife to find enjoyment. He seemed entirely absorbed in her, and she in him; yet they entered into society with all the zest of those who find in it their only comfort, and all around them loved them.

But I may best show the apparent feelings which filled their hearts, by showing them in the solitude of their cottage home. I say the apparent feelings, for I would have my readers remember what I have said above, that deep sorrow, and cankering care, and mutual loathing and contempt sat continually in both their hearts, and made them, under all the joyous and happy exterior that deceived others as well as themselves, the most miserable of beings. And it is this I wish to make distinctly appear —that the face is no criterion of the heart, but is often the veriest hypocrite, wreathing itself into smiles, when tears of anguish are ready to start from the eye, and being checked and smothered down, eat into and corrode the spirit.

The time then at which we visit them, is an evening a few months after the commencement of our narrative. The sun is just setting, and sheds upon the beautiful bay in front of the cottage, a broad path of golden light. All is calm, and the very air seems filled with the same quiet that seems to fill their bosoms. He is seated on the piazza, and she, almost at his feet, on a low ottoman, leans confidingly upon his knee. If they love not, and trust not in each other, who do? Aye, there is the fault. They each believe the other loves, and trusts and believes, and thus they deceive themselves and each other.

"How very beautiful it is," says Amy. "To a heart like yours, Henry, filled with high and glorious thoughts of nature, nothing can be more lovely than this?"

"And why not to yours, my sweet wife? Is not your heart tuned to the same feeling of beauty as mine? Have we not always, since we have known each other, loved the same things, books, and songs, and scenery, and flowers? Do we not think alike and feel alike in everything? Then why should not this be to you as it is to me?"

"It is," said she; "and I could almost wish it would last forever. But it is all passing away, just as the joys of earth pass."

"Only to be succeeded by others as bright," said her husband.

"Do you believe, Henry, that there are any, to whom life is always happy, and who never see the clouds that darken the path of so many?"

He looked in her face a moment, as if he expected to see there the very clouds she spoke of. But though there was a singular tone of sadness in her voice, there was nothing there but the same happy and contented smile she ever wore, and she returned his gaze with a still warmer smile.

"Why do you ask, Amy?" he inquired.

"Because I sometimes fear, that happy as we are, it may all be false and by and by fade away."

"Dreams, Amy—all dreams. This earth is not a place where we are to look for nothing but shadowy unrealities—where happiness is only a transient ray of sunshine, to be darkened over by clouds or torn away by stormy winds. There is infinitely more here—all that the wildest dreams of visionary ever conceived."

"But where are we to look for it, Henry? Not surely in ourselves."

"No—far from it, my beloved. In each other—in our friends—in the deep and ardent love of one another, and the kindred hearts we are gathering around us to share it, and bestow theirs in return. Love, Amy, is the universe to those who understand and know its power. Not that selfish contracted affection which confines itself in sickly solitude to one only object, and banishes all the world besides; but that universal benevolence, that, with one object uppermost and supreme in the heart, embraces all, and loves all, and delights in the happiness of all."

She laughed as she replied, "You speak like an enthusiast or a philosopher, I can hardly tell which; but either way, I believe you are right."

"Right!—to be sure I am. We are happy now. Is it only in each other, or is it not also in the affection and kindness we meet in every one of our new neighbors? Should we continue to be happy alone, confined to the society of each other, such would only be the inactive content of the birds and beasts. We should tire, my own one, of that one only presence, and our restless hearts would wander out, anxious and dissatisfied, and longing for communion with others like ourselves."

"Were I inclined to be jealous, Henry, I should fear for the future. But I am not. I am too sure that I am the one uppermost in your love, and I rejoice in seeing you loved and honored by others."

"And loving others; is it not so, dear Amy? You yourself would not be so happy, did you see me ever tied to your side, and slighting the affection that is springing up around me, and making me feel as if my life and yours are only a part of the great whole, that is folding us to its heart in so much gladness."

Poor, deluded self-deceivers! Thus they spoke, but far from thus did they feel. But a few months before, they had both, by a strange coincidence, seen their early hopes and wishes broken, and their hearts had bowed down in unutterable anguish. But they were proud and strong-hearted, and they met to rise above their sorrows—met for the first time, and unknowing each other's griefs, rushed with a strange willingness into each other's arms, as if they were thus to drown the misery they suffered. Both thought themselves beloved, and thus trusted to the other a heart weighed down with sorrow, vainly thinking that in their fancied affection they could forget. From this moment life to them became a constant struggle to deceive. Every power of their minds was tasked to the utmost to play the hypocrite successfully, and from their heavy and overburdened hearts were forced up smiles, to repay the love each believed the other to feel. Yet during all this, they were ever looking back with anxious regrets to what they had lost, and in their solitude they sighed for the past and mourned bitterly over the step they had taken. And thus wore on month after month of this life of terrible struggle—a life in which every advancing day, covered and filled as it was with joyous smiles and the honeyed words of affection, only made them loathe more and more the presence of each other, because they were continually compelled to strive against the real feelings of their hearts, and show in their outward acts a love which they were utterly ignorant and destitute of.

It must have been terrible to live thus, and yet for years they continued to maintain the same undiminished appearance of affection, and to cheat themselves, and all who knew them. But it could not last forever. The time drew on slowly and gradually, when they began to discern the truth, or rather, at first, to suspect it. I know not what first revealed to them the true condition of their hearts. It might have been the muttering of a name in sleep; or the discovery of some toy or little keepsake, treasured in secret through long and solitary years of bitterness, and almost worshipped for the memories it brought back of the past; or, perhaps, a letter written years ago, in the young heart's first love, and cherished since, and read and read again when the other was absent, till it had become soiled, and worn, and faded, and blotted with tears, and now left by accident in some place where it had been seen and read unsuspectingly by the very one who ought to have been the last one to see it. There are a

thousand ways in which the discovery could be made. That is nothing strange. The only wonder is, that, though there had been nothing to reveal it—no toy, nor memento, nor letter, nor anything else—they should have been able to treasure up and keep their mutual secret so long. I only know that he discovered it first, and some months before she did, and in his manly and noble heart buried the awful truth and scarcely breathed it to himself again, knowing as he did the agony of spirit it would waken. Still he was tender and kind, and full of affectionate attention to her. Perhaps he thought he might yet win her love, or that he might even now have no mean share in her heart, obscured as he knew he was by the image of one who evidently had long held a larger part, and to whom she now clung in memory with wonderful constancy.

It is singular that he did as he did, feeling at the same time that he did not love her, and never had; that she had been deceiving him, as he had himself for so many years; and knowing now that all their mutual protestations of affection had been the strained and forced exhibition of feelings that never had a place in either of their hearts. It must have been a life of terrible agony to him, for the subsequent months during which he suffered her to live on under the impression that she was still loved—to receive from her the same caresses he had received for years, and know they were the fondlings of a hypocritical hand, and that while she bestowed them, she was thinking of another. It must have been just as hard for him to return her tokens of affection, while he knew all this. But he did, and would have done the same till death divided them, had not accident in time revealed to her the true state of his heart. It must not be wondered at that, situated as he was, there were strange inconsistencies in his feelings and his conduct. The consciousness of his own want of love for her, struggling with his high sense of honor and his sincere wish to make her happy, would have made any man inconsistent.

Amy would often ride with him, in his visits into the country, to see his patients. It was on one of these occasions that he had taken her with him some miles, to the house of a gentleman who had been unfortunate in business, and had recently taken up his residence on a small farm, and whose wife was in feeble health. It was their first visit to the house. The gentleman was absent, and they were shown into the parlor, where they were shortly joined by the lady of the house. I cannot describe the scene which took place upon her entrance, for she was the early loved of Henry. For a moment all was forgotten; the presence of his wife—the misery of all the past years of deception—all was swallowed up in the bitterness of that one instant. What hours of agony followed! But afterward the calmness of their former life returned to them, and they revealed to each other all their thoughts and feelings for years past, their mutual deceit and loathings; and then what was left for them to do? To live as they had done? That they could not. They were no longer ignorant. They had tasted of the tree of knowledge. Henceforth life was a barren waste, leafless, flowerless, hopeless. They knew each other's hearts, and now they hated. They could no longer look in each other's face and wear even the smile of hypocritical affection.

It was after midnight, that night, when they parted. She left the room calmly as if nothing had occurred. She left the house, but he did not know it. He sat in his chair, and hour after hour passed on. He did not slumber, neither did he take any heed of passing time. It was long after sunrise when he was aroused by the voice of his neighbors approaching the house, and they entered bearing the dead body of his wife. Some fishermen had found her in the river below.

It might have been entirely accidental that she was drowned. Let us believe so. But Henry never believed it, and a few weeks afterwards, when, as he was leaving the place, he told me the story which I have repeated in my own words, he was prematurely old and gray.

RAPHAEL'S PICTURE.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Methinks thy soul was tempered with the flame
That Grecian fable tells us came from Heaven!
Thou of the gifted hand, and gifted name,
Painter of Beauty—to whose mind was given
The spark divine, the pure Promethean fire,
Whose touch ethereal bade the youthful soul aspire.

Transcendently shines in the pure moonbeams
Thy pictured face e'en like some vision olden—
Haunting my lonely heart with radiant dreams
Of that *far* time when Earth was young and golden:
Bright, beautiful, and *almost* breathing life,
The semblance gleams with soft and spiritual glory rife!

Oh, Poet-painter! these rapt starry eyes,
And this seraphic brow, thine own resemble—
The look and smile both borrowed from the skies—
Divine the mouth, round which methinks doth tremble
The eloquence of that high passionate love,
Which was to thee a gift, all other gifts above!

Were not thy winged creations all inspired
By *her* deep love, who like some wildering vision
Sat ever at thy side?—whose presence fir'd
Thine inmost soul with rays of light Elysian—
La Fornarina—'neath whose thrilling look
Thy art its fairest shapes of grace and beauty took?

Farewell, sweet picture! in the charmèd halls
Of memory thou'lt dwell a thing enchanted:—
Oft as the moonlight o'er some treasure falls,
With thoughts of thee shall my full heart be haunted.
Oh! in this harsh and toil-worn world of ours,
'Tis bliss sometimes to turn to other, dreamier hours.

New-York, May, 1848.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

No. VIII.

BY REV. F. F. JUDD.

ROME AGAIN—STATUE OF MOSES—PAINTINGS—HOPE, BY GUIDO—FRESCOES, &c.

Florence.

My Dear A.:—I will explain hereafter why I am finishing my last letter from Rome at Florence.

Rome in three letters! is almost enough to condemn a man; but you have understood from the first that they were to be strictly *eclectic*, and that I claimed the largest liberty in my selections. It would be very pleasant to live in Rome a year or two, but this is not my privilege; so I shall group in this letter a few remaining points of special interest, and for the present pass the others by.

Shortly after the visit described in my last to St. Peter's and the Vatican, I accepted an invitation from an American gentleman, who had taken rooms in the same house, to accompany himself and lady in a ride about the city and vicinity. The acquaintance thus formed was very pleasant, and I have reason to remember them gratefully for many kindnesses. Our excursion was very satisfactory, as we saw much of the modern city, and passed some interesting relics of the Rome that once was. Many of these are so surrounded by modern objects and intermingled with passing scenes, it is hard to realize that they belong to periods so distant. There is too much of the noise and bustle of the present, to allow the mind to run back freely and commune with the mighty past. You want the silence and "nakedness of desolation." Hence a stroll through the Forum—especially at evening, and pre-eminently by moonlight—is so satisfactory, so deeply impressive. In our drive we passed the Pantheon—a striking monument of the art and superstition of the ancient city, but so well preserved and so environed by modern objects, you can hardly believe that for so many centuries those well-proportioned columns have upheld their load. Time has played some funny pranks in places, and, unawed by departed glory, has dared to make strange transformations. Two most beautiful columns of an ancient temple, with a richly sculptured architrave, now grace the doorway (pardon of the ages gone!) of a *bakery!* The Baths of Dioclesian, anciently rich with every ornament of art, made attractive and refreshing with fountains and flowers, and alive with rustling feet and merry voices, now, robbed of columns and marble to build and decorate churches and other edifices, shorn of their glory and lonely in desolation, serve in the humble capacity of depositories for *hay* and *stubble*. In another part of the city I saw a blacksmith shoeing horses under the ruins of an edifice on which the ancient Roman looked with pride. Perhaps he would vindicate his office as truly classical, claiming to be a descendant of Vulcan, in regular succession.

We visited, among other places, the church of St. Peter *in vincoli*. They have many stories for the credence of the faithful, and surely it becomes those who wish to gain the edification designed to be *full of faith*. I fear I had not attained to so high an exercise of this important grace as to secure to me the full benefit of all I saw. This church derives its name from the fact that it claims to possess the identical chain with which the apostle was bound. In another church are two silver vases regarded with great reverence by the masses, said to contain the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul. They are exhibited on certain occasions to the admiring people, for their spiritual benefit—*the vases*, mind you, not the *heads*. This superstitious regard for sacred relics was natural in the early history of the church: but like many

other sentiments proper enough in themselves, it ran wild, became a fundamental of religion, and a substitute for that devotion which is alone accepted. One cannot but be struck in comparing the religious practices in Rome and elsewhere, with the rebuke which Christ administered to the Pharisees of old—"*building the sepulchres of the prophets.*" Many an apostle and martyr is held up for veneration, and his relics regarded with most pious reverence, whose faith—that faith which elevated his character and inspired his zeal—was a perfect antithesis to the corruptions of the church, and whose godly life presented a strange contrast to priestly indolence and vice.

In this church of "San Pietro in vincoli," we saw the celebrated statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. It is well worthy of its fame, if I am any judge—and the world has settled the matter long ago. Larger than life, and robed with an air of commanding dignity worthy the subject, the great law-giver and leader of Israel "sits majestic," holding the tables of the law. The position is easy and natural in the highest degree. The anatomy and muscular development are true to life, as in all the finished works of this great master, while the beaming intelligence of the eye rivets you as if you stood in the presence of a superior being. I could hardly rid myself of the impression, as I passed around the statue, that thought dwelt within, and that the distinguished personage, though buried too deeply in his own reflections to have his glance diverted, was still conscious of what was transacting around him.

I had intended to give you some of my own impressions of certain celebrated works of art; not that I am vain enough to think my judgment of very great importance, or that it will materially affect opinions, on which time and universal consent have stamped infallibility—but simply because I feel at liberty, in writing to you, to say just what I think and feel, whether it be in accordance with what the rest of the world have thought and said, or not. On the whole, however, I will defer this for the present, and group in one letter hereafter, perhaps, a few thoughts on this subject. In addition to the immense collections of the Vatican and Museo Capitolino, many of the palaces in Rome contain choice treasures. But if I should undertake a minute description, you would become weary and bewildered, as I have, often, in wandering through them. A general description of these collections might be given as follows: Here and there a gem, which well repays you for hours of weariness and wandering, and to which you return again and again, with ever fresh and growing pleasure; and then acres of indifferent paintings, a summary description of which would be, so many feet of canvas, covered with such and such colors.

But the exceptions to this representation, *are exceptions.* No *description* can convey a just conception of the surpassing beauty and loveliness of some of these choicer works. I would that I could look on such pictures as some of these master-pieces, every day of my life—such an one, for instance, as Hope, by Guido. Would that I could convey to you, for your delight and profit, the unearthly sweetness of the face—the glowing, heavenward expression of the eye. It seems that the soul within is kindling with the fire of glories it sees beyond the clouds which overhang it, and is ready to dart through that beaming eye, and haste away to its native sphere. Methinks this picture would have power to win the saddest heart from despondency, and kindle light in the deepest caverns of despair. If it were near me always, I could almost fancy it a good spirit kindly hovering over me to turn my eyes, however steeped in sorrow, and my yearning confidence, still upward to the skies.

If there were time, and my limits allowed, I might select from the almost endless catalogue of *Madonnas*, *Crucifixions*, *Ascensions*, and other scriptural pieces, some choice specimens. Some of them are singularly effective. In the crucifixion, and several pieces representing Christ taken from the cross, the grief and overwhelming anguish of the disciples and "the women," are so speaking, as to pain the heart. One piece of this kind I notice, as the device resorted to by the artist to give effect to the malignant cruelty of the chief priests and rulers, is so skillful. Christ is represented struggling under the cross. The disciples hang behind, watching carefully the movements of the soldiers who lead the procession, and as they catch an opportunity, unnoticed, by crowding their shoulders under the fatal wood, relieve their beloved Master, weary and sinking under his load. The expression of the Saviour is one of mingled tenderness and grief. The poor disciples look as if their hearts would break, while the women follow on, wringing their hands and bedewing

the pathway of their Lord with bitter tears. In the midst of all this sorrow, the priests and rulers alone are unaffected. They walk proudly on, unmoved. But just behind them, and directly opposite the Man of Sorrows, you see a *noble dog, looking up with even more than human tenderness and sympathy into the face of the sufferer.* It is a little thing, but it has great meaning. It is often in such little things, that the delicacy of an artist's taste is shown, and a picture made so pleasing and effective. I cannot go into any further details. There are pieces of statuary, which I hardly know how to pass by, as they come up fresh to my mind—but I must go on. I saw in Rome some of those *frescoes*, which are celebrated the world around. I don't know as you have a clear idea of what fresco painting is—excuse the insinuation. I will relieve the offensiveness of it, by confessing that I never had myself, until recently. The term *fresco*, in painting, is confined properly, I believe, to painting on plaster or walls. But painting on vertical or side-walls, is not the wonder I am going to speak of. You and I can do that, after a fashion. You are enough of an amateur in art, to know the province and importance of *foreshortening*—the skillful management of which gives the effect of relative size and distance to the various objects composing a picture. Now to make a difficult matter plain, you know that if you or I should attempt to represent the human form, for instance, upon a ceiling *overhead*, instead of on a side wall, we might succeed in making something like a representation, and there it would be spread out as flat as the surface on which it was drawn. Now, conceive of such an arrangement of light and shade, that that form shall seem to stand erect from the ceiling above you, receding upward, in size, proportion, and moulding of feature and limb, as perfect as if thrown upon the wall at your side. This will give you a simple idea of the wonder which art has achieved. But adequately to appreciate the magic of the art, you must see the complicated groups of figures—each perfect in proportion and detail, and with all the ease and grace which ever adorned the canvas, which beautify some of the celebrated chambers of Rome, and are the admiration of the world. In some, extensive landscapes stretch away, charming you with their beauty, and leading the eye far away; while in others, gods and goddesses bend over you, as if they hung from the ceiling, or are borne on clouds, with chariots and flying horses, so veritable, that you start instinctively *to get out of their way.*

I have given you a brief account of my feelings on first entering this wondrous city, and a sketch equally hurried and partial of some principal objects of interest within.

In closing, I must say a few words upon Rome as the cabinet and armory of the Catholic Church. As the seat of the Pope and the centre for so many centuries of the power and movements of the most wonderful civil and ecclesiastical system the world has ever known, it is alike a place of deep interest to the scholar, the statesman, and the Christian. This is not the place to discuss the secrets of its power, or inquire into its present policy and comparative strength. That conviction which roused the soul of Luther three centuries ago, "Nearest Rome, farthest from God," still forces itself painfully on the mind of every Christian and lover of his race. And who can stand within this mighty city and look over the darkness and despotism which the long reign of the Papacy has spread far and wide, without devoutly praying that the day of its final overthrow may be hastened, and millions now enslaved, soon shout "Hosannah" over their joyful deliverance! One great attraction at Rome at certain seasons, is the round of special religious ceremonies. They are numberless, and *some* of them highly imposing. The church carries on the religious part of her system in an accommodating way, compensating for her lack of justice, mercy and every fruit of righteousness, by the exuberance of outward rites, burning of candles, ringing of bells, fireworks, illuminations, &c.—a singular substitute for faith, hope, and charity. Many of these ceremonies, though superficially imposing, on a little reflection and familiarity, become distressingly empty, and even disgusting, to any correct taste. Such unmitigated nonsense as blessing horses, asses, candles, &c. &c., regularly practiced with *becoming* ceremonies, bespeak something worse than stupidity on the part of those who engage in them. We should pity the unfortunate victims of this soul-darkening and degrading system, and pray and labor for the spread of that light which shall yet deliver them. But no language is strong enough to express the detestation which an honest soul must feel toward th[illegible]rinated and wilfully perpet-

nate such abuses of human rights and perversions of the truth, as grow out of the doctrines and policy of the Romish Church.

I left Rome in haste, having heard that the vessel in which I expected to take passage from Leghorn was ready to sail. A few days before leaving, I wandered at evening on the Pincian Hill. From it the eye commands a most imposing view of the whole city and the soil around, so thickly sown with stirring reminiscences. It is a wonderful view. Opposite you is the Vatican, crowned with its famous edifices. To the left are the Capitoline and the Quirinal, from one of which arises the tower of the Capitol, and from the other an immense palace of the Pope. As the sun went down, the domes and turrets of the city reflected his glory, and grew radiant with his parting smile, while the Tiber flowed on as he did ages ago, and yellow as of old. I lingered here for a long time, roused from my reverie occasionally by the passing of a group of lazy priests or full-robed ecclesiastics, or attracted for a moment by the crowds of gay and pleasure-seeking, who frequent this delightful resort at evening. Among them were representatives of almost every nation, and round us were mementoes of almost every period of time.

I close my letters to you from Rome, very conscious of their imperfections and defects. There is many a splendid church and palace, many a monument of art, and many interesting relics of ancient times, of which I have said nothing. The fountains of the modern city are worthy of a special notice, and the villas where art and nature have united to gather the most enticing charms, and where pleasure —if wealth, and taste, and luxury could secure it—might make its chosen home. But under the outward glitter of wealth, and superficial gaiety of hundreds who seek Rome to mingle in the circles of pleasure and fashion—amidst the endless appliances of luxury and the fascinations of art—after all, how little solid, substantial pleasure is experienced. With everything earth can administer to satisfy the longings of the heart, how few are at ease. It was so with the gay and pleasure-seeking of the ancient city. It has always been so. The soul of man asks for something more, and without it, famishes in the midst of abundance.

NO FANCY SKETCHES.

GENTLE reader, you whose heart has often softened, your eyes moistened, and your warm sympathies gushed forth at the mention of imaginary woes, come with me to an institution as yet but little known, but which is destined to stand among the most noble of the benevolent enterprises of our land, and let me read with you some pages in the voluminous details of sadness and sorrow, which each day there unfolds.

Do you see the inscription over the door-way? "Home for the Friendless,"—most justly named. Here are gathered those whom want, destitution and death have left homeless and friendless, exposed to suffering and danger. The blessed doors of this institution "stand open all the day" to the virtuous poor, aiding the destitute and deserving mother, whom death, or worse, perchance drunkenness and vice, have robbed of her natural aid, by furnishing a home for her little ones, where they may be saved from vicious influences; receiving even from the prison door the helpless infant, whose abandoned mother is there incarcerated for crime; and gathering from the damp cellar and dilapidated garret, the little suffering ones, and holding them in safe and happy keeping, until kind hearts and pleasant homes among the benevolent and good open for their reception. Here, too, many a daughter of Erin, whom destitution has driven from her native isle, or who has been tempted from her home by the prospects of high wages and fine clothes, comes with a heart sickened by hope deferred, and wrongs

inflicted, to tell her piteous tale, and find a willing ear, a sympathizing heart, and efficient aid.

"Och!" said a weeping girl, as she entered this asylum; "Och! but my heart is sore, lady. It was mony a weary mile I walked with an empty stomach and a beating heart, with never a kind word said til me, before I came til your *home*. Not mony's the day since I came with a kind brother from my own home in Ireland, but he sickened and died, and then there was none to care for me, the homeless stranger.

"They told me should I come to this city, I would find work and a home, and I did come, but it was sorrow and woe to my poor heart. They told me of one Michael McRee, who knew my people at home, and it was to him I went, hoping to have a place to lay my head, until such time as I might find some place to earn my bread; but och! sorra me, afore the light of the morning, I must take me to the street for protection from the drunken brawls of the house, and sore as my lone heart was, it was comfort to find a place for my head in the friendly watch-house. I did sleep, and for a little forgot my sorrow, but when the mornin' came, my heart died, with nowhere to get a bit o' bread, and none to listen with belief to the truth I was tellin'. All day I wandered from house to house, askin', do you want ever a girl? and when the night came there was no shelter for my weary head, but the watch-house; and so went three dreadful days and nights, and sure 'twas kind angels whispered me, 'Come to this Home and find shelter,' for they told me in one more day I would be committed as a vagrant, and then, och! what would become of my carácter, and where could I spend the rest of my life, but among thieves and villains?"

Reader, would you know the sequel of this unembellished tale? Let us take a short sail, and call at a neat, tasteful little dwelling in close proximity to a country church. We may arrive there at the hour of morning prayer, for God is worshipped in this pleasant cottage. Spring birds are carolling their morning song, and the fragrant briar and honey-suckle are exhaling their sweets, as if they too would send up a quiet tribute of gratitude to the Author of their loveliness; and within, among the kneeling group, is the heroine of our simple truthful sketch. Forsaken of father and mother, the Lord has taken her up, and her lot is cast with a family where not only her physical wants are abundantly supplied, but her intellectual and moral interests most kindly regarded.

May I consider you interested, dear reader, and ask you to walk with me in the environs of our sister city, Brooklyn? We will call at a thrifty farm-house, nestled away under a lofty elm by the road-side. Inclosed within a neat white paling are fruit trees of every variety, and most luxuriant growth, spreading their broad limbs or towering in graceful beauty, as if vieing with the elm in rendering the seclusion of this pretty homestead more complete. Hark! do you hear a merry laugh? or do you see a sylph-like figure gliding about among the foliage and flowers which grace this pretty inclosure? If so, 'tis doubtless little Emma I——, the adopted daughter of the thrifty farmer.

Christian principle, affectionate hearts, and more than a sufficiency of worldly goods, combined with beauty of situation, and every external embellishment—what could be wanting here as a contribution to comfort and enjoyment? Ah! "No bird was singing in that bower." The merry song, the ringing laugh, the innocent prattle of childhood, was seldom heard within that too quiet dwelling. There were none to say "papa, mamma," to claim parental indulgence, to give or receive the affectionate caress; and these lone ones asked, Where may we find one to fill this void in our hearts and our house? where one to smooth our pillow in age, to weep when we are dead, and to inherit what we leave?

They visited the Home, if perchance among the orphans and friendless there they might see some bright eyé or winning smile, to light them in their search for one to love and be beloved. The little group of some twenty or more rescued ones was ranged before them, and as they sang in thrilling strains a parody on the Hutchinsons' "family song,"

> "We're a band of children,
> In our dear happy home,"

the benevolent hearts of our friends of the farm dilated with mingled emotions of gratitude and love, and they were ready in the fullness of awakened interest, to clasp the whole group to their hearts, and bear them to their hospitable home.

The eye ran from one smiling face to another, wholly at a loss how to make a selection where all were so winning and worthy. But

there was a chord in that woman-heart, sympathizing with maternal love; and the consciousness that a pair of large lustrous eyes were gazing upon her with more than wonted interest and affection, roused that sympathy, and she drew the little charmer to her bosom, and asked, "Will you go with me to a pretty home among the trees and flowers, where you will have a father and mother who will love you, and care for all your wants, and make you their own little daughter?" We may not say what bright visions rushed in hasty panorama, before the eyes of that little one's soul. Until she had found a refuge at the Home, she had known only neglect, abuse, and exposure to vice and misery. She was found by a benevolent lady, clinging to a miserable wretch in woman-form whom she called mother, and to whom, because otherwise shut out from all human sympathy, she clung, amid the degradation and debauchery which had made her an inmate of the city prison.

The little loving heart, amid all these opposing influences, still remained unscathed, and nestled in its hiding place, looked warily out beneath the silken lash and falling lid, as if dreading again to come in contact with vice and obscenity, but ready to leap forth at the call of kindness and affection. Already, under the influence of gentle moral and mental discipline, had this little one begun to make distinctions between the present and the past, and on her hoping heart she had probably drawn some faint lines of prospective happiness; but birds and flowers, green fields and refreshing streams, had filled no place in her landscape of the future. She was scarce apprised of the existence of a God-made country, so richly embellished with the bright and beautiful; but the night of moral and intellectual darkness, in which her mind had been enveloped, was fast passing, and its shadows fleeing away.

The beamings of benevolence, the smiles of Christian love, like the morning's dawn, most sweetly told of the approaching day, and the glad heart of the little innocent, hitherto pressed and schooled amid want and suffering, bounded forward to a strange maturity of thought and feeling. The rush of earnest inquiries concerning that new home, its occupants, its privileges, its pleasures, was quite bewildering to those who had so recently stepped into the parental relation. They could not realize how mind ripens and at times attains to an alarming precocity of development, under the severe pressure and rough training which this little one had endured. Shrink not, gentle reader, from our little protégé, and feel that the circumstances of her birth and infant training must render her unlovely. Not so; she was beautiful, and her beauty was of no ordinary character. Her large expressive eye told most touchingly of a soul within. The image of God still lived and glowed in that "human face divine," and could you see her now, that she has been several months with her doatingly fond parents, you could have no other feeling than perfect delight. Her symmetrical form so beautifully developed, her face beaming happiness and content, her mind instinctively shrinking from low associations, and as the result of religious instruction, breathing sentiments of love to her fellow creatures and reverence for her Maker; all the past must be absorbed in the one feeling of joy and gratitude, that one so lovely had been brought under such hallowed influences, and that Christian benevolence had found so blessed a field for its self-denying labors, as the Home for the Friendless.

C. M. S.

FORGOTTEN THE PAST.

BY WINNA WILDWOOD.

Forgotten the Past! and why not forget?—
Its memory yields but the sigh of regret—
Its loveliness faded, its joyous hopes fled,
Its sunshine and gladness entombed with the dead.
Is the sky of the present unclouded and bright?
A breeze from the past may enshroud it in night.
Gather storm-clouds above to enwrap us in gloom?
The sunshine of yesterday mocks with its bloom:
Its genius has dipp'd in the rainbow her brush,
But the present lies sleeping in day's fading flush.
Then turn from its brightness—list not to its tone;
The present—the present is only thine own.
Forgotten the Past!—but can we forget?
Hath its music no part in the tones with us yet?
In the flowers that shed o'er our paths their perfume,
Is there not some hue caught from its earlier bloom?
Mid the freshness and beauty around us to-day,
Are there no wither'd leaves lying strewn in the way?
Is the group round the hearth-stone so gay, so complete,
That we list for no fond voice—see no vacant seat?
Are our spirits but harps on which breezes may play,
Yielding tones to the winds which sweep them to-day?
Aye, blot out the Past—forget if ye will,—
It is o'er thee—around thee—in thy heart still!
Forgotten the Past! oh, we *may* forget,
When its gladness is lost in bitter regret;
When the songs of the winds, the whispers of streams,
Nought tell us of childhood's gay hopes and bright dreams;
When the smile of affection which greets us to-day
Recalls not the image of one pass'd away;
When treachery and scorn shroud our spirits in gloom,
Yet remind not of love buried deep in the tomb;
When the stamp of eternity fades from the heart,
God's impress is lost in the mouldings of art.
Then bury the Past—then live in to-day:
A thing of the Present, pass with it away.

ONE VOICE IS SILENT.

POETRY BY O. C. COX. MUSIC BY PEDRO A. ANDREU.

ANDANTE.
Sotto voce il Tenore.
Tenore.
1. One voice is si - lent! round the eve - ning fire, One
Alto.
Soprano.
2. One voice is si - lent! at the place of prayer, When
Basso.
form comes not to cheer us with its glad - ness; There
morn - ing breaks, or twi - light gath - ers o'er, That

bro - ther, sis - ter, min-gle— babe and sire, But tongues are mute, and bosoms
saint-ed form no more is bend - ing there, Those lips in ho - ly ac-cents
chilled with sad - ness; Thought dwells on past com - mu - nion un - for-
breathe no more; Death's hand hath thrown strange light up - on the
got: One voice is si - lent, and we hear it not!
brow— One voice is si - lent, and it pleads not now!

3. One voice is silent! from the couch of pain,
Which she hath pressed in summer-time and spring,
The words of counsel shall not come again—
No anxious thought that gentle bosom wring:
The shrouded eye hath parted with its tear:
One voice is silent—one we loved to hear!

4. One voice is silent! ay, no more that tone,
Fond sister, o'er our pleasant home is stealing;
The mother's life is done, and we are lone!
But oh, remember, in this pang of feeling,
How dear the hope that God to us hath given—
One voice is silent—but it wakes in heaven!

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

HINTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.— There are many who have occasionally sent us communications in prose and verse, from whom we should be proud to hear often. We must beg leave to suggest one or two words to future contributors, however—words which the mass of articles we have been obliged to reject, seems to render necessary.

1. The articles we publish must have some worthy aim. By this we do not mean that we discard as a matter of course everything which has not some utility in the estimation of the mere matter-of-fact political economist, who is continually bawling out *cui bono?* But we do mean that all our articles must have something more than words to recommend them—that they must contribute in some way, directly or indirectly, to the improvement of the reader, or at least to such innocent amusement as may be regarded in the main, beneficial.

2. We cannot publish mere abstract essays on morality and religion, unless they possess something especially attractive. Many efforts greatly useful in a lecture-room, would be quite out of place in our pages, where a style less heavy and more racy is expected.

3. We are very nice—notional, possibly—in the matter of poetry. Not that we are disposed to place all who pay their devoirs to the muse upon the iron bedstead, and make them conform exactly to our own taste. But poetry must conform pretty closely to the canons usually recognized among our best writers, or it cannot pass the ordeal. May we not request, now we are on this topic, as an especial favor, that our contributors would more generally express their thoughts in prose? We have reams of poetry now on hand, which, if we should publish, would fill not only our parlor, but our kitchen and cellar, soon.

4. Writers should bear in mind that our magazine is for persons of different evangelical creeds, scattered all over the Union. Anything, consequently, militating in the least degree against the religious opinions of either of these sects, must be avoided; for its introduction would be an unpardonable breach of trust. Those allusions, too, to matters of mere local interest, not calculated to interest those unacquainted with the place and the circumstances which mainly give them pertinence, should find some other medium than our magazine.

5. While we do not confine our articles strictly within the bounds of unembellished fact, we cannot afford the least countenance to sickly love-stories, whose principal merit consists in exciting to a high pitch the emotions and passions. Nor can we lend our pages to exaggerated fairy tales, however valuable the moral may seem to be which such tales inculcate. We have a story of the latter class, written originally in French, now in our possession, which, sorry as we are to disoblige the translator, we must decline.

These hints, we are aware, are for the most part negative. But negatives imply positives, and in many instances, as in the present, serve to indicate what those positives are. May we hope that these suggestions will be observed?

A POETICAL CURIOSITY.—A correspondent of ours who writes from Indiana, and who seems to have a keen perception of the beautiful in the department of polite literature, to say nothing of the ludicrous, has sent us a specimen of what he denominates "Hoosier Poetry." This lump of native ore, and so generous a specimen, too—for the poem is quite an epic, so far as magnitude is concerned—we do assure our friend, is a curiosity, for which we are sincerely grateful. We must break off a piece or two from this specimen, for the museum of the Parlor Magazine.

The occasion of the rhapsody of the poet, to use his own expressive language, was "The distruction of a tornado that passed threw the toun of logansport;" and the date of this important epoch in history was "in the year of our lord eight teen and forty five." Reader, are you acquainted with the system of phonography, so called—a kind of orthographical Procrustean bed, upon which all the words in the dictionary are placed, and sliced off, when too long, so as to make them fit? If you are not acquainted with it, give us leave to

hint to you, modestly, that you have much to learn. If you have become enlightened in the plan of this sublime guillotine, you are prepared to appreciate the orthography of the Indiana poet, who, though probably a stranger to the principles of scientific phonography, has singularly enough embraced these principles in this unique effort of the muse. But we must not keep our readers waiting any longer, and proceed to exhibit a few specimens of the "poem on the distruction of a tornado." Printers have an aphorism, we believe, in dealing with the manuscripts of authors, that "you must follow copy, if it leads you out of the window." We have observed this rule faithfully in transferring the following lines :—

tw'as on the first day of july
a tempest rose the wind blue hie
and in a furious shape did dash
and tore what things it plesad to smash
the first we hear all in its way
into west logan it there did stray
and there a whirlind in by turns
it cawt the hows of sabor burns
and tore part of the roof asunder
which cawsd them for to quake and wonder
as it did pas acros eel river
all those that saw it how the did quiver

As the poet proceeds, his rapt soul, kindling with increased enthusiasm, as the sublimity of that scene, like a kind of intellectual mirage, so to speak, rises on his imagination, pours forth such strains as these :—

john howes next comes in my round
he lives in upper end of toun
as he was cawt owt in the strete
this storm it did him badly bete
this made him feal somewhat flat
be eaws it sweep away his hat
this cawsd him for to feal disorder
he lost a hundred dollars in *verbal orders*.

There, reader, is a climax for you—none of your tame octo-syllabic cadences, but one in the style of a tremendous whirlwind, worthy the theme.

After all, it seems not to be the easiest thing in the world to fix the precise boundary between poetry and fustian; for in a late number of a literary magazine, in the main of a very creditable character, occurs a fugitive from the pen of one by no means unknown in the world of letters, which, fugitive in our estimation, respectably endorsed though it is, would be quite as much at home on the other side of this boundary line, as in the position it occupies. Here is a sample of it :—

"Two words—two foreign, soft disylables,—
Italian tones, made only to be murmured
By angels dreaming in the moonlight dew,
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hills,—
Have stirred from out the abysses of his heart,
Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thoughts—
Richer, far milder, far diviner visions
Than even the seraph harper Israfel,
Who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures,
Could hope to utter. And I! my spells are broken,
The pen falls powerless from my shivering hand.
With thy dear name as text, though bidden by thee,
I cannot write—I cannot speak or think.
Alas! I cannot feel; for 'tis not feeling,
This standing motionless upon the golden
Threshold of the wide open gate of dreams,
Gazing, entranced, adown the gorgeous vista,
And thrilling, as I see upon the right,
Upon the left, and all the way along,
Amid empurpled vapors, far away
To where the prospect terminates—thee only."

Though obliged reluctantly to decline a poetical article from one of our correspondents, entitled "Religion, or a Vision of Childhood," yet we have discovered a vein of genuine poetry in it. Were it briefer, we might publish the whole of it. As it is, we give only an extract—enough to show that the author is not altogether a stranger to the Muses :—

"Oh painful memory, why wilt thou o'ercast
All present joy, with shadows from the past?
Why ope afresh the wounds within my breast,
And to my lonely heart bring more unrest?
Have I not suffered while I sought relief,
By every art, from my heart's wasting grief?
Have I not suffered—aye, at midnight's hour,
Alone, unfriended, while around did lower
Despair's dark visage, and on every sigh
Was borne the wish that I might quickly die?
But cease complaining! long forbidden theme—
Remembered now, but as a troubled dream."

Here is a beautiful lyric from our correspondent Dr. C. C. Cox—so beautiful that we have thought it worthy to be set to music, and our friend Mr. Andreu, as will be seen on another page, has executed the task in his usual good style :—

ONE VOICE IS SILENT.

One voice is silent! round the evening fire,
One form comes not to cheer us with its gladness;
There brother, sister mingle—babe and sire,
But tongues are mute, and bosoms chilled with sadness;
Thought dwells on past communion unforgot:
One voice is silent, and we hear it not!

One voice is silent! at the place of prayer,
When morning breaks, or twilight gathers o'er,
That sainted form no more is bending there,
Those lips in holy accents breathe no more;
[illegible]'s hand hath thrown strange light upon the brow—
[illegible] is silent, and it pleads not now!

One voice is silent ! from the couch of pain,
Which she hath pressed in summer-time and spring,
The words of counsel shall not come again—
No anxious thought that gentle bosom wring—
The shrouded eye hath parted with its tear:
One voice is silent—one we loved to hear!

One voice is silent ! ay, no more that tone,
Fond sister, o'er our pleasant home is stealing ;
The mother's life is done, and we are lone !
But oh, remember, in this pang of feeling,
How dear the hope that God to us hath given,—
One voice is silent—but it wakes in heaven !

Easton, Md.

National Academy of Design.—The annual exhibition of this association of artists has just commenced, and will continue until the first of July. We have called at the rooms once or twice, and have glanced at the pictures; but as they are very numerous, we must venture nothing more than a general opinion of their merits until we have an opportunity to make ourselves more familiar with them. Of this we are pretty confident, however: there is a less proportion of portraits than usual, and more works that appropriately come under the head of "design." We are glad to notice this change. It is an improvement which we are sure the public will like, and which will contribute more than anything else to the popularity of the Academy. Apropos of portraits, however, there are some on exhibition this season, that are exceedingly well executed. Three from the hand of Ingham, unless we exceedingly misjudge, are among the most perfect and life-like that we have seen for many a day. But we ought not to attempt to particularize, as our limited observation does not allow us, at this time, to do anything of the kind. We shall be more discriminating, if possible, at another time.

Christian Songs.—Seldom have we been more delighted with a volume of modern poems, than we are now with one on our table, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Lyons, entitled "Christian Songs." Reader, is not this morceau worth at least a cart-load of such wares as we hear frequently hawked about under the name of poetry?

A rosy child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide ;
And kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,
He raised in hot and trembling haste
Arch, wall and tower—a goodly pile.

But when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the vesper bell
Call'd the boy builder home to sleep.—
He pass'd a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair,—
He came with the returning light,
And lo, the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child,
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
Who grasp with strivings warm and wild
The false and fading toys of earth.
Gold, learning, glory,—what are they,
Without the faith that looks on high ?
The sand forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the wave goes by.

The following, too, though perhaps not quite equal to the former, is a gem, according to our estimate of poetry:—

"SING WITH THE HARP."

Minstrel ! my spirit is sorely dejected ;
Take down thy harp from its place on the wall ;
Long has it slumber'd untun'd and neglected,
Long has its voice been unheard in the hall :
Tyrants have triumph'd, and all have consented ;
Orphans are wrong'd, and the spoiler is glad;
Just men have perished, and none have lamented :—
Marvel not thou that my bosom is sad.

Teach thou the sorrowing chords to awaken
Thoughts of the dead, who for ages have slept,
Martyrs that shrank not though scorn'd and forsaken,—
Bards whom the people have honored and wept :—
Harp thou of heroes, the valiant, the chainless,
Bleeding for rights which the weak have betray'd ;
Sing thou of Goodness, the lowly, the stainless,
Burning her incense unseen in the shade.

When thou hast told of the lost and the dying,
Bid thou thy strain of lamenting to cease ;—
Sing thou of Him, on whose promise relying
Guilt may have pardon, despair may have peace :
Sound thou of worlds, where the seraph is sweeping
Harpstrings unworn by the war-notes of men ;
Lands of delight, where no mourner is weeping ;—
So shall my spirit be tranquil again.

Several articles are accepted, and awaiting their turn for publication. We have, however, a few, which we have not yet found time to examine. Authors must be patient. It is no small task to read half a bushel of manuscripts per month.

We must request our friends, who write on any business whatever connected with the Magazine, to address the publisher. Communications intended for publication, as well as those respecting the pecuniary department, should invariably receive this direction.

We are greatly obliged to our friends, the publishers, for their favors. We intend always to make specific acknowledgments for them, though notices of some now on our table must be postponed till our next number.

BLACKWOOD for May is received. We have time only to glance at the contents, which would seem to offer a rich treat—"Republican Paris," "The Revolutions in Europe," &c., will be read with interest, at this time.

The Publisher apologizes for the omission of the Index, which should have been issued with the April number. It is now ready, and any person wishing it for binding, can be supplied by sending to the office.

PARLOR TABLE.

The Children of the New Forest. By CAPTAIN MARRYATT, R. N. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Of the tales of Captain Marryatt already known to the public there are different grades, both as to their merits as literary compositions and their moral influence. For one, we think it would have been quite as well for the world, if some of his novels had never seen the light. With regard to many, however, our opinion is very different; and it seems to us that this new candidate is among his best efforts in every respect. It is especially adapted to the mind of the juvenile reader.

A Picture Book without Pictures, and other Stories. From the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen, by MARY HOWITT. With a Memoir of the author and a portrait. New York: C. S. Francis & Company.

This volume forms one of a series by the above house, under the name of the "Little Library of Young Persons of Various Ages." We have been much pleased with this story book by Andersen. Though we have heard a great deal of late of this remarkable man, this book is the first of his efforts which has come under our observation; and we find that he has been by no means overrated. His tales, especially when taken in connection with his early poverty, and the difficulties through which he hewed his way to genius and popularity, must be greatly interesting to every class of readers. Messrs. Francis & Company announce their intention to republish other tales from this author.

The Boy's Spring Book, Descriptive of the Season, Scenery, Rural Life, and Country Amusements. By THOMAS MILLER, author of "Beauties of the Country," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Messrs. Harpers have already published several books by this author, which have been favorably noticed in this Magazine. The least we can say of the one entitled as above, is that it is a charming book, fully equal to the former works by the same author. It is written for children; but it is of that sensible, suggestive character, which elicits the interest and commands the attention of "children of a larger growth." We read it half through, almost, though we intended, when we took it up, to glance only at a page or two to form some idea of its merit. It is difficult to write for children; but if a man has ever succeeded in the task, Mr. Miller has done it. Price 37½ cents.

Romance of the History of Louisiana. A Series of Lectures. By CHARLES GAYARRE. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

The author of this work, long a resident of Louisiana, and possessing an intimate acquaintance with the history of the south-western part of our country, and withal being gifted with no little genius and taste, has executed his task in a very creditable manner, if we may judge from sundry portions of the volume at which we have opened at random. Certainly he has presented us with a book which has the merit of being an exceedingly readable and pleasant one, albeit it would have been better, in our estimation, if a little severer censorship had been exercised in regard to the moral tone of some portions of it, particularly the preface.

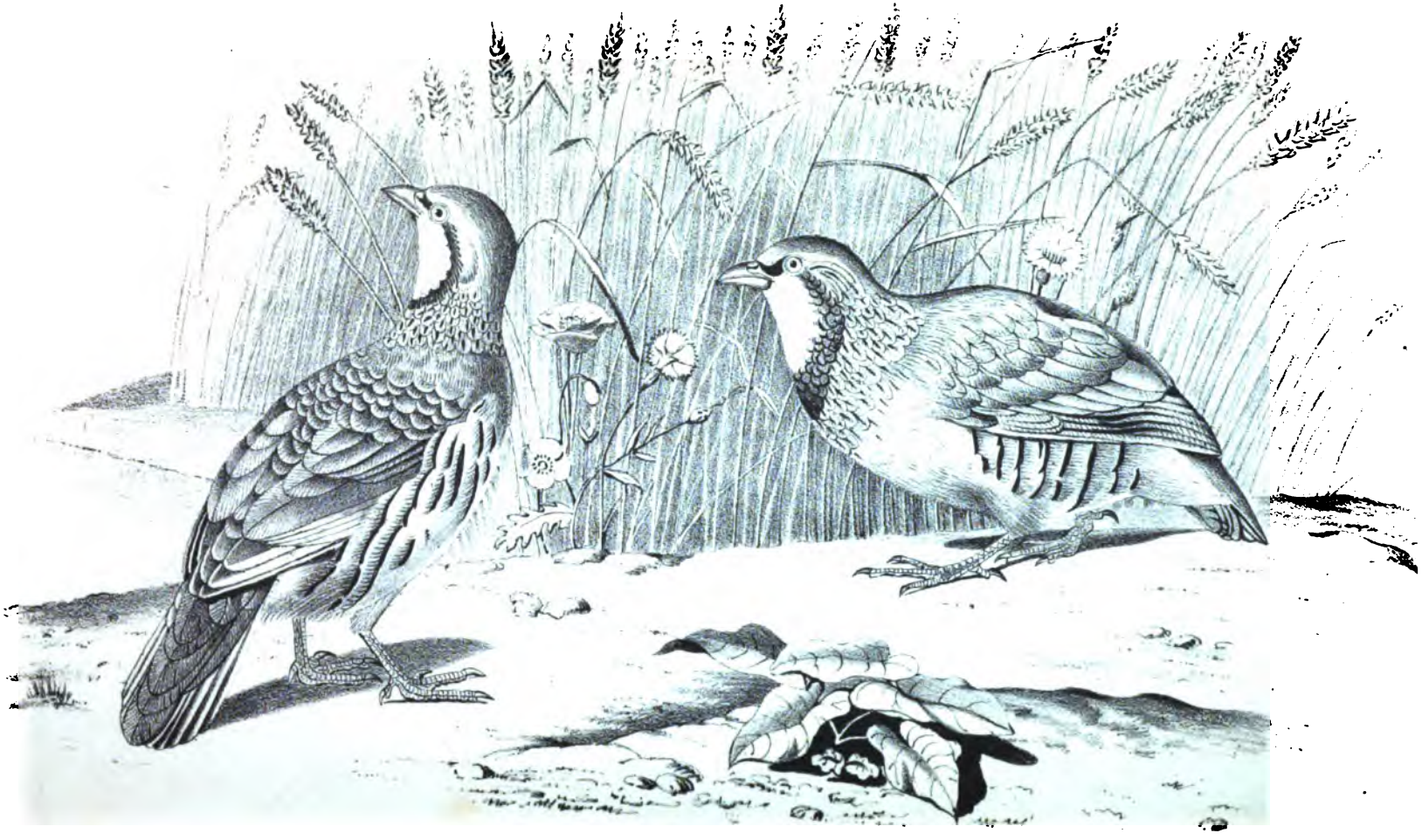
The Seamstress: A Guide to Plain and Fancy Needlework, Millinery and Dressmaking, Embroidery and Lace Work, Knitting, Netting, Crotchet Work and Tatting. New York: J. S. Redfield.

We have never been inducted into any of the mysteries revealed in this book; but we have not the least doubt that our friends, the ladies, will be delighted with it. It is a very comprehensive manual. Indeed one can hardly conceive of any plain or ornamental work achieved by the needle, that is not here minutely treated of.

The second and third numbers of the Messrs. Harpers' *Illustrated edition of the Thousand and One Nights* have been issued in the style which characterize the initial numbers, already noticed. As a work of art, it will not suffer in comparison with any other juvenile works ever published in this country. The illustrations, of which there are to be upwards of six hundred in the entire work, are in the highest degree graphic and elegant.

Niagara. A Poem. By Rev. C. H. A. BULKLEY. New York: Leavitt, Trow & Company.

We have several times alluded to this effort of our friend and contributor, and have spoken of it in terms of commendation. Now that it has passed through the press, we need scarcely do more than re-echo our former sentiments, and to express the hope that the poem will readily find its way into good company. Respecting the merits of Niagara—the exact position it ought to take in the scale of poetical excellence—



Red Partridge.

there will, of course, among literary critics, be some difference of opinion. We do not regard it as free from blemishes. But in our estimation, it is a poem of which the Genius who presides over such matters on this side of the Atlantic need not be at all ashamed.

An Illustrated History of the Hat, from the earliest ages to the present time. By J. N. GENIN.

The author of this little volume is one of the most accomplished hatters in this city. We have had the most satisfactory evidence of this, during an acquaintance with his establishment of several years. It does not follow, however, as a matter of course, that because a man can make a good hat, he can therefore make a good book; and those who are interested in the history of the article to which he has devoted so much attention will be gratified to learn that in our view, he has made a very readable and useful book. His illustrations of the different forms that the hat has assumed for many centuries past, add not a little to the interest and value of the history.

Old Hicks the Guide, or Adventures in the Camanche Country in search of a Gold Mine. By CHARLES W. WEBBER. Complete in two parts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It would require an extremely sleepy reader to be uninterested in this volume. It would possess many attractions with any people at any time; but it must be doubly attractive with the American people at the present time. Price 75 cents.

Our friend John Doyle has just issued a catalogue of all the books in his establishment, which—the establishment, not the catalogue—he calls the "Moral Centre of the Intellectual World." His list embraces a great number of rare and ancient books, as well as a respectable variety of more modern and common ones, which, if he is as gentlemanly in his deportment and as reasonable in his charges in all cases as we have found him uniformly to be in our acquaintance with him, will very readily command purchasers.

Vive La Republique. An Offering from the United States to the National Republic of France. By HERMAN S. SARONI. New York: Firth, Hall & Pond.

A very timely and excellent piece of music, arranged for the piano forte by one of our best composers. It comprises several of the most popular American and French airs, so connected as to have the effect of a single piece.

Discourse on the Life, Character and Public Services of James Kent, late Chancellor of New York. By JOHN DUER. D. Appleton & Company.

This address was delivered by Mr. Duer, before the Judiciary and Bar of the city of New York, at their request. The orator had a noble theme, and he has treated it nobly.

Uncle Sam's Money Box. By Mrs. S. C. HALL, author of "Stories of the Irish Peasants," &c. *Jacopo, and other tales.*

These volumes, placed upon our table by Messrs. Long and Brother, by whom they are for sale in this city, are parts of Chambers' Library for Young People, republished in this country by Messrs. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston. We are very much pleased with the stories on more than one account They are well told—that is one thing. They mean something—that is another. They have an excellent moral—that is another thing, and a better. Moreover, as specimens of art—mechanical art, we mean—they are beautiful in the extreme. The embellishments are of a high order, and the printing is elegant in the extreme. The latter, especially, is seldom exceeded in this country, if indeed this country has the honor of executing it, and of that we are not quite certain.

Hobart's Analysis of Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion, with Notes and Questions for Examination. Revised and adapted to the use of Schools. By CHARLES E. WEST, Principal of Rutgers Institute, in the city of New York. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We are glad to see a popular edition of this great work, and one so well adapted to the use of schools. From the attention we have been able to bestow upon this edition of the Harpers, we are convinced that Prof. WEST has performed very creditably an important task.

Familiar Lessons on Astronomy: designed for the use of Children and Youth in Schools and Families. By Mrs. L. N. FOWLER, author of "Familiar Lessons on Physiology." Illustrated by William Howland. New York: Fowlers & Wells.

It is not every sensible man or woman that can talk to children or write for them, so as to be understood, and so as to entertain and instruct them. Indeed, there are many people who think they can and do succeed in this matter, but who, nevertheless, are greatly deceived. Mrs. Fowler, in our opinion, is among the few who have succeeded. In this book she has done admirably well. She has not attempted to open the doors of any apartments in Astronomy where children would not feel at home. She has wisely contented herself with the more simple and elementary parts of the science, such as can be readily apprehended and appreciated by the juvenile mind. It must, we think, be a popular book, in families and schools.

The Sketches: Three Tales. 1. Walter Lorimer; 2. The Emblems of Life; 3. The Lost Inheritance. By the authors of "Amy Herbert," "The Old Man's Home," and "Hawkstone." New York: D. Appleton & Company.

This book is issued in very beautiful style, and accompanied with several fine tinted engravings. The tales, so far as we have been able to ascertain, are well written and instructive. Those who sympathize with the Episcopal Church will, perhaps, be most pleased with them; but they will be more or less acceptable to readers of different religious views.

Appleton's Library Manual: containing a Catalogue Raisonne of upwards of twelve thousand of the most important works in every department of knowledge, in all modern languages. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

To the general reader, and to the scholar, especially, this work is of incalculable utility. No one who has not had such an assistant at his command, can form an idea of its value. It is full—covering over 400 pages—and judiciously compiled and well arranged.

Red Partridge.

THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is something exciting, romantic almost, in entering a stage coach at the approach of the morning twilight, and listening for an hour to the conversation of one's fellow-passengers, without seeing their faces, and imagining how they look, or rather how they will look, when the sun sheds a little more light on the subject. Something of this romantic interest we felt one beautiful summer morning, when we entered the coach at Easton for the Delaware Water Gap; and the driver was not disposed to break the charm at all, for he ushered us into the vehicle without the assistance of any light other than that of the stars, and they shone rather faintly at the time.

The Delaware Water Gap is one of the noblest and proudest forms in which we have ever seen Nature exhibit herself. But we are not there yet by a long way, and it is not best to rush into it, or a description of it, in too great a hurry. We are among the Germans now, and must do as the Germans do—go deliberately to work, and not get ourselves into a fever of excitement at the outset. We have laughed at least a dozen times over Knickerbocker's story about the way in which his great grandfather built the church at Rotterdam. It was rather ludicrous, but in this instance we mean to imitate him a little, and our readers will have to bear with us for aught we see. They will no doubt be the more hungry for that description, and relish it all the better, if we keep them waiting awhile.

After daylight had in some measure broken the charm within, we mounted the seat with the driver. He is one of the most good-natured, obliging souls we ever met with—remarkably *clever*, using the word in the New England sense. We should not wonder if he stopped twenty times on the road, to attend to some errand. No matter what the errand was—knitting-needles, lace-edgings, saws, rakes, grindstones, invitations to tea and quiltings—it was all the same to him. He was never impatient, never out of humor, and most of the time when he was not waiting upon his customers, he was singing or whistling in a very pleasant *falsetto*. Whether the music be the cause or an effect of his cheerfulness and obliging disposition, we cannot tell. Probably he could not tell himself, but we mention the circumstance as a hint to other drivers, many of whom are occasionally peevish and fretful enough—some little better than bears.

A seat with the driver in this part of the country, and indeed in almost any part, must be taken with one rather serious inconvenience. The driver's box is the *chimney* of the coach. The smoking is done here. The nuisance—we cannot think of a milder word to express our notion of the habit—is common enough everywhere; but it is peculiarly so in this part of Pennsylvania. Really it is a phenomenon to be noted down in one's memorandum, to see a man who never smokes. And the worst of it is, that the segars here are very long-lived. So it seemed to us. They are the most remarkable for their longevity, after they are lighted, of any segars we ever met with. Whether it is because the Pennsylvanian smokers take it more leisurely—which is not unlikely considering they are many of them Germans—or because the segars are constitutionally more tenacious of life, we did not learn. But the segars do live a provokingly long time, and raise a provokingly dense cloud of smoke. Apropos of tobacco smoke, since we are becalmed in an atmosphere of it—a friend of ours, a lady of no little shrewdness, accounts for the smoky character of the German philosophy, by the presence of such immense quantities of burning tobacco in the country where these systems originate. It may be so—it will bear thinking of, at all events.

The road from Easton to the Water Gap is very winding and hilly. For awhile it follows the Delaware; but it gets weary of that after proceeding some eight miles, and then it runs quite on its own hook. The scenery is charming all the way. After we leave the Delaware

the view of the Gap more than compensates for the loss of water scenery. By and by, we enter the gorge in the mountains, and the river again appears in sight. This gorge is one of the geological wonders of the country. By what tremendous convulsion of nature was the bosom of the earth here rent in twain, and mountains nearly two thousand feet in height, piled up on either side of this chasm? Who can tell? For miles the road passes through this gorge, with the steep, in some places almost perpendicular Pennsylvania mountains on one side, and the Delaware, softly, darkly, and slowly wending its way, as if in sympathy with the majestic hills that forms its banks, on the other.

The principal hotel here—the only one which deserves the name—is situated so as to command one of the finest views in the whole gorge. From the piazza in the rear of this house, the landscape is glorious, especially when seen by moonlight. No one who visits the Water Gap should fail of a moonlight view. There are features in this landscape which can be much better appreciated by the soft light of the moon. How charming beyond description was the scene presented from the window of our chamber, as the moon slowly climbed those tall cliffs until she looked down upon the still smooth surface of the river, and her image was reflected there. Below, at the depth of two hundred feet, is the bed of the river. It seems to enter this gorge by magic. You cannot trace its inlet. You cannot hear a murmur from its flow. It is rapid and noisy above, but as it enters this chasm, its voice is hushed, and all is as still as the grave. It flows on, though the frowning hills of the New Jersey shore, by a sudden curve through a huge wall, seem vainly endeavoring to stay its course. This hill, one of the highest in the whole group, appears to stretch directly across the channel of the river; and you can scarcely resist the conviction that the Delaware has found its goal in a fairy lake. The moon, who has ever been proverbially friendly to fairies, assists not a little in the mezzotinting of this picture.

Scarcely less sublime is the view of this Alpine landscape in the early morning of a clear day. The gifted and lamented William L. Stone remarked this view, and has pictured it so much more vividly than we can teach our pen to picture it, that we must use his own words: "These masses of naked rocks are comparatively undistinguishable while obscured by the raven wing of night. But their dusky sublimity is greatly enhanced, when revealed to the eye in their unclouded majesty by the light of day. In the gray of the morning, before the sun has gilded their tops, almost its entire section is in view, peering from the yet unretreating shade, and disclosing the abrupt sinuosities of the river, and the rugged hills around, for the most part clothed with wood to their summits, and the whole scene wild and fresh as if just from the hand of Nature. Low in the gulf, at the base of the mountains, a cloud of milk-white vapor sleeps upon the bosom of the river. In half an hour, with a change of temperature in the surrounding atmosphere, the vapor begins to ascend, and a gentle current again wafts it, as by the sweet, soft breathing of morn herself, without breaking the cloud, to the opposite side of the river. There for awhile it hangs in angel whiteness, like a zone of silver belting the mountain. Below, along the whole course of the gulf, the sides of the mountains are yet clad in solemn and shadowy drapery, while in bright and glorious contrast, the sun, having at length begun climbing the sky in good earnest, their proud crests are now glittering with golden radiance."

But it is impossible to enjoy all the luxury of this vast theatre of loveliness, without viewing it from several different points; and that which, on the whole, commands the most attractions, is from a small boat on the river. In company with some half a dozen ladies and gentlemen, we sailed down the stream, under the base of the mountains, and passed through the gulf. The naked rocks, in one place, rise almost perpendicularly from the river to the height of several hundred feet. In this chasm we discharged a gun, which we had taken with us for the purpose, and the result was a succession of echoes the most splendid we ever heard.

But we are tiresome. What a multitude of proofs and illustrations of the beneficence as well as the wisdom of God, do we see wherever our eye falls upon his works. And the more familiar we become with Him, as we read the book of nature, the more we must discover that is beautiful and lovely. Why did not that Almighty World-maker create an orb for us, as level on every foot of its surface as the prairies of the west? Why did he break up this earth into hills and valleys, mountains and plains? He might have made it otherwise. Why did

he constitute the mind of his creatures—for he made the mind too; all its complicated and curious machinery is the result of his wisdom—so that it is pleased, charmed, lost in admiration, as it views a spot where the earth's crust is broken into wild and irregular masses, as by some terrible upheaving of the angry elements beneath? Why? He might easily have made the mind so that it would have felt pain, rather than the highest degree of pleasure, when it came in contact with these irregular and apparently accidental piles of matter. Why such an adaptation of the invisible and visible, of spirit and matter, of taste and the objects of taste? We know of but one solution, and that involves the theory of infinite wisdom and love.

"WAIT FOR THE MORNING."

BY MISS S. H. BROWNE.

Watcher! 'tis dark, and thy dwelling is lonely—
The night-lamp shines dimly, and so does thine eye;
Thou art thinking thy portion is weariness only,
And thou wilt be glad when 'tis *thy* turn to die!
Watcher, look out! where the day star is dawning—
Hope in thy heart let its promise awake,
And tireless and slumberless, "wait for the morning:"
Never a night but its morning shall break!

Wanderer! 'tis dark, and the tempest is roaring—
Roaring above thee and rattling around;
Demons of terror their vials are pouring
Right on thy pathway where pitfalls abound!
Wanderer, 'tis better to bow than to bide it—
Harmlessly o'er thee the storm-king shall ride!
Deep is the chasm, 'twere death to bestride it,
But yon is a valley both sloping and wide!

Weeper! 'tis dark, for the angel of sorrow
Hath spread o'er thy landscape the gloom of his wing;
No hue from the rainbow thy sadness can borrow,
No joy to thy bosom the springtime can bring.
Weeper, despair not, there is that can cure thee!
Yes—even to the heartsick, a balm can be given,
A draught that shall comfort and gladness insure thee:
Drink deeply—drink oft, for the fount is in heaven!

Oh, ye who are suffering and toiling and sighing;
Oh, ye who in darkness are groping your way;
Who are weary of hoping and weary of trying,
Who are sure that the midnight will never be day—
I charge ye take heed to this counsel and warning,
Stand fast by your duty, your God and your right!
And patient and truthful, thus wait for the morning,
Assured it shall bring you both healing and light!

THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY I. ANDERSON SMITH.

The widow Sterling was not only failing in health, but she was nearer death than any one had an idea of. No deep lines disturbed the meek expression of her fading face, and none who looked on her pale countenance even under the burden of pain, could ever again forget that image, at once so solemn and so beautiful. She knew that she must die, but her grief was calm, she repined not; not a murmur escaped her lips. Every troubled feeling was hid from mortal eye.

Her son, her only child, stood by the bedside, pale and tremulous. He had watched her through the longest night he had ever known, and he was now about to take leave of her till noon, for he had to be at his work very early in the morning. They owned the cottage where they lived, but you could easily see that they were poor. George, by trade, was a blacksmith, and though he worked hard, very hard, it was as much as he could do to get along comfortably. His wages were small, and the villagers at that time, it would seem, gave his employer but very little work; for he was a cross surly man, and instead of attending as he should to his business, spent the greater portion of his time in the tavern, drinking and carousing with a party of boon companions, while George and the apprentice boy did the work.

That morning when he left his mother, his heart was very full; each month, each week, each day, had seemed to bring him new stores of silent feeling and thought, but his hopes were darker that day than they had ever been before.

He had kissed her "good bye" till noon, and was closing the little garden gate, when he heard the song of a lark, as it started from a bush in the meadow below, and went carolling its sweet lay high up in the sky. That little song from the tiny throat of the lark, how simple and how beautiful; but it had no music for him. On, on he went, with downcast head and tearful eye, the bright sunbeams dancing in his path, and the little birds singing their sweet, wild songs, as if they too would like to see him happy. Here and there he passed a little boy or girl gathering flowers, pinks and carnations, to take with them when they went to school, and as they saw his face they too would welcome him gladly, for he was a favorite with them all—the golden-haired, blue-eyed little children. Old farmer Brown was sitting on his stoop in his shirt sleeves as George went by, and although he bowed as usual, he told his wife at breakfast, that he was "afraid that he was not long for this world, he looked so dejected and sorrowful."

Farmer Brown could have found out without much trouble the cause of George's grief, but, like a good many others in the world, being fearful that it is "catching," let it alone.

Just before he reached the shop, he looked up and saw a bright face smiling on him from a little window in a cottage by the roadside. It was the face of Lucy Cole, the prettiest and best-hearted girl in the whole village. It was her custom every morning to greet him as he went to work, for they had long known each other, and rumor said they were shortly to be married. She had never seen him look so sorrowful before, and her little heart beat strangely as he passed from sight.

As we said just now, there was not a better or a prettier girl in the village than Lucy Cole, and it quite astonished a good many when they learned that she was rather partial than otherwise to the young blacksmith. They were seen together every Sunday at the village church, they sat together in the same pew, read together out of the same book,—surely what could it all mean, if they were not going to get married? No, no, that could not be either, for there was not a rich gentleman's son for twenty miles around, who was not in love with Lucy, and most assuredly she would not cast them aside and take up with a poor blacksmith, whose only fortune was a pair of big, coarse hands, and strong arms. The gossips much mistook Miss Lucy Cole's character, if she offered "encouragement" to such a fellow, in preference to gayer and richer suitors.

They *did* mistake her character, as it will appear presently.

When George arrived at the shop, he found his employer and the apprentice boy, for the first time in many months, there before him. The sparks flew out cheerfully from the fire as he entered, but as he caught a glimpse of his employer's face, he discovered that all was not so pleasant there.

"I thought I told you to come early," said Hugh Fowler, resting his hammer on the anvil, and endeavoring to look George steadily in the eye; "this is a pretty time to be here, isn't it?" With that Mr. Fowler withdrew his glance, and striking his hammer heavily on the anvil, as if to drown the sound of George's voice, commenced whistling.

"My mother is worse this morning——"

"Oh, gammon," continued Mr. Fowler, interrupting George as he spoke. "I've heard enough about your mother being sick; once and a while that story will do to tell when business is slack, but when they are running us down with work, why it isn't the thing, Mr. Sterling."

"I am very sorry, indeed," said George, "that I have disappointed you, but really I endeavored to be here as early as I possibly could."

"Well, all I've got to say is this," replied the blacksmith rather savagely; "if you are not on hand another morning a little sooner, I'm thinking you'll have to look out for other quarters. I'm rather a plain man in business, Mr. Sterling, that's all!"

George's mother was failing in health, and they were very poor. Need we say that he was very sorry for the disappointment he had occasioned, and that he would do his best to prevent anything of the kind happening again?

He went to work, but with a heavy heart. The villagers, as they came in with little jobs, noticed the change in his appearance, and nearly every one, for they esteemed him highly, inquired if he was well. Every interrogatory was answered in the affirmative, but they shook their heads and looked doubtful about the matter.

At last noon arrived. It had been a long while coming for him, and he started for home with a lighter step than when he came away. Fowler had left the shop half an hour or so before him to take his "noon-day sweetener," as he called it, at the village tavern. George had to pass by the "Gray Eagle" on his way home, and as he was going by, several voices called for him to come back and "take a drink." He looked around, and among the rest he saw Fowler with a glass in his hand.

"Come along!" they shouted, as with one voice; "come along!"

He shook his head and passed on.

"You might have known it," said the half drunken blacksmith, as he swallowed the last drop of the poisoned liquid; "he's too mean to treat or be treated. He ain't worth noticing, and if it wasn't for his being a pretty good workman, he wouldn't be in my shop ten minutes."

As the indignant Fowler delivered himself of this speech, the party assembled gave quite a hearty laugh, and forthwith marched up to the bar, for the purpose of "drinking his health with a sentiment." The doctor's horse was standing at the garden gate when George reached home, and he noticed that the blinds to the window of his mother's room, instead of being closed, were opened. This gave him a world of joy, for he thought perhaps she might be better. But oh, how bitterly was he disappointed. Lucy was there, and had been a short time before reading the Bible, which laid open with a leaf turned down before her. The widow Sterling was quite easy during the morning, but within an hour or so of George's arrival home, she had been taken very ill.

"I can give you no hope," said the physician, calling George aside; "I am afraid your mother is not destined long for this world!"

He knew that his mother could not live a very long while, but he did not dream that she would be taken away from him so soon. She had been wasting slowly, day by day, and now that the dreadful truth that she must die and leave him shortly flashed upon him all at once, no words can tell, no language paint the anguish of his heart. He had been used to trouble—he had been brought up to it from a boy, and now it had become a second nature to him; he could stand the summer's heat, the winter's cold, the insult of the rich man, the cold, haughty sneer, and every pain or pang to which humanity is liable—but this last blow came with a weight crushing and terrible. Every little incident of his life rose in full force before him: her kindness to him, and the many times he used to disobey her wishes and cause her many a sigh, long, long years ago, when he was a little boy.

When death strikes down the beautiful and good, when those who have brightened the path of life by the sunshine of their smiles are

suddenly cut down and taken from among us, how dreary, desolate, and unnatural seems the world. We are lost for a time, and can hardly realize the dreadful truth; but soon it comes home to us, thrilling to our souls, and we see in every face, in every object that strikes our vision, the palpable reality of that which fills our heart with sadness.

"Do not weep for me, George, do not weep for me," said his mother, clasping her arms fondly around his neck. "I am very happy now—very happy! Methinks I hear a hymn, and children singing in the church, the same hymn they sang the last sabbath that you and I were there together; how sweet and beautiful it seems; ah, it is dying away now—how soft; take me closer to the window—there, now it is stealing back gently again."

It was a calm and beautiful afternoon—not a breath was stirring, and the western sun diffused over the landscape a bright but softened repose. A gentle fragrance filled the air, while the leaves of the violet and the lily trembled in the sunbeams.

"Mother, dear mother, you are not dying; no, you are not going to leave us, are you?" cried George, still clinging to her neck.

There was a proud and beautiful expression in her face as she replied, "Not forever, my darling boy, not forever." She clasped his hand tightly as she said, "We will meet in heaven, George, we will meet there, purified from every earthly stain. Remember what I have taught you—avoid evil company. Lucy and you will both be happy till we meet again; but then, then—kiss—oh kiss me once before I die!"

They both stooped down, and she had just strength to put her arms out, when, with a sigh, she expired.

She was carried in the sunshine to her grave, and room was made among the daisies for her to sleep. Her life was pure and beautiful to the last, and she died beloved and lamented by all who knew her. A square white piece of marble above her head bears this simple and touching inscription:

"MOTHER."

Not long after the death of George's mother, the body of Hugh Fowler was found in a thicket near his workshop, terribly cut and mangled. He had been off on a drunken spree, and it was supposed by the villagers that he had been murdered by some of his companions, for the purpose of obtaining the little money he had in his possession. George took the shop, and by his steady, upright conduct, succeeded in his business admirably. Every one liked him, and every one encouraged him with their work.

He was married to Lucy, contrary to the expectations of a good many who did not believe she would marry an "ugly blacksmith." Although George was doing well in his business, and he was very happy with the love of Lucy, a shade of sorrow at last came upon their hearth, and changed it to a picture of gloom. There is nothing beautiful that we may love with the hope of its continuing so. Their little daughter, the first pledge of connubial bliss, like a lovely flower was stricken down and hurried to the grave. The future had presented a bright picture of happiness to them, but how soon was it clouded. The blow came hard, very hard, but in their sorrow they learned it were vain to hope, in this world, that the things now bright and beautiful should long be so. The brightest and the sweetest flowers seem the first to droop and die. Their child was too beautiful for earth, and in the midst of the tender caresses of its mother, it closed its little eyes in death.

In 184–, George Sterling, of the village of M———, in the State of New York, was sent to the Legislature by the people of his county. There was no laughing at the "ugly blacksmith" now; oh no, the story was quite of another character. By the force of his talents and good deeds he rose from poverty and obscurity to a position which brought him fame and distinction. He was the architect of his own fortune; but to one, and one only, he said he was indebted for his success in life—his mother. We hope that there will be many who will follow the example of the Widow's Son—we hope there will be many who will avoid evil companions as they would the deadly poison of the wine cup, and learn to be patient, and wait for the "good time coming."

New York, May 18, 1848.

A THUNDER-STORM ON THE SOUND.

"GENTLY! gently! So—now you have it."

"How she lies down to it, Doctor! Did you ever see a craft behave more beautifully? Put her away a little more; there comes a flaw. How well she stood it. We shall make the harbor by seven o'clock at this rate."

"What time is it now, Ben?"

"A quarter to four, and we are forty miles to westward of the light boat. But we ran more than twelve knots the last hour, and should be making thirteen and a half now."

"Walk forward, Joe, and haul that gib-sheet a little aft, will you? So—that will do. Now, gentlemen, if you have no objections, we'll go below and dine. Here, Jim, take the wheel and keep her as she is. Mind and keep a bright look-out in the nor-west for squalls, and put her away a little when you see one."

The FOAM is a beautiful boat, and sits as gracefully on the water as you could wish to see a boat. I have been in the habit of passing a part of each summer in cruising from Cape Cod to the Capes of the Delaware, fishing and sleeping alternately. On the ocean is the place to find health and strength, and to learn lessons of natural religion. The sea is a great preacher whose voice is heard on every shore, and in a language intelligible to every nation.

At the time I now speak of, a party of three gentlemen, myself among the number, had escaped from duties long enough to devote six summer weeks to boating, and the Foam had come on to the city to take us eastward. It was a glorious afternoon, and a most exhilarating west-by-north wind was blowing, occasionally interrupted in its steady breath by a puff out of the north-west, which would lay the Foam over on one side, but she would dash along merrily. We had calculated to attend a party at New London that night, and were hoping to reach it by or before dark, and this will explain the conversation between myself and Ben Wilson and the Doctor, (my most excellent friend, Joseph Strothers, M. D.,) which commences this article.

We went below and found the table arranged with the usual care and skill of John, my trusty steward, and seating ourselves to it, were soon engaged in a deep investigation of the formation, layers, deposits, &c., &c., of a certain massive pie which was flanked by a cold duck and a most inviting round of beef. The innumerable accessories of oysters, jellies, sauces, bread, &c., with a small sprinkling of quail and woodcock, filled the table, and shortly filled us, to a comfortable degree of plenitude. But we lingered awhile longer over our dessert, and then a considerable time passed in conversation, and then we found that the Foam was standing still, and we made our way on deck to inquire into the causes.

The wind had lulled suddenly, and a complete calm settled over the whole Sound. A heavy swell kept the boat rolling, but her mainsail hung flapping in the air, and the sun was bright and the clouds motionless. Still, I had reason to fear that this calm would end with a gale, and I ordered Jim to stand by ready to take in sail at any moment, if a squall should cross the water. Making all tight, we went below again and whiled away our time talking, until the delicious sense of repose which accompanies the first few days' release from business, overpowered us one and all, and we slept on the lockers.

The time of our sleeping was indefinite, and to this day I cannot tell whether it was an hour or three. Once I woke and noticed that it was growing dark, and I have an indistinct recollection of changing my position and hanging a hammock and hanging myself in it. I woke with a sudden pitch of the boat, and springing out, met the Doctor and Ben staggering about the cabin; and making the best of our way on deck, we found a wild scene that surpasses all description.

A thunder-storm on land is grand, but on water is terrific. It was blowing a tempest, but not yet raining a drop. In the east, the moon was some hours high, and the advancing clouds had not yet covered her. In her silver light the waves looked like the horsetailed Mamelukes in wild disorder. We could see the advance, the retreat, the meeting of the ranks, their part-

ing, and flying hither and thither in indescribable confusion, the white plume of some chief above the rest dancing gayly awhile, then going down as some dark warrior with streaming crest fell on him; and in the midst of this scene the moon suddenly disappeared, and a dense blackness was on the water.

It may be imagined that I was quite as much taken aback as I had at first supposed that my boat was, but an instant sufficed to show me that she was well laid to it, and the first word was, "Where are we, Jim?"

"Off the light boat, sir, but well to the south-'ard. I saw the light five minutes ago, but the scud hides it now." A glance to leeward showed me that he might be right as far as easting was concerned, for I saw Plum and Gull island lights bearing accordingly, but I could not guess how far they were to the south. A quick but careful look over the vessel showed me that she was in good order for the gale, the whole force of which had not yet reached us. She was moving easily now, and I hesitated about attempting to lay to and weather it. "Smith—forward there two of you, and take the bonnet out of that jib." "Aye, aye, sir." In three minutes she was under as little canvas as I dared trust her with, and in three more the white line, which may be seen where the *edge* of a thunder-storm rests on the water, (whiter by contrast with the black cloud and water,) reached us, and the Foam sprang into the air as if lifted by a gigantic wave, then burying her bow staggered along a moment, and then raising her head again, dashed gallantly before it. In another instant the horizon closed around us, and the rain came down on deck by buckets full. The lightning had not been frequent, but was accompanied with very heavy thunder. The world seemed to tremble in that sound, and the water to rock to and fro with heavy swaying, that differed from the usual wave rocking, as those wave rockings differed from the swinging of a hammock.

"Now, Jim, let me know exactly where we are. Are you sure you know?"

"Perfectly sure, sir. We are about six miles south of the light boat and one to westward."

"There's no mistake about that, is there?"

"None at all, sir. I'm sure as if I was sailing in moonlight."

"Then give me the wheel, and do you go forward and see that all is tight."

The wind was fearful now. I never saw a squall that blew more steadily, but it was with terrific violence. No boat could lie to in such a blow, and no anchor on the Foam could hold her in the *Race*, so that our only chance was to scud. A glance at a map will show you where we were, according to Jim's account.

"I say, skipper," screamed the Doctor, at the top of his voice, (holding on to the hatchway rail, evidently unaccustomed to such weather,) "I say, skipper, where are we? You ought to know, I suppose?"

"Seven miles or thereabouts south-west of the wreck of the Atlantic, on Fisher's island."

"Where's New London, then?"

"Due north some eight miles or thereabouts."

"Where are we going?"

"That's what I'd like to know, Doctor. The Atlantic opens ahead of us, and we're going at fifteen knots now, I should say; you can calculate how long it will take to reach the straits of Gibraltar at that rate."

"And what will they do at W——'s if we pass by them at this rate?"

"I can't say. It's about nine or half past eight, I should think, now, and I doubt very much whether any one will venture out of a house in New London for an hour yet. So that we may yet manage to make the harbor before the fun is over."

"Ben, be so kind as to open that box yonder, and you'll find a compass in it. Do you know how to tell which way her head is?"

"Not I."

"Jim, how's her head?"

"East by north, sir."

"I'm half afraid, Jim, to run in this way. You are sure you were right in thinking we were off the light boat?"

"Yes, sir—no sort o' doubt, sir. I know when I see a light boat."

"Smith, stand by the binnacle and keep your eye on the card. I don't half like the looks of this water. It seems to me we are nearer in shore than Jim says."

A half hour passed, and we flew before the wind with a velocity that scared Wilson and Strothers, who were little used to even Sound sailing, and whose fears were that we were diving out into the Atlantic. I only wished we were out there. Steadying her as well as I was able, I kept her course so as to bring her under the lea of Fisher's island where I trusted to find anchorage that would hold, and yet afraid, as may be imagined, that Jim was mis-

taken, and that we might find ourselves on shore at any instant. No abatement was perceptible as yet in the wind, and the rain and an accompanying spray from the waves filled the air so that we could not see fifty yards ahead. The boat behaved admirably, however, and I was congratulating myself on being ready to bear up a little to the northward, when Jim, whom I had sent forward to keep a look-out ahead, called, in a tremendous voice,

"Down with your wheel, down, down," and the next instant, as I obeyed his cry, I saw a dark mass on the quarter, within twenty yards. We shot by it, and in another instant it was gone in the gloom astern.

"What was that?" exclaimed Wilson.

"That was land, my boy, and I was right. You stand some chance now of setting foot on it, but had we known what we know now, five minutes ago, I wouldn't have bought your lease of life for a copper."

"Where are we?"

"On the north side of Fisher's island instead of the south side, past the hammocks, one of which you saw, and heaving due east at this instant, but we shall let an anchor go now. Forward, there! Is that anchor all clear?"

"If you please, sir," said Jim, with a pale face, which I could see by the binnacle light; "If you please, sir, it's breaking away to north'ard, and if we make a light, we can find better ground. The Vanderbilt will be leaving Stonington about this time. Hadn't we better keep her so awhile?"

"Perhaps we had, Jim. But I'll settle this account with you another time. Go forward again and look out."

In five minutes I saw a star in the northwest, and the wind lulled to a moderately stiff breeze. In ten minutes more we saw Stonington and Watch Hill lights distinctly, and giving the wheel to the man who had held it with me for the last hour, I went below with the Doctor and Wilson, to hold a consultation as to the propriety of attempting to reach New London by water. Concluding that it was not desirable to waste the night, we went on deck, and as we came up the companionway, the moon was shining as calmly as if nothing had disturbed her serenity, and the Vanderbilt was passing us on her trip to New York. A fresh breeze from the south-south-west carried us up the harbor in fine style, and we dropped an anchor at precisely half past nine o'clock.

Within the last fifteen minutes we had effected a transformation of the outer man, by an exchange of rain-soaked boating clothes, for full suits of black, (barring white vests and collars,) and in ten minutes were at the Wadawanuch, and had a carriage at the door to take us to New London. It was one o'clock when we entered our friend W——'s rooms, and found the merriment at its height.

Two scenes that evening were forcibly contrasted, by a remark made by Strothers, as he passed me with a lady on his arm, and observed that I was watching the interminable Spanish dance, (which I did not join, since neither I nor my fair companion are in the habit of dancing:)

"That's the second sort of dance we've seen to-night, Fred."

"What does he mean?" asked my fair ally.

"Only that we were dancing five miles south of here a few hours ago."

"Five miles south of here! Why, that's in the Sound."

"Exactly."

REMEMBER ME.

When Vesper lights the sleeping wave
With mellow radiance pure and bright,
And trembles on the dewy grave
Of day's departed, glorious light;
Oh! then, 'mid scenes of grief or glee,
My dearest friend, remember me.

While thy bright path is strewn with flowers,
And life's young, gorgeous dreams are thine,
While o'er thy brow no cypress lowers,
Nor grief's dark tendrils round thee twine;
Then, then, before the sad hours be,
My dearest friend, remember me.

But when thine eye is dimmed with tears,
When joy's delusive dream is past,
And hopes that cheered in early years
Are found too treacherous to last;
Oh! then, when shadows round thee be,
My dearest friend, remember me. Rose May.

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL.

A TALE OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S.

BY MRS. E. D. W. McKEE.

[CONCLUDED.]

SILENT tears fell thick and fast down Hubert's cheek, his lip quivered, and his breast heaved with emotions he vainly struggled to suppress, when he grasped my hand, and said: "Anna, you are my guardian angel; you know how I have loved, and how I suffer. Every fibre of my heart, with all its poor earthly passions, clings to Ellen, but you, Anna, are infinitely exalted above my love—I revere you; for you read my heart, you make me understand, and help me to fathom the mysterious depths of my own nature. While you speak to me, I feel that it is nobler to suffer than to enjoy. I will resign Ellen, I will forego all the delights of that vain dream of love I once indulged; but I will no longer strive as I have done to forget her, for that is selfish and ungrateful. No; her pure, confiding love shall ever be among the sweetest and most cherished memories of my life. She shall be to me henceforth as though she were an angel in heaven; and I will strive to make myself worthy of her there. This only will I keep," said he, drawing from his bosom a daguerrean likeness of Ellen's face and figure, "this I will keep,

'A monument of faithful love,
Conquered, and in tranquillity retained.'

The sun-lines which portray these features here may fade and vanish, but on the trustier tablet of my heart they are engraved forever. That sacred image shall henceforth be my guardian angel and my guide. I will listen to catch the inspiration of its secret whisper in the inner sanctuary of my soul, and it shall ever cheer me on and upward, while I fix my eye and hope on God and heaven. Why is it that I feel so changed, Anna? I could weep soft, womanly tears—nay, I cannot repress them. The hardness of my heart dissolves, its bitterness of scorn and hate is washed away. I would not be avenged on him through whose selfishness and fraud I have thus suffered. I could even now say to that falsest friend, 'I hail thee brother,' I give thee hearty fellowship; though an hour ago it would have stifled me to breathe in the same atmosphere. Henceforth will I have no resentments, no jealousies, no hate. I will go forth glad and grateful to bear the burdens, and to do the duties of this human life. Oh! that I could be strong, and calm, and passionless, and pure. Oh! that I could realize in the actual that noble ideal which your high-souled Christian philosophy has so distinctly imaged to my mind.

"The speculative doubts about Christianity, which you justly accuse me of having so weakly cherished, shall be no longer an obstacle to my discipleship in the school of Christ; for I am quite sure, that if I chose to gird my mind to the task of clearing away the rubbish, and learned lumber, with which infidel philosophy has encumbered and obstructed the road that leads to Christ, I could do it—and with half the toil and pains it cost to place them there; but I choose rather to leap over them—to clear them at a bound—to leave them forever behind, and go on the heavenward way rejoicing. I now know that He was Divine who said, '*Come unto me ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest*,' for He has given me rest. The agitation you now witness will be but momentary. It is but the natural excitement of new thoughts—new hopes—new loves—the first struggle of the soul to reach itself forth to the embrace of its high destinies. These perturbations will subside, and my peace will be as a river. It will flow broad and deep because its source will be in heaven. Teach me, Anna, not how to *think*, for I am tired of thinking—

not *how*, and *what*, to believe or disbelieve; but how to feel, to *act*, to *do*."

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who brought a letter, informing me of the alarming illness of a near and dear relative in a distant Eastern State. The danger was imminent and admitted of no delay. In one hour from the receipt of the letter I had made the necessary arrangements for the journey, and was on my way. Hubert accompanied me to the place of starting; and though Heaven should grant me the dearest wish of my heart, I can never again enjoy a happiness so exquisite as that I felt, when his full heart gushed forth again at parting, and he said, "God bless and keep you, Anna! I owe more to you than any other human being; for since the conversation we have had to-day, life seems to me like treasure trove—I shall never despond again; for my heart takes hold on heaven." As he said this his fine dark eye shone with a mild and chastened radiance, as though lighted up with some secret and sudden joy which shed its light on all he looked on. Thus we parted, never to meet again, unless it be in heaven; though when I said adieu, I expected to return again in a few weeks at most; but Providence had otherwise determined, for this journey, whose farthest anticipated limit was a neighboring State, ended on the other side the water, and now the ocean rolls between my home and his, in the old world and the new.

Long years have passed, but I am not altogether uninformed of what passes there—there in that sweet home, hallowed and chastened by holy loves, and gladdened by a perpetual sunshine of the soul; a home on which Heaven sheds selectest blessings, but rains no evil. See, there it stands—a dwelling neither idly great, nor meanly small; embowered in trees and odor-breathing shrubs. That is Hubert yonder; and that is Hubert's Ellen. He has won her, and like a precious jewel in a princely setting, (for she is bright and beautiful as day,) he proudly wears her on his breast; and these two are Hubert's children! How blessed to be born in such a home! to breathe the first breath, and utter the first sweet lisp of infancy, on the lap, and in the ear of sanctified parental love. Such a home is purer than primeval Eden; for to be like Christ, the second Adam, is a higher sanctity, than that of the unsinning pair, who sat when time was young, encircled each in the other's arms, beneath the overarching boughs of Paradise.

But Hubert is not only happy in home; he is happy in the world too — in the duties and labors of his noble profession. Every day he goes forth on errands of mercy to the suffering; and what a soothing medicine—what a precious healing balm is that he brings to many a wounded heart and shattered frame. In vain the mere scientific doctor searches his Pharmacopœia for a drug at once as sedative and tonic as that heartfelt sympathy which the Christian physician, who has tasted for himself the bitter in the cup of human life, administers to the sick soul of his desponding patient. Hubert is more than honored—he is loved; and the blessing of him who was ready to perish is daily invoked upon him.

His is no stern Levite's heart, which the pride and pomp of circumstance and place have hardened to a stone; but like a true Samaritan he pours upon the bleeding wounds of sick and suffering humanity the consecrated healing oil of Christian charity and hope.

Hubert rode one morning to a small village adjoining the town in which he lived, to attend a patient on whose case a professional consultation had been called; for his reputation for professional skill, but above all his generous and philanthropic spirit, and his tender humanheartedness, had made him such a universal favorite with the sick, that his practice had gradually extended itself in all difficult cases over the whole country, of which the town where his more immediate practice lay was the metropolis. On these occasions, when called to co-operate with others, his noble disinterestedness, and a certain indescribable elevation and superiority of character, so completely disarmed prejudice, and repressed even professional envy and jealousy, that senior physicians voluntarily accorded to him the highest place, and had come to regard him as the Æsculapian Bishop of their diocese. On this occasion he had been more than usually gratified; and had his mind been less stable and well-disciplined, he would have been unduly flattered and elated with the marks of confidence and high regard, which had so unexpectedly and voluntarily been awarded him by the friends of his patient—a man of wealth and distinguished social position—and what was still more grateful, by his brethren of the profession generally throughout the country. On leaving the house of his patient he felt an indescribable and unwonted elevationand buoyancy of spirits. His very motions as he stepped

into his carriage were alert and brisk. The body seemed no incumbrance, but merely the willing and expert servitor of the soul.

He drove briskly, but a traveller on foot who caught only a glimpse of his countenance, as the carriage met and rapidly passed him on the road, kept wondering who the stranger was; and when the tired wayfarer sat him down to rest beneath the shade, his fancy pictured to him ever and again that same noble, pleasant face, gladdened by the sunshine of a joyous soul, which played so gracefully around the lip, and on the cheek and brow. Hubert drove on, but when he was somewhat beyond the village, the reins slackened, and he mused on his rising fortunes thus, as thriving men are apt to do: "My practice is every day increasing—my fees are large—I am already more than comfortable—I shall soon be rich—my children will not begin life as I did." Ah! the beginning of his life—what electric power has such a common thought, that it rouses and quickens the soul like the touch of kindling fire? His revery is broken, and he no longer meditates abstractedly on earthly gains. He is *awake*, and feels himself in the presence of God, whose invisible hand has led him along the journey of life by so wonderful a way, and conducted him to that day, that very hour, and to those circumstances and conditions of his earthly being. He was glad, but he was also full of profound gratitude and holy awe—full of awe, because he felt that God his Creator, in whose actual presence he then fully realized himself to be, was working out these destinies for him. He honored not himself as the architect of his own fortunes. It is true that he gazed admiringly, and rejoiced at the sight of the noble fabric, where Heaven's own handiwork shone so fair beneath the reflection of Heaven's own light; but he worshipped not the gods of gold, and wood, and stone, neither said he in his heart, like an impious one of old, "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?"

Hubert lifted up his eyes to the heavens above, all radiant with sunshine; he cast them abroad over the verdant fields. His ear opened and took in the music of bird-voices, pouring out their melodies from amidst the umbrage of spreading trees. The least precious of the senses woke too in that hour, and he was conscious that he breathed in the aroma of opening buds and blooms; and while the loveliness of nature lay thus outspread before him and gratefully saluted every sense, his mind imaged before him its dearer self, "his soul's far better part," and the children of that sweet love, till his heart swelling with joy unutterable, actually became incredulous of so much earthly bliss. He strove to realize his own happiness and vainly tried to measure it to his own mind. Overwhelmed with a sense of the goodness of the Infinite, he uttered his thanksgivings in the words of Israel's king: "O God, my heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise, even with my glory. Awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early. I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people, and I will sing praises unto thee among the nations. For thy mercy is great above the heavens, and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds." And the voice of that low-worded worship chimed in harmoniously with the sounds which Nature uttered in the ear of God.

Calm, subdued and happy, Hubert arrived at the gate of his own home. Ellen had cradled the younger child, and put it to sleep with the low soft music of her voice; and was now employed, with the elder by her side, on the shady side of the house, in training the vine which climbed over the nursery window. She was at the gate before Hubert had stepped from his carriage, and observed with surprise as she took his arm that a tear trembled in his eyes, though his face looked glad and happy; and though she wondered, delicacy did not allow her to remark it, till he brushed it away as an intruder, and smiled lovingly upon her. Then she said caressingly, "What is the matter, my dear Hubert? What means that tear? It somehow strangely contradicts your face."

"My sweet Ellen," said he, "it is not a tear, if tears betoken sadness. It is the irrepressible outgush and overflowing of a fountain of happiness within, I cannot contain; of a gratitude to Heaven I cannot express in words. God is so good and you make me so happy, Ellen, and the world does so smile on me—all unworthy as I now am, so wicked and hardened in skepticism as I have been, more than you know or even can conceive of, unless I should relate the wretched experiences of the two dark years which followed my graduating, and my introduction to your father's house. You know, dear Ellen, every event of my external life, and the efforts I have made to win you, and the obstacles, once deemed insurmountable, which my own right hand removed to reach you; not that you were unwilling to give me your hand with your heart in it, for you were ever kind

and good, my love; but others interposed between our loves and us. All this you know, but you can never know what struggles mentally I then endured; for I would not, now that all is over, cloud your pure glad spirit for a moment with the dark story of my inner life during that long agony, when none knew me, none pitied, none aided me. But no, happiness has made me forgetful and ungrateful; for my own dear cousin Anna, who, next to yourself, Ellen, is the woman dearest to me on earth, came to me then: you sent her, but with her own yearning heart of Christlike purity and tenderness she came to soothe and comfort me. She sat herself down by my side, all cold and dead as I was to this world. Yes, absolutely dead and buried in my own sullen griefs; for I had then well nigh forgotten you, Ellen, and our love. I could have even hated you, if that had been possible, to escape the anguish of the hopeless love I bore you. Yes, she came and sat beside me; and I have never since placed myself at the bedside of a human sufferer, and held the sick hand in mine to feel the fluttering pulse-beat, that I have not remembered that hour, and the healing which she brought me then from Heaven. Oh, Ellen! you cannot know how those blessed words of hope sank like grateful rain from Heaven into my parched and fevered soul; and then her tone and look when she said, 'Hubert, I love you with inexpressible soft pity.' 'Twas like a ray of heavenly sunshine, shot suddenly athwart a subterranean dungeon's gloom."

While Ellen replied, husband and wife entered arm in arm that happy Christian home; and its opened door, never inhospitable before, closed firm against my Ariel, who straightway flew across the wide waste of Ocean's waters, bringing me this last leaf of my story—this excerpt, torn from that chapter of the world's unwritten history which contains the records of a soul, which first doubted, then suffered, repented and believed, and thus was SAVED.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY JUNIUS.

A VESSEL on the deep blue sea was gliding
Gently along.
On board that vessel joyous hearts were biding,
A gladsome throng,
Buoyant and free, the merry hours dividing
'Twixt dance and song;
Youthful and old were each to each confiding,
Fearless of wrong.
Hope was the helmsman of the good ship, guiding
Timid and strong,
While Bacchus, o'er the inner court presiding,
Held vigil long.

Peacefully were the waves of ocean swelling
Their proud caps high;
Wavelet seemingly unto wavelet spelling,
As, eye to eye,
The whisp'ring breezes from their secret dwelling
Come floating by,

The snowy canvas of that glad bark swelling,
Then softly die;
While over all, and as if all excelling,
The azure sky
Looked down in quiet loveliness, foretelling
No danger nigh.

Lo! in the distance, like a speck appearing,
A darksome cloud,
Slowly at first its misty form uprearing,
Graceful and proud,
Gathers in strength the placid zenith nearing,
Muttering loud:
Beneath its folds the sailor never fearing
Descries a shroud.
The unchained winds now madly are careering,
Moaning aloud,
While vapors dank, their course no longer veering,
Together crowd.

Sternly was now that vessel's master eyeing
The deep'ning gloom;
Firm as a rock his brave heart, self-relying,
Awaits their doom;
While ever to his anxious gaze replying,
The thunder's boom
Tells that the tempest, with a strength undying,
Doth onward come.
Mirth and the dance have given place to sighing;
Alas! too soon!
Blanched are the cheeks which were but lately vieing
The rose in bloom.

The gale has passed—the sombre clouds are stealing
In haste away;
Hushed are the turbid waves—the mist revealing
The source of day;
The elements, their fierce contention healing,
Yield to his sway.
Alas! the storm-king, with a breast unfeeling,
Amid the spray
The fate of that frail vessel hath been sealing,
A helpless prey—
The deep-toned thunder in the distance pealing
A funeral lay.

Dansville, N. Y.

ELSINORE.

BY REV. E. E. ADAMS.

HAVRE, FRANCE,
February 18th, 1848.

IF the traveller would visit Elsinore from Copenhagen, he can do so by the morning post. Passing from the city through the ancient gate, you are at once relieved from narrow, dirty streets, the everlasting noise of men, and steeds and chariots, and the dismal roll of the soldier's drum, by the soft and quiet scenery. No cloud-capt mountain stands in the enchantment of distance before you; no mighty torrent leaps and thunders down the cliff, to pour its hushed waters along the vale; no boundless forest lifts its ancient trunks, nor spreads its beaten boughs to the storm; but trees of richest foliage adorn the bastions and hang over the moat, casting their shadows over the silvery waters; gardens, bright with roses and dew-drops, and rich with every useful herb, smile and breathe their odors; gentle hills, crowned with parks, from the centre of which rise the mansions of Danish nobles, and on one of which, the most distant, is a palace embosomed in shades, present an inviting aspect; whilst the royal highway, adorned on either side with choice trees, and kept in perfect order, enables you to glide onward with pleasure and rapidity. The ride to Elsinore occupies three hours through a region well cultivated, and presenting features not unlike those of English scenery, but not broken by the innovating hand of art; no puffing and smoking engine marring the beauty of nature, or disturbing the peaceful calm of the simple peasants.

The swamps with which this island abounds furnish great quantities of *peat*, which is an article of traffic with the husbandman, and of comfort to all classes. It is cut from the swamps in dry seasons and exposed in heaps to the sun and wind; when sufficiently dried it is taken in the country waggons to the towns for fuel. There is nothing in the *town* of Elsinore to excite the attention of a stranger. The streets are narrow, and dwellings decaying. It is situated on the Sound, in latitude 56° N. and longitude 12° 28′ E. It was a small village of fishermen's huts until 1445, when Eric, king of Pomerania, gave it the dignity of a town, conferred many privileges on the inhabitants, and built a castle for their protection. Its increase has been gradual, the population at present being only seven thousand. Among these are numbers of foreign merchants, many pilots, and a few artisans who excel in the manufacture of jewelry. The passage of the sound is guarded by the fortress of Cronburg, situated on a promontory, opposite which is distinctly seen the coast of Sweden, at a distance of only four miles. This fortress is fortified towards the town by walls and intrenchments, and toward the sea by batteries mounted with sixty cannon, of which the largest are forty-eight pounders. It was anciently very richly furnished, but in 1658 the Swedes pillaged it, taking all its furniture, among which were some statues of massive silver.

Every vessel that passes lowers her topsails and pays a toll at Elsinore. This toll is paid from precedent, as a reward to the Danish government for the support of light-houses and signals to mark the shoals and rocks in the Cattegat. The number of vessels annually passing the sound is from sixteen to twenty-two thousand, and the toll, until within a few years, amounted to *a million dollars yearly*. The right to this toll had long been questioned, and in 1844 some English merchants interested the British Parliament in the matter, the result of which was a reduction. So valuable was this revenue to the Danish nation, that Elsinore has been called "the king of Denmark's gold mine." Vessels are often detained at this port by head winds, when its streets are thronged by seamen, for whose welfare no one is concerned. A few years since a house of worship was erected by the English government, for the benefit of the Scotch and English residents in Elsinore, but it subsequently came into the pos-

session of a Dane, who rented it to a dancing master for his school!

The castle is an object of great interest from its historic and romantic associations. It is an ancient building of grit-stone, inclosing a square area capable of containing twenty thousand men. It has numerous towers, one of which is an observatory, and serves as a beacon, commanding a view of the sound, of the Norwegian mountains, and the coast of Sweden with its flourishing towns. The Princess Matilda was imprisoned in this castle. The only amusement she had was that of tracing on the windows flowers and other objects, together with the portraits of her parents and friends, and to ascend the tower to look at evening, by the moonlight, over the sea whither all she loved had gone. She was finally rescued by the English.

Shakspeare selected this castle as the scene of his "Hamlet." Standing in front of the castle at night in the keen wind that sweeps over the sound, and listening to the solemn murmur of the waves, you will readily appreciate the feelings of the poor soldier Francisco, when being ordered to bed by his officer, he exclaimed:

> "For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
> And I am sick at heart."

Under the castle is a dismal cellar into which light is admitted through cylindrical excavations like wells. This cellar, according to a superstitious tradition, was, for centuries, the abode of a mysterious being—the terror of all Denmark. His name was Ogier, or "Halgar Danské:" "Dane in the cellar." He sat, it is said, over a marble table with his elbows upon it, until his beard had grown down and taken root in the solid slab.

The *bravest* dared not enter his subterranean domain; and his name was sufficient to disarm the stoutest combatant. At length a slave was induced, by the promise of his freedom, to enter the cellar. By the faint light, over bones and rusty armor, the spoils of the dreadful Ogier, he approached his gloomy presence.

"Pause!" exclaimed the sepulchral voice. "Why art thou here? darest enter this fatal abode?"

"I dare!" said the slave, "knowing that I have nothing to lose if it please you to destroy me, but if you permit me to return, I am free."

"It is well," replied the voice; "there are yet men in Denmark."

It is not improbable that a knowledge of this tradition assisted the great poet in his conception of the ghost whom he represents as appearing by night to the officer Marcellus, and to Bernardo and Horatio, friends of Hamlet, and afterwards to Hamlet himself, as his father's spirit, declaring—

> "I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
> Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
> Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
> Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
> And each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine!
> But this eternal blazon must not be
> To ears of flesh and blood:—list, list, oh! list—
> If thou didst ever thy dear father love——"

The royal palace is about half a mile from Cronburg castle, and adjoining it, a garden called Hamlet's garden, said, by tradition, to be the very spot where his father was murdered. The mansion, neither spacious nor elegant, stands at the foot of a sand ridge, near the sea. The garden occupies the hill-side together with a small area below. The hill is laid out in terraces adorned with the common shrubs and flowers of a garden, and on the angles stand a few indifferent statues.

THE JEWESS OF PEREA.

BY ANNA M. HEFFERNAN.

DAY was fast declining into one of those beautifully tranquil evenings, which seem to belong peculiarly to Eastern skies. The softened rays of the setting sun yet lingered above the mountains of Judea, casting a broad flood of golden light across the diversified scenery of the intervening country, and gilding with radiance the domes and minarets of the once beautiful and magnificent city of Jerusalem—still beautiful in its shaded gardens, murmuring fountains, surrounded by green hills and undulating plains, consecrated by many sacred memories.

For days the Roman troops had besieged the city, while famine and desolation reigned within its walls. Piteous were the sounds of sorrow and lamentation that rent the air—grief for the dead and dying, and fearful anticipations of a worse fate for the survivors. Before the portals of their dwellings the inhabitants had prostrated themselves, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, bowing when too late before the throne of their outraged Jehovah, beseeching that his wrath might be stayed, and the wings of the destroying angel no more overshadow their land. But deeper fell the shadows of night, and darker became the woes of the children of Israel, the once favored of the Most High. Resistance and prayers were alike fruitless; the soldiers had entered the city, and violence and bloodshed became universal. Weakened by starvation, the inhabitants made but a slight effort to repel the enemy; and in the streets and on the house-tops were slaughtered old and young, women and their little ones; that it might be fulfilled which was written of the prophets:

"Therefore also will I make thee sick in smiting thee; in making thee desolate, because of thy sins. For her wound is incurable: for it is come unto Judah; it is come unto the gate of my people, even to Jerusalem."

"And they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east; they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it."

Outside the suburbs of the city, in a miserable hut, dwelt Mara, the daughter of Eleazer. From her birth she had been accustomed to rank and wealth; beloved and cherished by her people, with whom she had lived in Perea, on the banks of Jordan. On the first approach of the Romans, she had fled to Jerusalem, with the little property she had been able to secure in her hasty flight. Of this she had been robbed by the rapacious guards; and Zophar, the beloved one of her youth, the chosen of her heart, was sacrificed, while striving to preserve his wife from insult and injury. Through the shades of night, with strength borrowed from her undying love, the heroic woman bore him to the banks of the Jordan, and bathed his brow in its cool waters, and strove to stay the fast gushing life-blood. But in vain. The angel of death stood beside Zophar, and the shadow of his presence fell upon the brow of the wounded man.

"Mara," he breathed softly, "once more lay my head upon thy bosom, ere I enter the dark valley. I feel the touch of death upon my heart, and my sight grows dim, that I cannot see thee, light of my eyes. Jehovah protect thee and our little one, and soon reunite us in paradise."

Poor Mara! her grief was indeed terrible, as she bent over the lifeless form of her beloved. But there was no time for tears, if she would preserve his body from the rude soldiery. With trembling hands she hollowed a bed in the sand and placed all that remained of her Zophar within it. She dared not trust herself with a look, but hastily filling up his grave, she bowed herself on it, until hearing some one approaching, she directed her steps towards the city, and entered it as the light of morning was first visible in the east.

Still young, and exceedingly beautiful, with her child of a year old, she sought and obtained shelter in an obscure abode outside the city, where she had remained for a year, until the time when war and famine had completed the woes of Jerusalem.

From morn until eve had she sat, with droop-

ing head and clasped hands, gazing listlessly out, unheeding the distant sounds of tumult from the city, or the cries of hunger, and shrieks for mercy, which the breeze of evening wafted mournfully past her dwelling. Alas! for two days the unhappy woman had not tasted food, and death was creeping slowly on. Not a morsel of bread found she wherewith to allay the piercing cravings of hunger. And a fate more dreadful than death she would meet, did she venture out to seek food for herself or child. Suddenly she started up, and casting aside the long dark hair that half veiled her face and bosom, stood beside the couch where slept her child. "My baby, my darling one," she murmured, "pearl of my heart, thy mother is faint and weary. The wings of the destroying angel overshadow our dwelling, and his sword has entered my soul. Thou, too, art wasted and cry for food, that I, wretched one, cannot give thee. Why shouldst thou live? Why not die now? Perhaps, ere an hour, the soldiers of the inhuman Cæsar will be here, and tear thee asunder before thy mother's eyes, herself a victim of like cruelty. One slight blow and it would be all over, and thou wouldst rejoin thy father. Ah! methinks this knife would pierce thy bosom more tenderly, sent by thy mother's hand, than would the murderer's steel. O! Jerusalem and Judea, that now suffer for their transgressions against the Holy One of Israel! my name shall become unto you a reproach; my fate will be repeated by our oppressors with fear and trembling. O Jehovah, hear! O Jehovah, forgive! hearken and do for thine own sake. O my God! for the city and people called by thy name, incline thine ear and hear. Open thine eyes and behold our desolations, and our great evil. For under the whole heaven hath not been done, as has been done unto Jerusalem.

"Food! yes; the inhuman wretches asked for food; and when I had it not to give, struck me to the ground—me, a noble Jewess, who abhors their accursed race. They shall have their request, aye, they shall have a sumptuous feast, fit for their imperial tyrant, the great Cæsar!"

Sadly, but without tears, the wretched woman, thus goaded on to desperation, gazed on her sleeping child, all unconscious of its impending fate. Not one embrace did she permit herself. Now it must be done; now, while it slumbers: how could she, should it wake, and smile, and call her mother! One swift blow—one stifled cry—and still the child slept on!

The vast city lay shrouded in darkness—the work of carnage for awhile had ceased: sated with horrors, the soldiers dispersed about the city in bands, to pillage whatever came within their reach. For awhile a deathlike stillness prevailed, only broken by the distant carousal of the troops, or a groan of agony from among the heaps of dying and dead that strewed the lanes and by-ways! Yet over all this suffering and woe, the moon shed down her glorious light into garden and grove, and the placid waters of Jordan reflected on their bosom the innumerable stars of heaven; and the soft evening breeze, bearing perfumes from the Mount of Olives, swept soothingly over the desolate city of Jerusalem, as though it might bring the balm of healing on its wings. Some half intoxicated soldiers were passing the dwelling of the woman of Judea. They entered her abode, and seating themselves, commanded her to bring forth the food she had prepared for herself.

Silently she bowed her head, and prepared to do their bidding; and when the table was garnished, unheeding their coarse jests, or allusions to her beauty, she said unto them, "Eat! This is the remnant of the meal of a Jewish mother, who for the transgressions and desolation that have come upon her people, has been forced to slay for food her own son! Nay, start not! mine own hand hath done this! Eat; for I have partaken of it myself. Why do ye turn pale, and place your hands upon your weapons?—are ye Roman soldiers, and yet pretend to be more tender and delicate than a woman—or to possess greater compassion than a mother? Thus would I feed you! thus would I do with every child, ere they should become slaves to the Roman yoke! Yet a little while, and the proud usurper shall feel the chains wherewith he has fettered my people! Yet a little while, and ye shall become divided, and your glory and power will be but shadows of things that were! Go, tell your tyrant Cæsar that ——" one of the soldiers sprang forward to seize her with the intention of putting her to death. She eluded his grasp, and drawing a knife from her bosom, quick as thought she aimed a blow at the man's breast, and drawing it instantly out, pierced her own heart, and fell dead! Horror-struck at this fearful tragedy—accustomed as they were to scenes of bloodshed and violence—the soldiers

left the house, carrying with them the dead body of their companion. Soon the fearful story circulated about; and while all who heard it trembled, starving mothers clasped still closer to their breasts their little ones, and as they besought Jehovah for deliverance, envied those who had passed peacefully away ere such a reproach and sorrow had come upon Jerusalem.

Such were the woes of a nation whom God had abandoned for their sins.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOHAMMED'S JOURNEY TO HEAVEN.

BY "JOHN SMITH."

THE Moslem writers are fond of marvellous details concerning the birth and mission of their prophet. The least that can be said concerning Mohammed is, that he was an extraordinary man. He seemed intuitively to perceive that the world was ripe for bold imposture, and he forthwith set himself to the accomplishment of his wicked idea.

The stories told of Mohammed from his birth to his death, savor of more than Oriental extravagance. Those wicked spirits who had stationed themselves in the various constellations and signs of the zodiac, to find out what was transpiring in heaven, at the prophet's birth were suddenly and forever dislodged, and shorn of their power to animate idols and utter prophecies on the earth. A large lake suddenly was dried up, so that a city was built there; the sacred fire of the Persians, having burned without intermission more than a thousand years, was extinguished miraculously; and a tremendous earthquake also occurred, when the great event, the prophet's birth, took place! When Mohammed was twelve years old, the monk Sergius asserted that he saw around the boy's head a luminous cloud, preserving him from the intense heat of the sun, and the seal of prophecy was also to be seen between his shoulders. Kissing the boy's garment the monk said to Mohammed's uncle, "Depart with this child, and take care that he does not fall into the hands of the Jews; for your nephew will one day become a very extraordinary person."

This monk without doubt instructed Mohammed in those fundamental notions of the Jewish and Christian religion which he afterwards incorporated into his own. He began his work of imposture about the close of the sixth century, and brought to his aid the most unbending resolution, splendid talents, and that intuitive insight into the weaknesses of men, which enabled him easily to lead them where he chose.

I do not propose to give an extended account of this great impostor, but have given this brief outline as prefatory to a description of Mohammed's journey to heaven, an event which is chronicled by Moslem writers with the greatest reverence. A cave near Mecca was the place of interview between the prophet and the angel Gabriel, whose first appearance was so glorious that Mohammed fainted. The angel saluted him with this flattering announcement, "O Mohammed, thou art the Apostle of God, and I am Gabriel!"

His journey to heaven is set down as having occurred in the tenth year of his mission. The singular extravagances here detailed are gathered from various sources, and the narrative will be made out as far as possible in the language of the Koran and Mohammedan chroniclers. The principal facts are derived from the Universal History, a work so bulky and rare as to be confined almost entirely to our large libraries.

On a certain night Gabriel and another angel accosted Mohammed, who was lying on the ground near Mecca. A noted author assures us that Gabriel forthwith opened the prophet's heart, and washed from it the black drop of

original sin. In the place of this he inspired that same heart with wisdom and faith, and then returned it to the breast of Mohammed. The angel now expanded his seventy pairs of wings and carried the honored man to the beast Al Borak, which had conveyed on his back all the prophets of God when sent to execute some urgent command. Mohammed says this beast was smaller than a mule and larger than an ass, and white as milk. His face was like a man's, and he had jaws like a horse. His eyes were extremely brilliant. His movements were rapid as lightning, and he was said to have a rational soul.

When the prophet approached this animal to mount, he commenced a furious kicking, and would not suffer him to mount, until Gabriel addressed him thus, "Stand still, O Borak, and be obedient to Mohammed, for a greater favorite of God never got on thy back." After some altercation, and some pledges on the part of the prophet, he was suffered to mount, and in the twinkling of an eye was carried to Jerusalem. On his arrival there he found Abraham, Moses, and Jesus, with a great number of prophets and saints, who all saluted him, and went to prayer with him. By a ladder of light he ascended to the first heaven, leaving Al Borak at Jerusalem. Gabriel still accompanied him. The gates of the first heaven opened to them. This heaven was made of pure silver, and the prophet was not a little surprised to find stars pendant by chains of gold from this silver canopy as large as mountains. The angels occupy these stars as watch towers, to defend heaven from the approach of evil spirits. Here dwells Adam, the parent of our race, a decrepit old man, who respectfully saluted Mohammed as the best of the prophets, and begged his powerful intercession with God. He saw many angels there also, but nothing more curious than a cock, white as snow, of such prodigious size that with his head he touched the second heaven, although this was five hundred years' journey from the first. Some Mohammedan writers carry this story still further, and assert that this cock reaches from the first to the seventh heaven, although each is distant from the other five hundred years' journey. At any rate there were angels without number who reverently regarded this greatest son of earth now passing among them.

The second heaven was made of a sort of iron, and this is the abode of Noah, John and *Jesus*. Here there was a prodigious number of angels. The third heaven was made of another kind of iron, and the greatest curiosity the prophet saw here, was an angel of such size that the distance between his eyes is seventy thousand days' journey. It was the Angel of Death, and he was writing in a book constantly some names and blotting out others. David, Solomon and Joseph were also seen here. The fourth heaven is made of very fine silver, but some assert it to be made of emeralds. Here the prophet was greeted very affectionately by Enoch, and he saw an angel whose proportions were so great as to reach from one heaven to the next. He spends his time in weeping and lamentation, for the sins and miseries which men bring on themselves. The fifth heaven Mohammed found built of very fine gold, and here Aaron and Moses met him; the latter recommended himself to the prophet's prayers. The sixth heaven "was a precious stone." The Mohammedans commonly assert that Moses met the prophet here, calling him brother, and weeping at sight of him. His reasons for weeping were, that a mere stripling succeeding him should bring to Paradise more of his own nation than there were happy Israelites. John the Baptist also met the prophet, having in this particular become vastly "preferred before" Jesus.

The seventh heaven was composed of "divine light," but some say its substance was red hyacinth. Here Mohammed saw one of the largest angels created. This angel had seventy thousand heads; each head had seventy thousand faces, each face had seventy thousand tongues, and each tongue spake seventy thousand languages, with all which this singular angel was uttering the praises of Allah the Almighty. Here he met Abraham, so highly honored as to be elevated to the Lote Tree, beyond which no mortal man is allowed to go, except the prophet of Allah. Gabriel himself could accompany Mohammed no further, and now he is committed to the care of the angel Israfil, whose wondrous capacities are much greater than the angel of seventy thousand heads. This one has a million heads, each head a million faces, each face a million mouths, each mouth a million tongues, and each tongue a million languages, all of which are incessantly used in praising God.

On his way to the throne of God he passed over two seas of light and one of dark color, all of them of immense extent. This space was crowded with cherubims and "*spirituals*."

Having traversed this amazing space, he approached God's immediate presence, and heard a voice saying, "O Mohammed, advance and approach the glorious and powerful God." Ascending higher he saw "a luminous appearance of most transcendant brightness, and at the divine command drew so near to the Almighty that he was scarce two bows' length from him." The prophet saw on the right of the throne these words in Arabic, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." Mohammed declares that these same words were written on all the gates of the several heavens. The Almighty now beneficently placed one hand on the prophet's breast and the other on his shoulder, and the coldness pierced through and through him. This piercing coldness was succeeded by the most delicious sensations and the most perfect pleasure.

After this the prophet enjoyed a long conversation with Allah, which was certainly crowded very full of serious matter. Among other things God expounded the mysteries of his law, gave him some special rules by which to regulate his conduct and communicate knowledge to the people. Many special privileges were also conferred on him, among which were, that he should be the most perfect of all men, should be honored above all men, should be the redeemer of all believing on him, should speak all languages, and exclusively possess the spoils of all nations conquered in war.

Perhaps not the least singular part of this parcel of extravagances was this. The prophet received the command to enjoin all his followers to pray fifty times a day, but afterwards on his descent, meeting the great Jewish Lawgiver, who told him that such tedious and multiplied duties could not be exacted, at his persuasion he returned to the presence of God and prevailed with him to abate the exaction of fifty prayers to five a day. This satisfactorily arranged, the honored prophet returned to the earth the same way he came, accompanied by Gabriel. At Jerusalem he found his milk-white Al Borak, who now made no resistance, but like a flash of lightning conveyed him back to Mecca.

Mohammed seems to have feared the skepticism of his followers even, and thus he addressed Gabriel: "I apprehend my people will accuse me of telling lies, if I communicate to them the particulars of my night-journey to heaven!" To this Gabriel is said to have replied, "Abu Becr, O Mohammed, the faithful witness in that case, will sufficiently justify all the particulars of that wonderful event you shall please to enumerate to them." And sure enough, when Mohammed told the story to his uncle and cousin, altogether faithless, they strove to dissuade him from publishing it. But he persisted, until a bitter enemy at last heard it, and ridiculed it so keenly that some of the prophet's followers actually forsook him. His countrymen were on the point of using him harshly, when "the true witness," Abu Becr, miraculously and indisputably established its truth, and thus closed all cavilling mouths. To such an extent did he carry his boldness, that in one chapter of the Koran God is made to swear the whole narration of that journey to be true.

The speed of Al Borak was great, since he galloped from Mecca to Jerusalem, a distance of six hundred miles, in the twinkling of an eye. Such speed as that would almost be sufficient to do what Dr. Beecher once said of the materiality of Gabriel's wings, "had they been material, going at that rate, they would have been torn to atoms!" It is not a little entertaining to set figures to the distances indicated in this wonderful journey. It was five hundred years' travel from earth to the first heaven, and the same distance between the several heavens; that is, from earth to the seventh heaven, was thirty-five hundred years' travel. This reduced to days gives us the respectable number of one million two hundred and seventy-seven thousand five hundred. Forty miles for a day's travel is surely small enough, which will make the distance from earth to the Lote Tree fifty-one million one hundred thousand miles. Beyond the Lote Tree the prophet with Israfil passed over "infinite tracts of space," but we will not mention this indefinite number, since we have definite figures enough to deal with. He must return as he came. Whether the descent was easier than the ascent we do not know, but one thing is certain, the prophet in that eventful night travelled from Jerusalem upward and back again on "a ladder of light," one hundred and two million, two hundred thousand miles! The distance from Mecca to Jerusalem and back again, being only twelve hundred miles, ought hardly to be mentioned in so large a travel!

Allowing the prophet's night to have been ten hours long, he travelled at the comfortable rate of twenty-eight hundred miles a second, or one hundred and seventy thousand a minute,

or more than ten millions of miles an hour! Rapid travelling that! It is almost to be regretted that Mohammed had not known the rapidity of light, and made his heavens far enough apart to justify the conclusion that he had travelled that one night rapidly as the most rapid traveller we know; that is, light flashing through infinite space at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second! Indeed, counting "the infinite tracts of space" beyond the Lote Tree, perhaps he did travel fast as the light!

That was something of an angel too, seventy thousand days' travel between the eyes, or, at the rate of forty miles a day, almost three millions of miles! One almost desires to know whether there was a *nose* there, since two or three worlds like ours melted together and cast into the shape of a nose, would be a mere atom to that which surmounted the face of Mohammed's angel! And then the languages of Israfil amount to the trifling number of one million multiplied into itself five times, making a row of figures thirty-one in number, which would require one of Israfil's tongues to express intelligibly!

Alas for man's credulity! we have no way of dodging by supposing it to be a spiritual journey, since all good Moslems believe Mohammed performed this journey with his own proper body. And yet this is but one of the monstrosities which constitute the creed of a vast portion of the human family. In their design, credibility, sublime simplicity and results, how do the miracles of Jesus Christ contrast with the absurd imposture of Mohammed? And what a lesson is it also on the profound credulity of men, who have greedily swallowed this miserable stuff, as though it were the ambrosia of heaven!

THE WAYFARING LABORER.

BY REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY.

Noble is he who treads the paths of earth,
  Poor and unknown, to gain his daily bread,
  Or delves with spade and plough its turfy bed.
I love the man! his life is better worth
The love of all, his soul of nobler birth,
Than his who, reckless of the toils and tears
Of poverty, will pass luxurious years,
  Feasting on fruits that humble effort yields.
Plod on, lone traveller, bear upon thy back
A weight of labors with thy scanty pack;
  Traverse with lightsome step the open fields;
Thy toil is honor, let thy heart be free!
  Who does not know that labor influence wields?
I leave the rich and turn my love to thee!

THE WIGWAM IN THE FOREST.

BY KATE CLEVELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Beneath the blossoming fruit trees the ground was heaped with snow-white flakes of fallen flowers that the wind shook from the overladen boughs; for it was early summer, that season of beauty, which, like early childhood, bears within its bosom many a delicate leaf yet to be unfolded—telling not in its fresh loveliness of autumn's chilly blasts and withered beauty. Beautiful and perishable as are the first fair flowers of spring! From the forest came the cooing of the wood-dove, and the soft, sweet breath of summer, that played among the leaves, whispering low like some spirit voice. It was a western scene, with its warm and glowing light, with its wealth of clustering blossoms beneath, and its clear, unclouded sky above, that beamed with the hue of faith.

A mother stood at her cabin door, and looked lovingly forth as she watched the receding footsteps of her children; gazing till their little forms were lost to view among the forest trees. Hand in hand they passed; their arms now twined together in the sweet love of childhood, now stooping to gather the flowers that sprang beneath their feet. Then they would shout aloud and clap their hands in childish glee, as a bright-plumed bird flew swiftly past or a brilliant butterfly eluded their unsuccessful springs.

Still they wandered on, and the mother waited anxiously for their return. Deeper and deeper grew the sunlight that rested on the vines before the door, and the noon-day meal was spread on the white table; but they came not. Again the mother went forth to listen; the tiny foot-prints were visible from the door till where they were lost among the thick foliage, and that sweet picture of childish love came before her as when she watched them go forth, perhaps for the last time. A burst of childish laughter seemed borne upon the air, and the mother listened eagerly, but no sound met her ear. Then she called to them, and the forest resounded with their names. As the never slumbering echo gave back the sounds, it seemed an answer to her summons; but the voice was hollow, and unlike the sprightly tones that usually greeted her ear.

Soon the father came from his work in the forest to partake of the noon-day meal, and missing the little arms that twined round his neck, and the warm kisses that met his return, he asked for his children. The wife tried to reply with a firm voice, though her heart misgave her as she uttered the words, "They will come soon." Their meal was eaten in silence, and the husband prepared to return to his labors, when placing her hand on his arm, the mother with faltering voice begged him to go in search of the children. "Perhaps something has happened; they have fallen into the stream, or become the prey of some wild animal." Gazing upon her tearful face in surprise, the husband suspected that all was not right, and prepared to seek the truants.

In the mean time, the children had wandered on to the side of a small stream, and busied themselves in throwing pebbles into its liquid depths. Again and again their childish laughter echoed through the dim old forest, as the transparent waters closed over the smooth white stones, and then reflected them upon the sandy bed beneath. Suddenly those peals of joyous laughter turned to agonizing shrieks that rang harshly upon the air, growing fainter and fainter as though life and strength were fast speeding. The girl, in bending over to reach a gorgeous lily that grew just by the shore, had lost her footing and fallen into the stream. She sank—but rose almost immediately to the surface, on which floated her white dress, and the garland of coral blossoms that wreathed her dimpled shoulders offered a painful contrast to the death-like hue of her countenance. Again she sank, and once more rose to the surface—it was the last time. The boy gazed wildly on that expression of silent anguish, the forest resounded with his shrieks, and, in despair, he was about to plunge into the waves. At this moment a

terrible crackling resounded among the bushes, and a noble dog springing forward, bounded into the stream.

Soon the dripping form of the exhausted child rose to the surface, and proceeding cautiously forward, the faithful animal laid his burden at the feet of his master. As the boy's eyes followed his sister, they rested upon a noble-looking Indian who leaned against a tree, watching with intense interest the motions of his dog. As the sagacious animal laid the drowning child at his feet, he took her gently in his arms, and placed his hand upon her heart to see if it still beat. Slowly the dark-fringed lids began to unclose, and the blue eyes rested in terror on the dusky face bending over her. The boy had unconsciously stolen close to the side of the Indian, and fearful that his sister would soon be murdered by her preserver, he resolved to fight bravely in her defence, nothing daunted by the stature and strength of his fancied adversary. The countenance on which he gazed, though possessing some of the Indian characteristics, was nevertheless one which might inspire confidence in the most timid. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age, and the eyes were entirely devoid of that red, burning look peculiar to the savage; there was also less of cunning and more of mildness and intellect in the expression than is usually found among the Indians. The features were finely formed, and his figure possessed the prominent height and muscular strength of the savage.

Observing that the full lips of the child quivered, and her eyes were fast filling with tears, he placed her on the ground beside her brother, and with folded arms stood gazing on their inquiring faces. The girl clung to her brother for protection, who threw his arms around her with an air of proud defiance, and whispered to her not to be afraid. "Let not the child of the white man fear—Yacota will not harm him." The voice was very sweet and low, and its first tones reassured the children, who no longer looked upon him as an enemy. They followed him to a wigwam which stood near by, gazing in childish wonder at the articles of Indian warfare that decorated the interior. The girl paused timidly at the entrance, afraid to proceed, but her more resolute brother grasped her firmly by the hand, and the two entered together. In another corner stood a few cooking utensils of European manufacture, and a couch was formed of twisted branches covered by a thick buffalo robe. The children paused to gaze upon each article, so new and curious to *them;* and a smile flitted over the sad countenance of their host as he marked their delight. "Where is the wigwam of the pale face?" inquired Yacota; "where dwell the children of the sunny brow?"

Not comprehending the mixture of Indian and English in which these inquiries were uttered, and losing their sound from the rapid tone in which they were spoken, the boy shook his head and made no reply. Again the question was repeated, and from the animated gestures which accompanied it, the boy was able to form some idea of his meaning. But as home, with all its attendant joys, rushed upon his mind, he threw down the shining beads with which he had been playing, and clasping his sister in his arms, sobbed forth: "Mother! mother!" The little one, forgetting in her new toys the home she had so lately left, gazed wonderingly on her brother, and tried to bind his curls with a band of brilliant-hued wampum. Yacota marking the tear-drops that glittered on the rosy cheeks of the boy, took him kindly by the hand and led him forth. Then taking the girl in his arms, he attached a small ebony cross to the wampum with which she was playing, and fastened it round her waist. Onward they proceeded through the forest till the footprints of the children again became visible in the cleared ground. "Farewell," said their guide, "farewell, and remember the Indian, Yacota."

In another moment he was gone; and hastening forward, the children were soon locked in the arms of their father, who, wearied with his fruitless search, was proceeding homeward in hopes of finding them there. The mother, pale and tearful, clasped her restored treasures again and again to her bosom; but when her eye glanced upon their strange ornaments, she shivered with horror at the sight of the cross. The child wept in vain as she was unwillingly deprived of her decorations; but seizing the Popish symbol, the mother flung it from her in horror. The father, a descendant of the old Puritans, and reared in the rigid customs that characterize the New Englanders, partook of his wife's dismay, and exclaimed with upraised eyes and hands, "A wolf hath entered the flock—in our own strength we may not withstand temptation!" The solemn voice of prayer was heard in the settler's cabin, and at the glowing hour of sunset, the incense of their worship ascended to the skies.

CHAPTER II.

Whenever the children wandered into the forest after this, the little girl returned with a wreath of rare wild flowers, or a small basket of the sweetest berries, the gift of Yacota. Sometimes a haunch of venison found its way to the settler's cabin; but these gifts were so secretly bestowed, that no one saw the Indian except the children. He seemed to have that antipathy to society natural to his race, and secluding himself in the solitude of his own wigwam, or wandering far from the haunts of man, he brooded over his wrongs. And they were many; deep and bitter were his feelings as the phantoms of the past rose up before his view—they seemed to call for revenge. There was one that always came at the soft twilight hour, and with a sweet smile upon its face, and waving lengths of dark floating hair wreathing round its shadowy form, sat down by his side and chased away his gloom. Well did he recognize the face of Mahtanee, his lost bride! There, on her green and early grave, the wild flowers grew the thickest, and thither he bent his steps when he left his solitary wigwam. Where now were his race? Banished from their homes by the rapacity of the white man, driven far beyond the waters of the noble Mississippi, their hunting grounds destroyed, and their names banished forever from the places of their birth!

The gratitude of the mother whose children he had saved, slumbered not. The Indian's deep reserve seemed to repulse all sympathy; but there was one heart, a *woman's* heart, that wept with compassion for the isolated being. Then, as the thought of his danger rushed upon her mind, as she reflected how he had been misled to abandon the religion of his fathers and adopt the errors of papacy, she longed to turn him in the right path. One evening, as the setting sun gilded the tops of the forest trees, the settler's wife hastily left the cabin and sought the wigwam in the forest. Now and then she glanced cautiously aside to see that she was not observed; and gaining the wigwam, found that it was empty, as she had anticipated. Tremblingly she advanced, and approaching the couch, laid a small Bible upon it; and then hastily withdrew. As she retraced her steps through the lonely forest, the light, happy heart of girlhood seemed to return; and with a feeling of exquisite happiness—a cheerful presentiment of forthcoming good—she entered the cabin and began to prepare their frugal meal.

Soon the lonely heart of Yacota sought companionship in the settler's cabin. The delicacy of her gift left no doubt that it was a woman's; and that he should have inspired sympathy in one gentle heart, led the Indian more from himself and his own thoughts. He would sit for hours with the youngest child upon his knee, and gazing into its dark blue eyes murmur, as if to himself: "They are the eyes of Mahtanee!"

He told them his melancholy story, and the soft eyes of the settler's wife filled with tears as he proceeded in his recital: "On the banks of the Illinois grew a slender wild flower, that day after day became more beautiful as the delicate leaves unclosed and expanded. Yacota saw this flower, that it was very beautiful, and it learned to look upon him with eyes of love. Yacota was very lonely; his father had gone to the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit, and many moons had waned since first they made his mother's grave. Yacota transplanted the flower to his own wigwam, and Mahtanee nestled lovingly in his bosom. When Yacota returned from the hunt, Mahtanee would come forth from the wigwam with her coral lips parted in a smile, and look tenderly to see if he were hurt; when no wound appeared the smile grew brighter and brighter, but at the slightest scratch her tears fell, and with her soft hand locked in his she sat and gazed mournfully upon him. Like the graceful fawn was the step of Mahtanee; her hair was like the raven's wing, and her eye the startled doe. The lonely wigwam echoed with the voice of a singing bird; and ever still the face of Mahtanee changed not from its sweet smile. When she was happy it broke forth into peals of joyous laughter; but when sorrow clouded the brow of Yacota it was sad and mournful, and beamed lovingly upon him, like some faint star among the misty clouds.

"In the mean time the pale-faces had cast an envious eye upon the hunting grounds and noble forests of the Indians; and they gave glittering beads, which they said were as gold from the mines, for boundless prairies and thick forests, which they cut down to build their dwellings. And the white men came closer and closer; the Indians saw their lands depart from them—and they had no place for their wigwams. Then went Yacota to the pale-faces, and they called him brother, and handed

him the calumet of peace. But Yacota demanded the lands of his fathers that they had taken from him. Then they laughed loudly, and told him to carry his tribe far from their native homes—far from the place where the smoke of their wigwams would no longer curl. Then Yacota spoke bitter words, for his heart was full of hate, and he returned to his people. The Indian warriors painted themselves for the battle—they would leave no trace of the white men who had thus cruelly used them. Then came Mahtanee like an angel of good; for while the deceitful pale-faces slept, the warriors would strike the tomahawk into their brains, and hang their scalps within their wigwams. And Mahtanee wished not Yacota to slay the white men; she said the Great Spirit would be angry, and his face would darken to Yacota as a stormy sky. But the heart of Yacota burned for revenge, and he listened not to Mahtanee.

"Then the soft eyes of Mahtanee wept bitter tears; but Yacota heeded not; he painted himself for the battle, and longed to strike the treacherous pale-faces. Night came with all its starry splendor—and lo! while yet Yacota slept, Mahtanee left his side and wandered from the wigwam. So quietly she went that Yacota knew it not—he thought she still slept. Then went Mahtanee forth in the moonlight to the pale-faced chief to whisper in his ear that Yacota would scatter his people like the forest leaves in autumn time. And Mahtanee went on—a beautiful hope clung round her heart, and the Great Spirit gave her strength. She loved Yacota, but she could not bear the shrieks of the white men as the deadly tomahawk sought their brains. But the pale-faces were on their guard—and as Mahtanee advanced they shot her to the ground! In the dim, misty night they thought to kill an Indian warrior. When Yacota awoke he found that Mahtanee was gone; and he followed her footsteps through the forest till he traced them to the camp of the pale-faces.

"What sight is that which causes the heart of Yacota to jump, and his eyes to start from their sockets? There, on the ground before him, lies the form of Mahtanee, with the crimson stream still flowing from her heart! Then the quick ear of Mahtanee knew the step of Yacota; and opening once more her eyes, she smiled upon him, and then they closed forever! And often in the night comes Mahtanee and stands beside the couch of Yacota, with the smile upon her face. But as Yacota stretches forth his arms to clasp her to his bosom, the smile grows sad—and then she vanishes from his side. Yacota made the grave of Mahtanee far among the tall forest trees, and laid her to rest with the wild flowers blooming over her. Yacota departed from the battle, and the pale-faces drove his tribe beyond the Mississippi—and the heart of Yacota was lonely as at first.

"Then came a pale-face with a solemn countenance; one who fought not against the Indians, and dwelt apart from the white men. He came to Yacota and bade him be happy. He placed the cross in Yacota's hands, and taught him to pray to the saints; and Yacota listened to his words. They fell upon his ear like cooling rain in the summer time, and the heart of Yacota was comforted. Then went the pale-face back to his own people far, far beyond the great sea; he told Yacota to remember his words and join him in the spirit-land. And when Yacota saw the child of the pale-face, a bad spirit stood by his side and whispered in his ear: 'Let her die for Mahtanee.' But the face of Mahtanee looked mournfully upon him from the clouds, and Yacota knew that it was wrong."

Long and patiently did the settler's wife, with a true woman's heart, that never failed, labor to convince the Indian of his error. Her mind was full of poetic feeling, which, though somewhat blunted by the rough habits of a settler's life, would now and then shine forth. The story of Yacota's griefs carried her back to the days of early girlhood, when Love first twined around her heart; and she brushed away a silent tear as those first fair visions of romantic happiness dawned upon her mind—now rudely dispelled by how different reality! But a Christian trust reproached her for these feelings; and when after long and toilsome labor came the reward she so earnestly sought, her full heart desired no more. And when in after years she related to her children's children the tale of Yacota's griefs—his error—and his happy death, the lips moved as though in silent prayer, and a smile of rapturous joy illumined her face.

THE VINE.—A SKETCH.

"In this little rocky dell," said my grandfather, as I, a light-hearted, laughing girl, tripped by his side, on a sunny May morning—"in this very dell which you so much love, I, too, used to play, when my eyes were as bright and my heart as light as yours; and when we reach yonder rock, and are seated, I will tell you a little story, which may interest, and, perhaps, instruct you."

My heart, as well as my limbs, bounded at this mention of a story, for I well know how sweetly my grandfather could blend the useful and attractive; and in a moment I was seated, and my dress spread upon the rock to the extent of its dimensions, for the double purpose of protecting the feeble old man from its coldness, and inducing him to sit very near me. I nestled closely to his side, and looked wistfully in his eye, which seemed lighted with something of youthful brilliancy, as he called up this reminiscence of his boyhood. "There," said he, pointing to a cleft rock which had been riven and thrown into a mass by some unknown power—"there, from amid that mass, when I was a boy, I uprooted a little, stunted vine, which seemed struggling for life, with a multitude of opposing circumstances. I looked at its pale and scattered leaves, which the warm rays of the sun but seldom reached, its creeping, scraggled roots, watered by no friendly rill, and scarce covered with soil, and my young heart pitied its lone poverty. Come with me, little, friendless vine, said I; I will transplant thee in a more genial soil, where 'sun and shower diffuse their warmest influence,' and if thou wilt requite my labors, thou shalt be the pride and joy of my heart. I loosened its slight hold to its native rock, and bounded homeward. I turned up the rich mould at the sunny side of our cottage door, and with boyish ardor planted deeply the tiny roots which had scarce ever before known shelter. I removed every shrub which would throw a shadow upon it; at morn and even I watered it, and with anxious eye waited the effect of my faithful labor. Nor did I wait and look in vain; soon it thrust upward its hitherto stunted tendrils, its broad leaves glistened in the dews of the morning, and its sweet perfume mingled with every breeze that swept across the door-way.

"I left the cottage for a distant school; years passed, and when I returned, its strong green arms seemed to uphold the cottage roof, its luxuriant foliage threw a grateful shadow over the rude seat which had been reared beneath it. It seemed to woo the passing zephyrs, and hold them singing in its bosom, and while I lounged beneath its shade, they carolled in my ears soft lullabies. The birds beneath the cottage eaves and within its sheltering branches, whispered their loves, reared their rustic homes, and sang soft soothing notes to their tiny nestlings.

"Again I left that cottage home, *a man*, to toil and struggle 'mid the strife and fever of the world.' Long and weary was the war I waged with its cares, its hopes deferred, its prospects never realized, and I returned an old, gray-headed man.

"As I approached the time-changed roof, which, in the days of boyhood, and, indeed, of wandering manhood too, had seemed to me the very concentration of joy and peace, of hope and happiness,—though gone, all gone, were the friends of my youth, the parents who had soothed my infant sorrows, and ministered to the wants of riper years,—the soft, sweet voice of a sister, too, who had been as the light of heaven to the eye of my soul, was hushed in the long sleep of the grave,—still flourished and bloomed on my beautiful vine, and as its soft leaves fanned my fevered brow, I exclaimed, in the language of an unknown poet,

"'Oh! beautiful to me art thou,
Green vine,—my pity now
Is well repaid:
When thou wert weak, unnoticed, lone,
I saved, and loved thee as my own.
Now thou dost prove
How, blessing others, we are blest.
Though joy is dead within my breast,
Yet thou wilt sing my life to rest,
'Mid scenes I love.'"

C. M. S.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

THE PURITAN IMMIGRANTS.—As our publisher has chosen for one of the embellishments of the present number of the magazine, a sketch—in the main an excellent one, we think—of the debarkation of the immigrants in the ship Mayflower, it may, perhaps, be expected, that some buckets full of editorial enthusiasm will be dipped up from Plymouth harbor, to treat our readers withal. But we shall do no such thing; and that for several reasons, not the least of which is, a pretty strong suspicion that our readers are generally good, sensible people. It is the fashion of the times for a man to run crazy, and foam at the mouth, and perform all manner of strange antics, at the mere mention of the name of a hero; and when you talk to him of half a score of these heroic characters, it is necessary sometimes to hold him, for fear he will break somebody's crockery, in his wild, disorderly *mêlée*. But we are for taking things a little more coolly. There is some policy in this, we confess; for we cannot help thinking, ever and anon, when we are dealing with a hero, that if we raise a whirlwind and waft him up into the skies, we shall have to get up pretty much the same sort of a whirlwind for the next hero that comes along. We hope we shall not be charged with penuriousness; but this bellows-blowing is too expensive. We declare we can't afford it.

That the Puritans of Old England and New England were stern, iron-hearted, conscientious, principled men, however, we wonder anybody who forms his notions in this century, can for a moment doubt. They have, indeed, been overrated. But that is no reason we should underrate them. With all their errors, foibles, faults, weaknesses—and they had some, many, if you will have it so—they presented some of the richest specimens of humanity the world has ever produced. There was too much *religionism*, so to speak, among them—too much technical religion. Their faces were elongated more than they need have been, and there was an austerity bordering on asceticism in their piety. Those things were not well. But were they worse than their relative extremes? and where, in Cromwell's century, will you go for the *spirit* of Christianity, if you do not find it among the Puritans? They deserve well of the world, for having done so much toward the solution of that problem about liberty of conscience. Even Hume, skeptical Hume, looking through the green spectacles of infidel philosophy though he always did, was obliged to confess this. Conscience was everything with them. "But they made some sad blunders in that same matter." So they did. But these blunders were the legitimate result of the circumstances under which they had been educated. To us, the wonder is not that they made the blunders, but that they were able to break away so far from the influence of their early education—not that the full blaze of the sun of religious liberty did not burst upon them at once, which would have been little else but a miracle, but that that sun shed around them so pure and beautiful a twilight.

It is a truth—and it were idle to dispute it and to cavil at it, as some affect to do—that the foundation of our free institutions was laid on the rock of Christian principle; and we believe they are maintained only by the maintenance of Christian principle. We do not believe there is any other wall between the present order of things and anarchy and monarchy; nor can we believe that any republican government resting on another basis will attain to a very remarkable longevity. If the French republic ever becomes hoary-headed, there will have to be a new corner-stone laid, or we are but a sorry prophet.

NAPOLEON AND ADAMS.—What a contrast was there in the death, as well as in the life of these two great men! The conclusion of Gov. Seward's late eulogy, on the occasion of the death of the American statesman, presents this contrast in a manner as elegant as truthful. The orator portrays the beautiful and impressive picture of the last days of Adams. "He could not shake off the dews of death,"—we quote the language of the eulogy—"that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him. But *he* knew that Eternity lay close by the shores of Time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence, even in that hour, inspired him with

his ancient sublimity of utterance. 'THIS,' said the dying man, 'THIS IS THE END OF EARTH.' He paused for a moment, and then added, 'I AM CONTENT.'

Then is sketched with a hand as masterly and true, the rise and fall of another remarkable man. The sketch is lengthy, but we cannot resist the temptation to present it entire: "Only two years after the birth of John Quincy Adams, there appeared on an island in the Mediterranean Sea, a human spirit, newly born, endowed with equal genius, without the regulating qualities of justice and benevolence which Adams possessed in such an eminent degree. A like career opened to both: born, like Adams, a subject of a king—the child of more genial skies, like him, became in early life a patriot and a citizen of a new and great republic. Like Adams, he lent his service to the State in precocious youth, and in its hour of need, and won its confidence. But unlike Adams, he could not wait the dull delays of slow and laborious, but sure advancement. He sought power by the hasty road that leads through fields of carnage, and he became, like Adams, a supreme magistrate, a consul. But there were other consuls. He was not content. He thrust them aside, and was consul alone. Consular power was too short. He fought new battles, and was consul for life. But power, confessedly derived from the people, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again, at least in death. He was not content. He desolated Europe afresh, subverted the republic, imprisoned the patriarch who presided over Rome's comprehensive see, and obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of kings divine, and their right to reign indefeasible. He was an emperor. But he saw around him a mother, brothers and sisters, not ennobled, whose humble state reminded him and the world that he was born a plebeian; and he had no heir to wait impatient for the imperial crown. He scourged the earth again, and again fortune smiled on him, even in his wild extravagances. He bestowed kingdoms and principalities on his kindred,—put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Hapsburgh's imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight; a diadem was placed on its infant brow, and it received the homage of princes, even in its cradle. Now he was, indeed, a monarch—a legitimate monarch—a monarch by Divine appointment—the first of an endless succession of monarchs. But there were other monarchs who held sway in the earth. He was not content. He would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies from his own land—from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and brave—one from every household—from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder Zee—from Jura to the ocean. He marshalled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal dominion which seemed almost within his grasp. But ambition had tempted fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, repelled, pursued, surrounded him. The pageant was ended. The crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride, forsook him in the hour when fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate, and he was no longer emperor, nor consul, nor general, nor even a citizen, but an exile and a prisoner, on a lonely island, in the midst of the wild Atlantic. Discontent attended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off, at the earliest dawn and in evening's latest twilight, toward that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp. His heart corroded. Death came, not unlooked for, though it came even then unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed, within the fort which constituted his prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around, with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearisome watching was at hand. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and inglorious inactivity. The pageant of ambition returned. He was again a lieutenant, a general, a consul, an emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again reinvested with the pompous pageantry of royalty. The daughter of the long line of kings again stood proudly by his side. and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks. The marshals of the empire awaited his command. The legions of the Old Guard were in the field, and their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished. Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark and England, gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger,

and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft and cried, 'TETE D'ARMEE.' The feverish vision broke—the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosed, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. This was the END OF EARTH. THE CORSICAN WAS NOT CONTENT."

OUR BIRDS.—Say what you will, the partridge is a very interesting bird, on more than one account; and the pair which our artist has sketched in the engraving brings so forcibly to our mind sundry tricks which we have noticed in some members of this family, that we can hardly help alluding to one or two. You must know that the partridge is a very demure-looking sort of fellow. Nobody would suspect, to see these birds hobbling along in the woods, and occasionally turning around in a very silly manner, to look at their pursuer, that there was any wit about them. But there is a good deal of it. When the female has a nest, her cunning almost always prevents its discovery. We have spent hours, when a boy, in hunting after a partridge's nest, but we could have found a gold mine as well. As soon as the partridge perceives an enemy approaching, she leaves her nest carefully, after covering it with leaves, and without making the least noise, walks away several rods from the spot. Then she discovers herself, and tries to make her enemies believe that her treasures are concealed in that vicinity. When the young appear, the mother makes use of another artifice at the approach of danger. She first utters a note of alarm, which the little ones understand, and in an instant they hide themselves among the leaves or grass, till the danger is over. The mother throws herself in the path, and begins to flutter and beat the ground with her wings, at a great rate, pretending to be wounded. The object of this feint is to draw attention from the young to herself, which, unless the passenger is well acquainted with her stratagems, she succeeds in doing. She allows herself to be chased until she is at a sufficient distance from the spot where the little ones are concealed, and then she exhibits pretty conclusive evidence that her power of locomotion is quite adequate to the circumstances, after all. This manœuvre is rather a severe satire on the rapacity of the race of Adam. This running full tilt after the largest prize—real or supposed—is a peculiarity of the genus *homo*, so marked, it should seem, that animals much lower in the scale of intelligence have learned to take advantage of it.

BULKLEY'S NIAGARA.—We promised our readers, a while ago, to present a specimen of this poem, recently issued from the press of Leavitt, Trow & Company; and now that so many thousands are flocking to see the world-renowned cataract, we must redeem the promise. What do you say to this, reader?

"I saw the day-star set behind the hills;
The shadows fell o'er plain, and stream, and vale,
As if the sunbeams bright had lost their life,
And now had lengthened out their darkened forms
To die on earth; slowly they sank to rest,
Their requiem sung in vesper tones of birds,
And leaves and brooks that murmured low their grief
In muffled winds, and groaning cataracts;
The tearful flowers their censers waved in air,
The streams moved on funereal to the sea,
Their burial-place, bearing with solemn looks
The death shades of the day; and as they marched,
Their footsteps lightly might be heard to sweep
Along th' enamelled banks, themselves all clad
With Night's dim robe of grief. The hills stood by,
Like dark-veiled mourners round the couch of death,
With sorrow mute, and witnessed last of all
The spectacle of Day's departing light,
Sending their tears forth from their fountain-eyes,
While the green trees, their offspring on their breasts,
Wept dew-drops down upon the sad dark bier,
Borne by the rivers on. All Earth was still,
Her hour for tears had now returned again,
For darkness settled on her heart its weight;
The moaning Waterfall threw down his form
In grief's abandonment, and writhed in wo;
Yet not forgetful of the widowed sky,
Into her ear he poured his sympathies
With manly voice, to soothe her aching breast;
And o'er her brow to close her sleepless lids,
Whose starry lashes shone 'mid dewy tears,
Drew the soft curtains of his gauze-like mists.
Slowly the moments made their pilgrimage,
For the dim clouds hung o'er the path of Time,
To frown away the stars that measure night,
And check his chariot wheels in circling course.
The last deep sigh of natural life seemed heaved,
At evening, and methought the pulseless earth
Had died indeed, her children parentless,
And not a kindred orb to weep her loss."

DEMPSTER'S CONCERTS.—Mr. Dempster, the far-famed vocalist, has taken his leave of our city, though we hope only for a short time. We are always delighted with his singing. There is not a particle of empiricism about him, that ever we could see. He puts on no airs—employs no superfluous so-called embellishments, to captivate the soulless vulgar—he does not "tear a passion to tatters, to very rags," with his endless graces, his trills, and turns, and tremandos, like a poor, shivering victim of the ague. On the contrary, he is simple, modest,

unaffected—willing to make up in the sweetness of his musical tones what he lacks in clap-trap. The airs he sings are mostly of his own conception; and some of them, as specimens of the true ballad style, are most effective. Such sweet and touching efforts as the "May Queen," and the "Lament of the Irish Emigrant," place him in the front rank of composers in this department, and separate him from the legion of stupid musical pretenders, as far at least as the poles are separated.

A WORD TO NEW CONTRIBUTORS.—We are always happy to hear from a new contributor, and wish to extend a general and cordial invitation to our friends to write for our pages. There is a vast amount of talent in every community, which, like latent heat, is now useless to others; and which, with a little effort, might become available. We do sincerely hope, that no excessive modesty or fear of editorial censorship, will deter any one who has the faculty of writing sensibly and well, from sending us an occasional contribution. The publisher authorizes us to say, that he will forward the Magazine one year to any person from whom an acceptable article is received.

Now we think of it, we must acknowledge the receipt of some pleasant lines from a new female contributor, under the caption of "Grief for the Dead," which shall appear in our next number. May we hope to hear again from the same source?

PARLOR TABLE.

Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire. Complete in two volumes; with sixteen steel Portraits in Military Costume. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. New York: Sold by John S. Taylor.

This work is issued in the same style with "Washington and the Generals of the Revolution," by the same enterprising house, and it has a similar general design and plan. We have taken great pleasure in reading it. The picture which the author draws of Napoleon is, in our judgment, pretty nearly accordant with truth. In other words, we do not essentially dissent from the conclusions arrived at in the history, and think that he is right in the main. There must be, from the nature of the case,—from the brilliancy, eccentricity, and unparalleled achievements of this remarkable man, as well as from the diversity of position in the stand-points from which he must be viewed—various and conflicting opinions respecting his motives, while none, unless they be wilfully and stupidly blinded by prejudice, can fail to concede to him the possession of genius in a degree seldom reached in the world's history. Those who have written of Napoleon's achievements, and who have respectively passed them under review, in the light of philosophy, have very generally fallen into one of two opposite extremes. They have either praised him too much or too little—either lauded him as a sort of demi-god, both as to the strength of his intellect, and the purity, disinterestedness, and philanthropy of his aims; or branded him as an ambitious, blood-thirsty fiend in human shape, with about the same number of redeeming qualities that Milton accords to the arch-apostate himself. Now it needs but little shrewdness for an unprejudiced student of history to discover that neither of these opinions is correct. The truth, we humbly conceive, lies somewhere between these extremes—very possibly about midway. At all events, the writer of this history seems disposed to avoid equally both extremes, and we certainly honor his judgment. The sketches of this wonderful general and his twenty-six marshals, besides possessing great intrinsic excellence, which adapts them to any age, will be especially interesting when read in the light of the new and astonishing political changes that are now taking place in France, and in fact on the whole arena of Napoleon's conquests.

Gunn's Domestic Medicine, or, Poor Man's Friend in the hours of Affliction, Pain, and Sickness. New revised edition, improved and enlarged. New York: Charles M. Saxton.

As a general proposition, we are opposed to the use of those books in the family which describe the symptoms and modes of treatment of all manner of diseases. Somebody has said that the world is governed too much With equal truth we think it may be said that the world is doctored too much; and it has been our opinion that medical works professing to be safe guides for the use of the family, were too often the offspring of empirics. For this reason we have thought them capable of effecting quite as much evil as good. But this book of Dr. Gunn, if we do not greatly mistake, is liable to no objections on this score. It bears the marks of having been written by a scientific man, and one of intimate acquaintance with his profession. We like it for this reason, too, if for no other—that it advocates the use of medicine sparingly; and in cases of slight indisposition not at all. Dr. Gunn's practice, we believe, is somewhat in accordance with the principles of the old school, though differing from those principles so far as to be called the *reformed* practice. What that reformation is, exactly, we do not know. Perhaps it consists, in part, in giving less medicine—perhaps in administering fewer mineral and more vegetable agents—perhaps it includes both these elements At any rate, our examination of the book leads us to believe that these elements are embraced in the system; and this change of itself is a reform worth speaking of. We should think it decidedly the best manual of the kind that we have ever seen. For our single self, we hardly know what to believe, in this revolutionary age, about this matter of curing diseases. We are erratic, perhaps, in our theories—skeptical, for aught we know.

A French Grammar, or, Plain Instructions for learning French. In a series of Letters. By WILLIAM COBBETT. New York: John Doyle.

As an assistant in learning to read and write the French language, this Grammar has long stood in the front rank, and we are glad to see this edition of Mr. Doyle. The style is

plain, simple, familiar, and admirably adapted to secure the interest of the student.

Major Jones's Sketches of Travel, comprising the Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures, in his Tour from Georgia to Canada. With eight original engravings, from designs by Darley. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This is a humorous production of considerable merit, from our friend Thompson, the accomplished editor of the Baltimore Western Continent. Whoever, from dyspepsia, hypochondria, or any kindred malady, wants to laugh for an hour or two—and laughing is sometimes attended with the happiest medicinal effects, to say nothing about the moral aspect of the thing, which Carlyle says ought not to be overlooked—will find the Major's Sketches especially applicable to their case.

Eliza Atwood, or, the Resemblance. An Authentic Tale. By E. OAKLEY. New York: Samuel Raynor.

A very pleasing and useful book, inculcating lessons of morality, particularly adapted to Sabbath schools.

Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

We have just received the 21st number of this excellent series, through the politeness of Messrs. Long & Brother. Take it altogether, this work is perhaps the most complete and best of its kind ever published in this country; and the mechanical style in which it appears is tasteful and elegant. The embellishments, of which there are a profusion, add not a little to its attractiveness and intrinsic value.

A Map of the Countries mentioned in the New Testament, and the Travels of the Apostles—with Ancient and Modern Names. From the most authentic sources. New York: J. H. Colton.

This map must be of great service to every student of the Bible, and especially of the New Testament. It is very neatly and tastefully got up, and is conveniently mounted for suspension. It is withal so cheap as to be within the reach generally of clergymen in moderate pecuniary circumstances, and Sabbath school teachers.

The La Fayette Fusiliers' Quick Step, as performed by Dodworth's Cornet Band. By CHARLES KESS. New York: F. Riley & Company.

This is the title of a very creditable piece of music just issued in sheet form.

The Constitution of Man, Considered in Relation to External Objects. By GEORGE COMBE. Illustrated with twenty engravings. Twentieth edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Fowler & Wells.

As some three hundred thousand copies of this work have been circulated in Europe and America, it is, perhaps, too late in the day for an extended critique. Its general character ought to be pretty well known, one would suppose. For ourselves, we think the book has been too highly extolled on the one hand, and too unceremoniously and vindictively assailed on the other. In our view, it contains a great many hints in relation to physical and intellectual training which are valuable in the highest degree; while, we are forced to admit, many of the notions of the author on moral and religious subjects are unsound, untenable, unsafe.

Principles of Zoology, touching the Structure, Development, Distribution, and Natural Arrangements of the Races of Animals, Living and Extinct. With numerous illustrations. For the use of Schools and Colleges. Part I. *Comparative Physiology.* By LOUIS AGASSIZ and AUGUSTUS A. GOULD. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

Through the favor of Messrs. L. Colby & Company, of this city, we have received a neat duodecimo volume with the above title, which is the first of a series of some three or more similar treatises on the science of Zoology. No one can give even a glance at this book, without perceiving that the authors were thoroughly acquainted with their subject; and we cannot doubt that the series will be of great advantage to those who wish to learn the first principles of Zoology—a science, the knowledge of which, to some extent at least, seems to us greatly desirable.

William the Cottager. By the author of "Ellen Herbert, or, Family Changes." New York: Harper & Brothers.

A juvenile tale, well written, entertaining, and inculcating the best of moral and religious principles.

The Life of Rev. Orange Scott. Compiled from his Personal Narrative, Correspondence, and other authentic sources of information. By LUCIUS C. MATLACK. New York: Published at the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room.

We have looked over this volume with no little interest and pleasure. Mr. Scott was a member of the Protestant branch of the Methodist Church, and a very active, spiritual Christian. Though we cannot endorse all the views he held, or approve of all his measures, yet we greatly love his earnestness and zeal, tempered as they were, or seemed to be, by so many other admirable qualities. His origin was obscure, and his early advantages by no means favorable to intellectual development; but he was not poorly educated, for all that. The education of circumstances is sometimes worth more than the teachings of the schools. We think it was so in this instance. The Memoir contains a portrait of Mr. Scott, which those who knew him pronounce a truthful one.

Daily Scripture Readings. By the late THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D. In three volumes. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a continuation of the commentary, already warmly commended, on the Old Testament; and extends from Psalms to Jeremiah, inclusive. It cannot fail to be of great service to the general reader of the Bible.

The Practical Book of Composition. By EDWARD A. MORGAN, of Abbott's Institution, New York. No. 2. Astronomical Engravings. New York: Clark, Austin & Company.

The plan of the series of books, of which this is a part, is to present engravings of the different subjects treated of, and to require the pupil, from these engravings, to write explanations and general descriptions. For this purpose each book is interleaved with letter paper, and a page left blank, with the exception of the engraving at the head of it.

The Messrs. Harper have just brought out a work in two duodecimo volumes, entitled *Loiterings in Europe.* If any one should happen to pass this book by under the impression that everything has been said by European travellers that is worth hearing, he will commit a great blunder. We hope, for his own sake, he will do no such thing. In our estimation, he would be acting a much more sensible part to loiter for some half a dozen hours in company with this author.

THE THREE GREAT CRISES IN MODERN HISTORY.

No. I.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

THERE have been some epochs when a result different from that which actually took place would have changed the whole current of the world's history, and have given another development to the human race. Twice, for instance, in ancient history, the question was to be decided whether the Occident or the Orient should prevail. Had the Persian invasion of Greece been successful, or had Carthage been victorious over Rome in the Punic wars, Europe would at this day have been as Asia, and America as Africa.

The Roman empire belongs properly to the old-world civilization: modern history dates from its overthrow. The issue of that series of irruptions of the Northern Barbarians, which, in the fifth century, overthrew the Roman empire, and laid the foundations of the nations of Europe, constitutes the First Great Crisis in Modern History.

The twelve centuries of dominion, which according to the augurs were prefigured by the twelve vultures which appeared to Romulus at the foundation of Rome, were drawing to a close. The old Roman virtue was well-nigh extinct; the government was every day becoming more odious at home, and less formidable abroad. The public burdens grew heavier and heavier; the patricians and the wealthy shifted the weight from their own shoulders, which thus pressed still more heavily upon the poor. Throughout the provinces the magistrates were held personally liable for the collection of the taxes; and the severest penalties were imposed upon citizens who should decline the magistracy, or evade the performance of its duties; so that the name of Roman citizen became a shame and a burden instead of a glory and a defence. The tendency of wealth to accumulate in masses, which is the most fatal symptom of national decay, was most strikingly developed. The only sure safeguard of a state, the race of free cultivators and craftsmen, declined, while the proportion of slaves increased, till they finally amounted to more than half the population—more than half the population charged with no duties, capable of no trust, adding nothing to the strengh, because having no interest in the welfare of the state, yet requiring food and needing restraint and guidance! Corruption, effeminacy, and venality ruled in city, camp, and country.

Such was the net result of ancient civilization as embodied in the Roman empire. It had full opportunity for development, undisturbed from within and without, and here was its issue. Into such a civilization the Gospel was thrown; but it was insufficient to renovate the worn-out world. Or rather, the world that then was could not be purified, and a new race was to be raised up, and a new civilization to take the place of the old.

Where the carcass is there the eagles are gathered together. From countries unknown to the Romans; from the North and the East; from those lands which the Greeks in their ignorance styled Hyperborean—lying beyond the north-east wind—poured forth swarms of barbarians upon the degenerate empire.

The original impulse seems to have been given in the heart of those regions occupying the slopes of the Altay mountains, stretching from the Chinese wall on the south to the frozen ocean on the north. Here, as we learn by the dim light of Chinese history, was the seat of the Huns at the commencement of the Christian era. From these their ancient seats they were driven by the Tartars. The victors still pressing on their rear, the Huns fled westward, watering in their flight their herds in the Oxus and the Jaxartes. Turning finally toward the north, they passed the Aral and Caspian seas, and enter the light of Roman history. Crossing the Tanaïs and the Volga, they threw themselves upon the Goths, whose possessions extended from the Baltic to the Euxine. The force of the impact drove the Goths upon the Danube and the Roman frontier.

Meanwhile the nations of Germany were roused by a sudden impulse. They drew together in vast and irregular hordes, received or assumed the name of Vandals or Wanderers, passed the Rhine, hastened through France, and poured over the Pyrenees into Spain.

When the hour for destruction came, there appeared almost simultaneously over the three barbarous nations, three great and wise monarchs, to each of whom was assured a share of the field to reap; but all of whom were to thrust their sickles into the Italian sheaves, already whitened for the harvest. In Thrace arose Alaric the Goth; Genseric the Vandal in Spain; and in Hungary Attila the Hun.

The first of this triad was Alaric. He crossed the Danube on the ice, traversed the plains of Macedonia and Thessaly, passed Thermopylæ, where no Leonidas opposed his progress, and overran the whole of Greece, leaving all along bloody traces of his path.

Having ravaged Greece, Alaric turned upon Italy. But though the heart of the empire was struck with disease, there was still spasmodic strength in those giant limbs which had grasped the extremities of the earth. The legions were called from all the provinces to the defence of Italy. Thrice was the Goth repelled; but urged on by an impulse which he declared he had no power to resist, he returned to the attack. The convulsive strength of Rome was exhausted, and Alaric stood a victor before her walls; the first stranger who, since Hannibal, six centuries before, had beheld the imperial city, save as an ally, a suppliant, or a captive. An attempt was made to extort favorable terms by setting forth the number of forces which the city contained. "So much the better," was the haughty reply; "the thicker the grass the more easily is it mown." Famine at length assailed the beleaguered city. In the marble halls of her patricians, food from which a beggar would have turned with loathing, was eagerly devoured from golden dishes worth a monarch's ransom. The horrors related of besieged cities were here realized. The living feasted upon the dead; mothers, it is said, slaughtered their own offspring for food. Pestilence trod hard upon the heels of famine. Alaric at last condescended to fix a rate of ransom. He demanded all the gold and silver; all the valuable movables in the city, whether public or private property, and all the barbarian slaves. "What," asked the trembling citizens, "will be left for us?" "Your lives!" was the answer. The respite was but brief. The city was soon again invested, captured, and abandoned to pillage. Forty thousand liberated barbarian slaves exercised a vengeance as deep as their wrongs had been, and washed out the ignominy of their stripes in the noblest blood of Italy.

When about to carry his arms into Sicily, Alaric was met by a mightier conqueror—death. His soldiers caused the river Busentius to be turned from its course, and dug the grave of their monarch in its bed. They piled the spoils of Rome above his body, and then restored the waters to their ancient channel, having massacred the slaves who had performed the task; thus forever concealing the sepulchre, so that no man should ever be able to boast that he had set his foot above the body of the king of kings.

Africa was the field assigned to Genseric the Vandal. He passed the straits of Gibraltar in vessels furnished by the Spaniards, joyful to expedite his departure. A new city had sprung up upon the ruins of ancient Carthage, which almost rivalled the magnificence of Rome itself. Genseric appeared so suddenly before it, that while the Vandals were mounting the walls the inhabitants were thronging to the circus. The fertile African coast, the granary of Rome, crowded with the monuments of Roman magnificence, were overrun by the Vandals, whose name has become a synonym for havoc and destruction. No quarter was given where resistance was encountered. The inhabitants were summoned to deliver all their precious metals and jewels to the royal officers; and any attempt at concealment was rigorously punished. The lands of the provinces were divided among the conquerors, who thus prepared themselves for a permanent settlement. The fertile but narrow strip of territory along the African shore was too limited to satisfy the ambition and avarice of Genseric. The loss of Africa had severed the sinews of the Roman power. The Mediterranean formed a tempting highway to further conquests. Once more the fleets of Carthage shadowed "our sea," as the Romans proudly styled the Mediterranean. Little cared Genseric whither he steered. When his pilot asked whither he should bend his course, "Where God sends us," was the reply; "the winds will bear us against those with whom God is wroth." Rome had partially recovered from the sack by the Goths; and thither the Vandals sailed. For fourteen days

and nights the city was given up to plunder. Among the booty was the seven-branched candlestick, and the golden table, which Titus had taken from the temple at Jerusalem four centuries before.

Contemporary with Genseric was Attila. The Huns had lost none of their Oriental ferocity. Too rude to form a corporeal image of the god of war, they worshipped him under the symbol of a scimetar, which was annually consecrated with the blood of flocks and herds, and by the sacrifice of the tenth captive. Their great monarch himself was a barbarian who despised all the luxuries of civilized life, never tasted bread, and devoured the flesh of animals from wooden platters. For a long time it was doubtful where the Hunnish avalanche would descend; whether upon the Eastern or the Western Empire, or whether it would roll away and expend its fury upon Persia. Attila was himself in doubt. He sent at once a defiance to the two Emperors. "Attila, my lord and thy lord, commands thee to provide a palace for him." The East was first attacked and made tributary. Italy, plundered by the Goths, and ravaged by the Vandals, offered no temptation to his avarice or his ambition, and he turned his forces toward Gaul. "What city," said he, "or fortress can hope to exist, if it be our pleasure that it should be erased from the earth?" He willed the destruction of the Gallic cities, and Troyes, Paris, and Orleans were alone left standing. The march of the Huns was announced by the blazing homes of the slaughtered inhabitants. Old men and maidens, if we may credit the ancient chronicles, were bound to the necks of wild horses; children suspended to the branches of trees, and left to birds of prey. "The very grass will not grow," was the boast of the Huns, "where the steed of Attila has trampled."

The Goths, meanwhile, who had been driven into Gaul before the Huns, united with the Roman legions who yet remained in the country. Ætius, the Roman prefect, had acquired the friendship of Merewig, or Merovæus, the leader of the Franks, and thus gained to his standard the various German tribes. The combined army encountered the Huns on the plains of Chalons. The fate of the world was at stake, and 160,000 slain attested the determination of the combatants. A rivulet which crossed the field of battle was so swollen with blood that the wounded soldiers who dragged themselves to its brink were compelled to slake their thirst with the mixture their own veins had helped pollute.

Attila was defeated; but the first defeat of the Huns was the last victory of Rome; the strength of the empire was exhausted in that desperate struggle. Attila turned towards Italy, carrying ruin and devastation; but was finally induced to abandon his prey and pass beyond the Danube. Here he died. His followers inclosed his body in three coffins, of gold, of silver, and of iron, and buried it by night, gashing their faces with their swords, that their great leader might be mourned by the blood of warriors, not by the tears of women.

The death of Attila dissolved the empire which his hand held together. The work of the Huns was simply one of destruction, and that was accomplished. They had driven the ploughshare through the Roman empire, which thus became a field for the reception of new seed. Pressed upon by the nations of Germany, they retraced their steps towards the wilds of Tartary, and disappear from the pages of history.

Why were these events ordained? Why was this nation of barbarians brought from the interior of Africa, and, not knowing whither they went, flung upon the seats of civilization in the Roman empire? It is no sufficient answer to say that it was for the destruction of a corrupt people, for in a world of probation destruction is but an antecedent to a new creation, not an end sought for itself. The axe and firebrand of the woodman are but to prepare the way for the plough and sickle of the cultivator.

The civilization of the old world was incompatible with that which was to come. It shone upon the world like the sun upon an iceberg. The surface indeed was beautiful and gorgeous, but the interior was cold and unenlightened. It had built stately cities and gorgeous temples; but it had enslaved the mass of mankind. It had no hope, no consolation to offer to him who toiled chained to his oar, who dug in the weary mines, and the unheeded flow of whose tears wet the cold marble of its temples. Yet in the eye of that religion which God had determined should be the basis of a world-wide civilization, the well-being of the meanest man is of as great importance as that of the proudest denizen of the royal palace. Each is an immortal spirit sent here to work out an eternal destiny: the greatest is no more; the least is no less. That civilization which had enslaved

half those who came under its influence, and whose inevitable tendency was to increase that fearful proportion, must be overthrown. But yet amid the ashes of the old were planted the seeds of the new.

The seeds of civilization were not destroyed by the barbarian incursions. They were trampled into the bosom of the earth beneath their iron feet. When now the smoke and dust had dispersed, when the vapors of the battle field had descended upon the earth in fertilizing rain, nations young and vigorous were beheld rising from the spots where the old had disappeared. Gaul, freed from the Roman fetters, became France. The descendants of the fierce Allemanni are the Germans, who have conquered for us the realm of thought. The very year when Attila turned his course towards Gaul was marked by another pilgrimage. That year Hengist and Horsa landed upon the mud-beach of the island of Thanet, prepared for the conquest of Britain, which the distresses of the Roman empire had bared of its legions. They were Saxons, about to become Anglo-Saxons. What world-wide results have come to pass from that invasion, which was rendered possible by these Gothic and Vandal and Hunnish ravages. Thence arose that race whose axes have conquered this new world, of which race are we.

Had the issue of this great crisis been different; had the Roman empire been able to have survived the shock of the barbarian attack, and the old race not been replaced by the new, the present condition of Asia Minor, of Egypt, of the whole world where the old civilization has been suffered to run its course, shows us what would have been that of Europe now. For like causes produce like effects; and here is the only interruption of that chain of causes which have made those lands what they are.

True, the growth of modern civilization was slow. We, in our folly, would partake of the fruit as soon as the seed is planted. Not so the sovereign Disposer. Patient, because eternal, he often suffers centuries to intervene. Yet effects are not less indissolubly linked to their causes because widely separated in time. Could we sweep away the centuries and view results in immediate connection with their producing causes, we should see that, if in the realizations of the present, or the anticipations of the future, the world is or hopes to be better or better off than it was fourteen hundred years ago, it is owing to the issue of this First Great Crisis in Modern History being what it was.

GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

"And I have felt, too, those sick and weary yearnings for the dead, that feverish thirst for the sound of a departed voice or step, in which the heart seems to die away, and literally to become a fountain of tears." MRS. HEMANS.

GRIEF for the dead! the longing wish to clasp their forms again,
To list the voice, to hear the step, yet know that wild wish vain;
To feel once more a father's hand laid on an aching head,
Then start in agony to know that hand is with the dead;
To hear a sister's gentle voice, to meet her loving eye,
Then from the feverish dream awake, and weep that she could die!
To see a brother's pleasant smile, yet know that he is gone;—
Alas! such fancies only make our sad hearts feel alone.
To view in dreams a cherub form, white brow and beaming eye,
Bending o'er those so loved on earth to lure them to the sky;
And waking feel that only there "death's doings" ne'er can throw
O'er all we love the chilling blight, or cause the heart's deep woe.
On every leaf of memory's book thoughts of the dead are laid,
And never, never, can their names from those bright pages fade.

North Bend, Ohio. ANNA T. H. TAYLOR.

THE LIMERICK BELLS.

BY ANNA M. HEFFERNAN.

ITALY, thy very name breathes enchantment of bright skies, music, and song. It conjures up the recollection of the beautiful and the chivalrous, the tender and absorbing —united to passions fierce and ungovernable as ever throbbed in the bosom of man. Even thy broken columns and prostrated grandeur will furnish future themes for history and song.

The traveller who has journeyed along by the mountains of the Abruzzi, will remember a beautiful little village situated at their base, whose vine-clad cottages and picturesque dress of its inhabitants, afford a quiet and lovely contrast to the lofty mountains which rear their wooded heights in towering grandeur above the fearful scene that seems sleeping beneath.

The sun had nearly set, but its last rays seemed to linger as if loth to leave that tranquil valley to darkness, now bright and glorious, as though an angel's wing rested above it.

The twilight was deepening around the cottage of Pietro Garceoli, but so intent was he at his work, that the coming night was unheeded. At length, he starts from his seat, and with an exclamation of joy,—"Finished! finished!—my labor is ended."

Happy Pietro! the weary toil of years will now be repaid with wealth, and the possession of her you love; and prostrating himself before a shrine of the Virgin, he devoutly thanked her for his good fortune. His devotions were interrupted by a light step approaching—on looking around his betrothed stood beside him.

"What has happened, dear Pietro?" cried the astonished girl, as she beheld the agitation he was in. "Ah! I see, you have toiled too much of late; you are ill and need rest. Why will you, mio caro? We are both young, and lo, Santa Madonna will answer our prayers."

"She has, my Teresa, and I was but thanking her when you came in. I have finished my bells, and this morning Father Ambrose purchased them for a sum that will enable us to accomplish all we desire."

And passing his arm around the blushing girl, he led her out beneath the vine-wreathed porch, there to converse of their future happiness.

Clear and unclouded shone the sky on Pietro's wedding morn, and his heart beat high with rapture as he surveyed his beautiful home, shady gardens, fragrant vineyards, and felt that he was master of them all. On the air arose the sound of merry voices, while a train of white-robed maidens approached, and in their midst, fairer than them all, the bright-eyed Teresa, her dark hair wreathed with the sweet orange blossom, blushing and smiling at the gay sallies of her fair companions. As they moved on towards the chapel, the "bells" rang forth a peel of gladness—their melody rising and swelling in soft cadence, until the echo was lost far away among the distant hills.

Years passed on—the springtime and the busy vintage came and went;—still Pietro was happy. Time had but added new joys to his life, and left hope's blossoms unfaded.

But war, the canker of a fallen land that internally consumes it, at length ravished and desolated the sunny land of Italy. The fierce soldiers entered the quiet village where Pietro dwelt, and after destroying all around them, they razed to the ground the convent in which the "bells," the chef d'œuvre of his skill, were hung.

It was night, but no sound, save the distant revels of the soldiers, awoke the stillness, when Pietro stole unobserved from his home and hastened to the smoking ruins to discover if his "bells" had escaped the general destruction. Heaps of stones and rubbish obstructed him at every step, but pushing his way through all obstacles, he at length reached the interior of the chapel. A ray of moonlight streamed through a crevice in the broken wall, and revealed to him his treasure. Bathed in tears of joy, he knelt beside them, and thanked the Virgin for their safety. How to secure

them from the gaze of the lawless soldiers was his next thought, for at dawn they would return and carry off whatever would be found of any value.

After some labor he succeeded in concealing them until he could remove them to a more secure place. Consigning them to the care of their patron saint, he hurriedly retraced his steps homeward.

Alas! what mean the clouds of smoke that hover above his loved dwelling? Why those cries of distress that pierce the midnight air? Onward he speeds, to save his loved ones. Frantic with despair, he would have rushed into the flames, but the bayonets of the soldiers drove him back. When wounded and exhausted, he would have been trampled to death, had not a faithful servant borne him from the place unnoticed, beyond the reach of danger.

Days elapsed ere poor Pietro awoke to consciousness, when a recollection of the dreadful events that had transpired flashed madly through his brain. Unheeding the entreaties of those who had sheltered him to remain longer concealed, he wandered forth. All around was bright and beautiful; the heavens were clear and calm, as if in mockery of the desolation of his soul, that felt no sympathy with the gladness of nature, and almost looked outwardly for an identity of his own wild feelings. Before him stretched out his native valley, blooming and fertile, as though no unwelcome foot had passed it.

Now, he was near his own vineyard, and the fragrance of its lemon and orange blossoms revived the weary man. It was the hour for the matin bell, but it rang not forth its accustomed peal.

Alas! each moment his heart grew weaker, and his step more slow, and when at length he stood before the blackened ruins that covered the bones of his wife and children, he bowed himself before their funeral pyre, in an agony of grief that found no utterance. Hours passed on; the daylight faded away, and night, as if in sympathy with his sorrow, threw her gemmed mantle on the earth, and veiled the sad scene he gazed upon.

He pursued his way on to the convent walls that held his last treasure. The moon had not yet risen, and through the darkness, like gigantic spectres, frowned the dark mountains of the Abruzzi—gloomy as the shadow that rested on his soul.

He entered the ruins and proceeded to the spot where he had concealed his bells. In vain his search; they were gone, and with them faded the last hope from his soul.

Years passed on. Alone and friendless he roamed from land to land, seeking for rest but finding it not. His eye grew dim and lustreless, his step weak and faltering, his heart became withered and broken; but home and friends he never found again.

Through some unaccountable impulse he formed a resolution of visiting the place where he understood his bells had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, and when the vessel anchored near Limerick, he hired a small boat for the purpose of proceeding to the shore. The city was stretched out before him in all its tranquil loveliness—in its midst the old cathedral of St. Mary's proudly raising its turretted head, and glittering in the rays of the setting sun. Fondly his eye rested upon it, as the evening, so calm and serene, recalled the recollection of his own loved land, in her sweet springtime—so like the beautiful scene on which he gazed. The silver Shannon glided along by deep banks, noble mansions, and time-worn towers, like a broad mirror reflecting on its bosom countless images of beauty and grandeur; part of its waters rushing over a huge mass of rocks, called the Dunass. Further on the frowning battlements of King John's Castle, the scene of many a wild and daring deed. In the background the mountains of Clare and Tipperary, rising in bold and striking outline, their huge shadows falling on the tranquil waters, beneath which the Shannon, through many a devious winding, resumes at Killaloe the appearance of an ordinary river.

> "River of chieftains, whose baronial halls,
> Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn steep;
> Portmunna's towers, Bunratty's regal walls,
> Carrick's stern rock, the Geraldine's gray keep."

Suddenly the bells from the cathedral chimed forth the vesper hymn, and broke the hushed stillness breathed around. The men rested on their oars, yielding to the soft influence of the moment; the boat gently glided on, impelled by the impetus it had gained. Pietro crossed his arms on his breast and bent eagerly forward. Who can tell the emotions that thronged his heart?

Home, family, friends, arose before him, and lingered around that well-known sound; and ere the last echoes floated above the green woods and died away in the distance, soft as

an angel's whisper, they beheld the old man, his face still turned towards the sunset scene, his head bent as if to catch the last sound that had awakened the sweet memories of earlier days. He answered not when they spoke to him. A smile rested on his lips. His weary spirit had found the rest it sighed for.

LINES

ON SEEING A GIFTED YOUNG LADY INSANE.

BY REV. F. F. JUDD.

THERE's beauty on that noble brow,
And thought is written there;
And all the lines upon that face,
How exquisitely fair.

And in that bosom's inmost shrine,
What untold treasures lie!
What fire of thought, what depth of love,
Come beaming from that eye!

Yes, even now, amidst the storm,
The ravings of the mind,
When hushed, awhile, the tempest blast,
And stilled the raging wind,

Some gleams of thought, some words of love,
Their gifted source reflect,
As fitful lightnings oft reveal
The beauteous form that's wreck'd.

Oh thou, whose voice, all powerful,
Through Chaos wild did ring,
And from confusion's elements,
Did light and order bring—

Oh, speak amid this mental storm,
It ceases at thy will;
Bring order from confusion wild,
And whisper—"Peace, be still!"

Oh, must that mind, endowed so high,
So pure, so bold, so free,
Through years of dark bewilderment,
Wander all drearily?

And must the mystic, tender ties,
Whose power she knew so well,
Be swept in vain by yearning love,
And no responses swell?

Shall father, mother, sister dear,
Still wait with anxious care,
And touch the heart-strings tenderly,
But find no answer there?

Oh, must that harp, so highly wrought,
So exquisitely strung,
From which such tones of depth and power,
Such music sweet has rung—

Must all its harmonies be lost,
Its silver chords be broke,
And discords wild and fitful burst,
From whence such music woke?

Oh, re-arrange its broken strings,
Those silver chords attune,
Nor let the notes which rose so sweet,
Be lost to all so soon.

THE LOST CHILD.

The incident here narrated occurred in the State of Michigan, in March, 1845. Being absent during the day on which the event transpired, on arriving at home my wife immediately asked me if I had seen or heard anything of Mr. McDonald's little John as I passed through the forest, saying the father had just been inquiring for his child, who was lost in the woods, and who had then been absent several hours.

Johnny was a favorite with us, having spent many a gleesome day under the oaks that raised their proud trunks and swayed their heads over our log cabin. McDonald and his wife, Mary, were emigrants from Ireland, and had with much taste selected a location on the margin of a beautiful sheet of water known in this region as Fish Lake. It was one of our own American lakes in miniature. With pebbly shores and sloping banks, it lay quietly sleeping among the gentle swells with which the western solitudes abound. On its surface the fisherman's boat was frequently seen, for its crystal waters were the home of the pickerel and the bass. The wild deer, as he grazed quietly by its bank or approached to slake his thirst, was occasionally startled by pleasure parties from the surrounding settlements, assembled here to sail upon its placid bosom. The wild goose, duck, and loon dwelt securely and contentedly upon its waters and in its coves. The latter makes a loud and doleful noise, and if disturbed by the fisherman or passing hunter upon the shore, it immediately dives, is absent several minutes, and then appears away in the distance, secure from harm from the intruder. Its perception of danger and its disappearance are so quick, and the great distance it is able to swim under water, render him comparatively secure from the rifle's aim, and wary indeed must the hunter be who carries him home as a trophy of his skill. Here, too, was heard by night the bark of the wolf disturbing the quiet of these woodland retreats.

Upon the border of this wild though beautiful lake, Martin McDonald and Mary, his wife, had resided some eight years. They had grown familiar with the deer as they gambolled through the beautiful sparse opening wood, and had learned to laugh at the wolves as they barked around their cabin by night.

They had known sorrow before, but never until now had they experienced such agonizing suspense as now awaited them. I had living with me at this time a man by the name of Shannon, also an Irishman, and as faithful and warm-hearted as ever came from Erin's isle. McDonald and I had frequent occasions to interchange kindly offices with each other, and this day Shannon was assisting him in hauling hay from a stack standing on a marsh some two miles distant. My residence was a mile from his, and upon a swell of land half a mile from the lake.

After eating a hasty meal, I immediately went over to ascertain if there were any tidings from the lost boy, and if none, to aid in the search.

It was one of those deceptive days we frequently experience in March. The ground was bare of snow, and the sun was shining pleasantly at noon when they left home for the purpose of removing the hay. Johnny was but four years old, and dressed in thin cotton clothes, having been kept within doors most of the time during the winter, getting out on the sunny side of the cabin only in pleasant weather; but to-day he thought he would follow his father to the marsh. A sad tramp was that for Johnny, and long will be remembered the many weary miles that were trod on that day by the agonized father and that noble-hearted Irishman. But Mary McDonald, the wife and mother!—those only who have passed through similar scenes can conceive the wild agony that swayed the breast of that mother, who knew her child was suffering and perishing with cold; and perhaps before she could have the cold comfort of even beholding his stiffened corpse, he would become the food of hungry wolves.

It was three o'clock. The day that had opened so beautifully, and at midday was so sunny, had become suddenly overclouded, and the snow was now falling rapidly. The father and William, as we sometimes called our hired man, had just appeared with a load of hay. Mary eagerly inquired for Johnny, who she supposed was with his father. You may ima-

gine how like lead the answer of her husband fell upon her heart, as he replied he had not seen his boy. The anxiety that reigned in that household can better be conceived than described. The lake was on one side, the forest on the other, and the marsh beyond. The little clearing was soon explored; the child was not there. The shores of the lake were searched and the marsh revisited, but all to no effect. The forest was next threaded, and every swell of land they mounted, the wood was made to echo with "Johnny! O ho, Johnny!" But Johnny answered not. Were his limbs already stiff in death? and that little voice forever hushed? If not dead, he must be wandering in the forest or traversing those lonely marshes.

Still the snow kept falling, and every flake seemed like an avalanche to the agonized heart of poor Mary. Together with his tender age, thin garments, and the severity of the weather, if yet alive, he could not possibly survive the storm much longer. But the mother—where was she during this suspense? She could not witness this fruitless search and not brave the storm herself, for the same storm was beating upon her lost and unprotected offspring. Her heart yearning for the wanderer, with an infant of only four weeks old, she threaded the forest and searched the marsh and lake shore for whole hours together. It was now dusk; nature could endure no more. The infant at her breast would perish should she continue the search; besides, her own life was in jeopardy, but that she heeded not in her anxiety for the lost one.

The father and William were just emerging from the forest, and the boy was not with them. At this stage of affairs I arrived. I attempted to calm the agitated feelings of Mary, and inspire her with hope that the child might yet be restored to her. But as well might I have attempted to allay the tempest as to assuage the hitherto pent-up feelings of her warm Irish heart. Previously there had been hope; but now the sun had been down some time. Darkness was settling over the forest and lake—darkness the most terrible that ever brooded over their woodland home. As night began to throw its shades deeper and blacker over the surrounding forest, there remained but a slight probability of finding him that night. Mary's reason had well nigh fled, from the intensity of her anxiety; and her exhaustion and duties to her infant precluded any further assistance from her in the search.

There were now none but McDonald, William, and myself to hunt for the wanderer. My cabin was a mile distant, and there was no other within one and a half miles; and no available force for a thorough search could be obtained short of a village five miles from McDonald's. That distance must be traversed on foot through the forest, the settlers aroused, and the distance retraced; and ere that could be done, the child, if still living, must inevitably perish with cold. I was resolved to spare no effort to return him to his mother's arms, if alive; and if dead, to rescue him from the jaws of the wolves.

I had left the clearing and was just entering the forest, and was fast speeding my way to the distant village to rally the necessary force for a general search, when the solitude was made to echo with the joyous shout of McDonald and William. I listened, and the solitude again resounded with their loud "hilloa," and this time was distinctly borne to my ears the joyous shout of "The child is found." I immediately returned, and on entering the cabin beheld Johnny clasped in his mother's arms, alive, and no harm having befallen him.

I have seen a man bowed down with grief, and woman with her heartstrings ready to burst with sorrow. I have also seen them with their hearts bounding with delight on account of some joyous event; but never till now did I witness the extremes of sorrow and joy in the same bosom; the one so wild, so overwhelming, and so uncontrollable, and the other so subdued and so absorbing. All Mary could say was, "Oh, Johnny!" and press him to her bosom, which she did again and again. These passionate embraces were nature's language. The father wept, nor were his the only moist eyes in that little group. Johnny looked first at one and then at another in silent amazement, little divining what the excitement meant. He could not conceive that all these wild embraces and tears, and all this anxiety were occasioned by his absence. I now recognized another person in the scene, in a backwoodsman living four miles distant. It was his brawny arm that bore the child to its grateful parents.

His wanderings and providential escape are briefly told. In endeavoring to follow his father and William to the marsh, he came to a place where several waggon tracks and paths diverged, one of which would have led him to his father; any of the others would have led

him to distant parts of the marsh where he must unavoidably have perished, or into the depths of the forest; save one other which he followed four miles, when, weary, cold, and hungry, he happily espied and entered the log cabin of our friend, who, after feeding and warming him, took him in his arms and bore him to his almost frantic mother. Thus God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. L. H. H.

A CHAPTER ON WHALES AND WHALING.

BY REV. H. T. CHEEVER.

New Zealand Whaling Ground,
Pacific Ocean.

THE recent capture of one whale, getting fast to another, and pursuit of several more, and the sight of them blowing all around, close at hand and at a distance, naturally puts one upon inquiring into the habits and resorts of this great sea-monster. It is of the class Mammalia, order Cetacea, warm-blooded, bringing forth its young alive, one at a time, and giving them suck. It is not therefore a fish, but is without scales, breathes the air through lungs, and respires by what is called its spout or blow-holes, a kind of nostrils or two apertures situated on the after part of its head and neck, through which is expelled all the water taken into the mouth in the act of feeding and breathing.

The form of the spout serves to distinguish at a distance the kind of whale, whether right whale (Balæna mysticetus) or sperm. The right whale having two apertures nearly on the top of the back part of its head, the spout of vapor and water ejected is forked and perpendicular till its force is spent, and it begins to fall over on both sides, looking then at a distance like a Gothic ebru parted into two branches. This can easily be perceived when the whale is either coming directly towards, or going directly off from the ship, the *jets d'eau* being sometimes thirty or even fifty feet high. The sperm whale, on the other hand, has but one blow-hole, and that a little on one side and corner of its head, from which the ejected stream issues a little obliquely, and not straight up as in the right whale.

Its propellers and means of defence are two fins situated a little behind the head, and the flukes of its tail, with which it sculls and attempts to strike its enemy. The natural working of them by the waves when the animal is dead will always carry the carcass directly to windward. Of one that I have measured, the fins were five feet long each, and the flukes twelve feet across, being horizontal. Of another taken since this, the body was thirty-nine feet long and nineteen feet round, the head seven feet from its tip to the spout-holes, three feet wide just behind the same, and three feet from the upper outside superficies to the roof of the mouth, making its entire head with the mouth closed, about seven feet in diameter, or twenty-one feet round. Its jaws are capable of being stretched twenty feet apart, and its plates of the substance called whalebone are sometimes twelve feet in length. The length of another I have measured, a sperm whale, was fifty-nine feet and thirty feet round.

The ear of the whale is extremely small, and so hidden, like a mole's eye, that you would not find it without diligent search. Still the creature is thought to be very quick of hearing as well as sharp of sight. His head, when his mouth is open in feeding, or when he *breaches*, as sometimes, out of water, is a most uncouth and formidable sight. It looks at a little distance like the black, rugged mouth of one of those lava caverns a traveller meets with on the island of Hawaii. The huge lips close from below upwards, and shut in, when the creature has got a mouthful, upon his huge whalebone cheeks, like the great valve of a mammoth steam bellows.

The sole living of this immense animal is thought to be upon a substance which they call "right whale feed," (medusæ.) It appears in the water like little red seeds of the size of mustard, which is intercepted by the hair that fringes the leaves of bone, as the whale swims along with mouth open. It is, in fact, a little

red shrimp, sometimes seen floating on the surface in these seas alive, oftener dead, when it has the appearance at a distance of clots of blood, only yellower. I have seen it in both states, and as entangled in the hair of dead whales. The quantity necessary for the animal's support must be prodigious. I can doubly appreciate now that amusing passage in the Holy War, where Bunyan says, "Silly Mansoul did not stick nor boggle at a monstrous oath that she would not desert Diabolus, but *swallowed it without chewing, as if it had been a sprat in the mouth of a whale.*" This feed is supposed to lie generally rather deep under water in these seas, as whales are often taken in greatest numbers where none of it is to be seen. In the Greenland and Arctic seas, it often covers miles and miles in extent, thick enough, it is said, to impede the course of a ship.

The internal anatomy of a whale is a subject of great curiosity. The great aorta of one of the largest size cannot be less in diameter than the bore of the main pipe of Croton water works, and the water roaring in its passage through that pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from the whale's heart. In Dr. Hunter's account of the dissection of a whale, the aorta measured a foot in diameter. Ten or fifteen gallons of blood are thrown out of the heart at a stroke, with an immense velocity, through a tube of a foot in diameter. The whole idea fills the mind with wonder.

The places where this whale is now most sought by the adventurous American whaleman, are, in the Atlantic ocean, Main and False Banks between Africa and Brazil, the parts around the Falkland Islands and Patagonia, and the region of ocean in mid-Atlantic, in the vicinity of the island of Tristan d'Acunha; in the Southern Ocean, south of the Cape of Good Hope, the uninhabited Crozettes Islands, St. Paul's, and other parts of the Indian Ocean; in the Pacific Ocean, there are the New Zealand cruising ground, the New Holland, Chili, and the North-west, from the coast of America clear over to Kamschatka. This last is now the great harvest field of American whalers from May to October, and it will be likely to last longer than any other, because they are prohibited by the Russians from bay whaling, which destroys the cows about the time of calving. Almost all ships fill up there. Some have even thrown overboard provisions to make way for oil. The havoc they make of whales is immense. There are ships that took during the last season twenty-five to even thirty-three hundred barrels in a few months. I have heard of one ship that sunk twenty-six whales after she had killed them; of another that killed nine before she saved one; of another that killed six in one day, and all of them sunk; of another that had three boats stove and all the men pitched into the sea, without any one's being lost. This latter is so common an occurrence that whalemen make nothing of it.

Until within a very few years, this gigantic game, as Burke justly called it, has been everywhere so abundant that whalemen have used no means to keep their rich prizes from sinking; but when one has sunk, worth 1500 or 2000, or even 3000 dollars, after all the labor and hazard of the chase, they have taken it as a whaleman's fortune, and have gone to capturing others instead. In some voyages they say more whales have been sunk than have been saved. The useless devastation thus caused among these huge denizens of the deep has been very great. One practical whaleman calculates the number of whales killed in one season, on the North-west Coast and Kamschatka, at 12,000. Would whalemen go provided with india-rubber or bladder buoys, ready to be bent on to harpoons and darted into a whale's carcass as soon as turned up, or when he is perceived to be going into his flurry, we are persuaded that many thousands of barrels of oil might be saved, and not a few poor voyages would be made good ones.* Now that whales are getting scarce, we think it impossible but that Yankee sense and forehandedness will soon see to this, and go prepared against such disheartening catastrophes as losing their game by sinking after skill and daring have made it fairly their own.

If owners knew how much might be saved by it, they would never let a ship go from port without buoys to hold up dead whales, and long hawsers to lay-to with by them in gales of wind. The ship I am now writing in has lost, in the course of this voyage, seven by sinking after they were "turned up," and three from along-

*According to Wilkes's Narrative of the Exploring Squadron, the Indians of the North-west Coast take quite a number of whales annually, by having their rude fish spears fastened to inflated sealskin floats, four feet long and one and a half or two feet broad, that keep the whale on the top of the water, and allow him to fall a comparatively easy prey.

side in rugged weather, because without a long hawser to secure them by to windward while laying-to. Six boats were stove in one season on the N. W. Coast, some of the crew were badly hurt, and the men got so afraid of a whale that some of them would hide away when the order was given to lower. The only cause I have ever heard assigned for the right whale's sinking so often is having the air-vessel which nature is thought to provide this animal with pierced by the lance or harpoon. Any one can see that a few buoys fastened to them would counter-weigh this tendency to sink. I have even heard of their being hauled up when out of sight by four boats' crews pulling upon the tow-lines.

Whalers enumerate twelve or thirteen different kinds of whale: right, sperm, black fish, hump-back, razor-back, grampus, sulphur-bottom, killer, cow fish, porpoise, fin-back, narwhale, and elephant whale. In the attempt to capture one of the latter, a New London ship, not long since, lost eleven men, including the first mate. The first four only are much sought after for their oil; now and then some of the others are taken by chance. The razor-back is sometimes found 105 feet long, but not so large round as the right whale, bearing about the same comparison to the latter as a razor-faced fellow you now and then meet with among men, to a fair, round alderman. The porpoise, as everybody knows, is harpooned from a ship's bow, hauled on board, and its carcass eaten for "sea beef," and its oil, like the ship's slush, is a perquisite of the cook's.

The fin-back, so called from a large fin on the ridge of its back, looking just like the gnomon of a dial, is a large whale found all over the ocean, and could it be taken, would add greatly to the productiveness of the whale fishery. It often comes near a ship with a ringing noise in spouting like the ring of bell metal, but it can seldom be come near enough to by a boat to dart a harpoon, and when it is struck, it is said to run with such amazing swiftness as to part the line or compel them to cut loose. Its spout at a distance, especially near the Falkland Islands, where they are seen in great numbers, flashes up from the ocean just like smoke from the breech of a gun fired in a frosty morning. I have seen the horizon thus, for an extent of many miles, all smoking with them, and the ocean all alive with their gambols. It is not a thing beyond the range of probability, that this hitherto unmolested sea rover may yet be brought within the all-powerful grasp of predatory man by swivels or air-guns that shall fire harpoons into him, or poisoned arrows from a distance.

An ingenious Frenchman, I am told, in these seas, once rigged swivels in the heads of his boats, and had bladders and other gear to float whales; but he succeeded with it all so poorly that in mortification and despair, when he put into one of the ports of New Zealand, he went out into the woods and shot himself with a brace of pistols through both his eyes. I think some quick-witted Yankee would do better to give his attention to experimenting in this line, and even if the whales wouldn't be killed or floated, he would not be such a fool as to blow his brains out. It is a true saying of Massinger:—

> "Who kills himself t' avoid misery fears it,
> And at the best shows a *bastard* valor."

Which, forasmuch as the crime is becoming popular now-a-days, it would not be amiss to put a stop to by enacting a law, as they once did in ancient Rome, to expose every suicide naked in the market-place after death.

OCEAN TREASURES.

BY E. F. ADAMS.

THE Ocean hath a treasure
Of life, and gems, and gold,
Which line can never measure,
Nor mortal eye behold:
But o'er its cold and secret deeps,
The wealth of *spirits* wildly sweeps.

The sea hath might and glory,
Its voice is heard afar;
Its waters rise before me
In fierce and foaming war:
But hopes, and terrors, and the strife
Of passions crowd its *human* life.

SKETCHES OF COPENHAGEN.

BY REV. B. E. ADAMS.

The prison in Copenhagen is an object of painful curiosity. The number of its inmates, when we visited it was 600, of which 150 were females. They are well fed and comfortably clothed, but kept under very rigid discipline. Some are in dungeons, where not a ray steals upon the darkness, and not a voice relieves the tedium of existence. Others occupy cells in couples, where, day after day, by the light that enters a grated window, they chip dye-stuffs for the coloring of rugs and carpets. Others still occupy by fifties and hundreds more extensive apartments, engaged in spinning and weaving, and in the mechanical arts. Among them we noticed a man whose eye bespoke uncommon intelligence: we accosted him, and to our surprise he could speak English. He was a Frenchman; had been a sailor; visited America and the West Indies, and somehow had found his way to Copenhagen, where, having committed murder, he is imprisoned for life. A few words to him about the Bible and prayer, and his soul, caused the tear to start, and lip to tremble. Oh, he was not made for such a place. There is something in that noble countenance over which the dark tresses hang, that tells of better things. That silent tear, though it rolls from a murderer's eye, reveals a soul within. How could we leave him there? but the law must have its satisfaction, and though love and pity hover around him, they can only spread a momentary sweetness on the brow of justice.

Denmark has furnished some of the bravest and most distinguished seamen; one of the most renowned of whom, was Magnus Heinesen, a native of one of the Feroe Islands. Having acquitted himself with honor in his own country, he entered the Dutch service, in which his courage and skill gained for him an additional glory. He was mostly engaged in capturing pirates. In this perilous employment his native ardor and courage were inspired by a sense of the awful cruelty of those monsters, and of the benefit he would confer upon the world by their destruction. His fame in this service reached his own country, and King Frederick II. selected him as the proper person to suppress the outrages of French, English and Irish pirates on the coast, of Norway, Iceland, and the Feroe Isles.

Heinesen executed his task to the satisfaction of his monarch, who not only rewarded his eminent services, but protected him from enemies and slanderers, by whom he, in common with others, who by their merits engage the favor of their patrons, was almost always beset. On the death of Frederick, Heinesen, like Tycho Brahe, found it necessary to seek subsistence abroad. He went to the Netherlands, where he was soon received into the favor of the Duke of Parma, a Spanish Regent, who commissioned him to cruise against the ships of England, then at war with Spain. Having captured an English pirate ship and cargo, he took them to Bergen, where they were sold. Queen Elizabeth sent a complaint to Denmark accusing Heinesen of an act of piracy; whereupon Christopher Wolkendorff, without the consent of the other members of the agency commissioned to investigate and dispose of the matter,—from the instigations of old enemies as well as from personal opposition, ordered him, after a very partial and hasty trial, to be beheaded! He accordingly suffered death in February, 1589. Even in his last moments his courage did not forsake him; it was rather increased by the consciousness that his condemnation was groundless, and that his death would be but the sacrifice of a few years, in which he would have gladly served his country. When the executioner asked him if he should not, according to custom, cover his eyes with a handkerchief, Heinesen replied, "No; I have seen many a drawn sword! I am not afraid, be not *thou* afraid!" In the following year Heinesen's innocence was established by Hans Lindenon, judge of a district in Jutland, who summoned Wolkendorff before an Assembly of the Estates, which was then held at Colding. It was proved that he held the Duke of Parma's commission against the English

pirates; and that the vessel sold in Bergen had been previously condemned at Ostende, as "a good and lawful prize to Magnus Heinesen."

The Assembly of the Estates ordered the body of Heinesen to be disinterred; that the sentence of condemnation should be expunged from the register in the Town Hall of Copenhagen, and "in no way prejudice Heinesen in his grave, or his relect widow, or their offspring, in regard to their good name and fame." Wolkendorff was sentenced to pay the widow and children a large sum of money. Heinesen's body was removed from Copenhagen to Jutland, and deposited in Orsle church, near Viburg.

This sketch teaches us the importance of an honest life, and offers this encouragement, that however men may depreciate our conduct and motives while we live; however laden with their maledictions when we go out of the world; and whether we leave it by the common and expected visitations of Providence, or by the condemnation of courts, and the hand of the executioner, there will be a period when truth shall appear, and when the rightful honors that were withheld from the living, shall be given to the dead! At all events, a reward will be presented in eternity, to all who are too upright to be appreciated on earth.

Havre, France.

UNWRITTEN POETRY.

BY MRS. E. D. W. McKEE.

The truest and best Poetry is yet unwritten. The highest and noblest conceptions—the innermost experiences of the human soul, have never yet been "said or sung." The true Piërian spring is a fountain deep hidden in the human soul; and its living waters gush not forth, till, like Milton's, the poet's soul be smitten with love of sacred song. In other words, spiritual culture must precede, and produce, the highest form of poetry—that which expresses the purest and noblest forms of thought which the human soul is capable of producing.

It is in our *spiritual*, and not in our intellectual nature, that the true germs of poetic feeling lie deep-buried; and it is only by spiritual development that we can discover what vital seed-thoughts, of celestial planting, lie dormant there, ready to spring up, and bud, and blossom, when warmed and watered by heavenly dews and sunshine.

Philosophy has been called "Heaven-descended;" but with stricter truth it may be said, that true Poetry is the child of Heaven. The world has been accustomed to look back to the day-dawn of civilization—to the Homeric age—as the true poetic era. And we of the nineteenth century are prone to extol the age of Elizabeth and her successors as the golden era of the British muse. Shakspeare and Milton are to English scholars the great masters of song, and in those wonderful dramas and in that sublimest of epics we acknowledge the human mind's highest manner of conceiving. But are we right here? Does there not yet remain hidden in the mysterious depths of our spiritual nature, a fund of poetic thought which has never yet found utterance in words? With a higher degree of spiritual culture, shall we not also have higher forms of poetry? This we think can be proved: for all unpoetic and mechanical as this nineteenth century may seem to the vulgar apprehension, which only sees the *surfaces* of things; the more philosophic observer, who penetrates their spirit, and divines their hidden tendency, can discern the promise of a higher and more perfect development of the "poetic faculty divine." He can even now detect, in the songs of living poets, the key-note of that celestial music, which shall attest to what heavenly harmonies God has attuned the human soul.

If we examine attentively the poetic productions of the past, we shall observe them to be the correct exponents of the degree of moral

culture and development peculiar to the age or nation in which they were produced. The gods, the men, the virtues of the Homeric age were *heroic;* and consequently heroism forms the subject of the Iliad: but the hero is not the highest style of man, nor heroism the highest virtue, nor hero-worship the highest form of religious reverence; and therefore beautiful, and almost incomparable, as is this hoary epic, hallowed by the veneration of ages, it is *not* the highest form of poetry.

If we come down to a later and more cultivated age, and examine the poetic literature of that most wonderful of all nations, the Roman, the Colossus of History, we find nothing worthy of being the *chef d'œuvre* of the human mind; for no labored argument is needed here to prove, what critics, as well as popular readers, have so generally conceded, that the Latin poets of the Augustan age are inferior to their Hellenic models. The Æneid has an artistic excellence, which perhaps cannot be surpassed; but it wants elevation of moral sentiment. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, when the soul of the nation, to whose moral ideas Virgil gave expression, never felt the divine and transforming influence of revealed truth? for a true faith is the only key which can unlock the spiritual fountains of the human soul.

The "Divina Commedia" is the product of a later age than the Augustan; written indeed centuries after the True Light, which lighteth every man, had shone upon the world. But we should remember that the thick darkness of the middle age obscured even the bright shining of Christianity, and that the clouds of superstition had not yet entirely vanished from its face, when Dante produced his immortal poem; and higher than the religious notions of his age, his poetic fancies could not rise, by an intellectual law, as fixed and invariable as that in physics, which prevents the spring from streaming higher than the fountain. In the triple poem of Dante, we find a graceful and artistic blending of Christian mystery with Heathen mythes; and his is undoubtedly the Poetry of Religion, but it is not *Religious Poetry.* That was reserved for a later age to write—nay, it is yet to be written.

But the Reformation comes, and tears from Christianity the tawdry drapery which Pagan superstition had furtively thrown around her, during the eclipse of the dark age, and then she stands revealed in all her celestial contour and proportion. Under the rough hand of Puritanism she was entirely denuded of her gaudy trappings; and the world gazed with wonder and admiration on her severe and awful beauty. Then Milton lived and sang. Truly it was with a divine touch that he waked the harp of Christian poesy, so long unstrung. The genius of poetry acknowledges in him not a disciple, but a master; and what have we still to wish for, that the visions of his creative fancy have not already given us? Milton has given form and place to ideas which lie dim, impalpable and shadowy in the human fancy. Sin, Chaos, Night, Death, take substance, shape, and color under the creative power of his omnipotent genius; and we love to follow the errant flights of his adventurous fancy, as it travels unscathed and unscarred, through eternities and times; renewing the past, anticipating the future, and sweeping the infinite by one glance of his eagle eye. But when our hearts ache and grow weary in the struggle of life, we look in vain in the "Paradise Lost" for those low, deep soul-breathings of pious sentiment, which soothe and cheer us by thoughts of home, and hope, and Heaven.

But if the drama, rather than the sacred epic, charms us—if we would seek our poetic beau-ideal in the portraitures of human character and passion, we are pointed to the myriad-minded Shakspeare and his immortal dramas, where we may study humanity outspread, in vivid life-likeness, as on a map before us. We acknowledge Shakspeare's transcendent merit. We admit that sublime greatness of soul—that miraculous power of abstraction from himself—from his own conscious individuality, which enabled him to show us the characters of others everywhere, but mirrored himself nowhere. In fact the individual Shakspeare is lost and hidden, behind the reality and identicalness of his own creations, while the sickly sentimentalism of minor poets, wanting his creative power, and yet attempting to conjure with his magic wand, have produced works which only serve as multiplying glasses, to present us with distorted and caricatured images of their egotistic authors. But still with incomparable poetic beauties, Shakspeare's works are full of moral blemishes; and a pure mind instinctively recoils from soul-contact with many of his grandest thoughts, because tarnished with leprous sin-spots. We yield to no one in just appreciation and admiration of these immortal sons of song; but still we do ardently long, and as earnestly expect a nobler and higher style of poetry

than the Shakspearian, or even than that of Milton. We do not plead guilty to the slightest degree of fondness for the poor and pious verses, of which the brains of pseudo-poets and poetesses, fostered by the periodical press, are so prolific. It is not the claims of that style of poetry that we now advocate; but of a nobler kind. Its spirit we can conceive, but its form, or the manner of its utterance, whether prose or poetic, we cannot describe, for that were to *write* it. Yet we think it does not need the inspiration of a seer, but only that ordinary sagacity which can discern the signs of the times, to anticipate a poetry which shall be a deep and fervent expression of the religious sentiment in man—not a poetry which asserts speculative dogmas merely, which explains sectarian creeds, and does homage to church establishments; but that which shall delineate and minutely map out our inner spiritual life. We have already the poetry of Love, the poetry of Art, and the poetry of War! We yet want the poetry of Faith; for its poetry is higher in its moral bearings than its philosophy.

We are conscious of want, of moral want—the want of utterance to the deepest thoughts and emotions of our souls—those ideas and contemplations which link our conscious existence to God and Heaven, and the unimagined mysteries of spiritual existence. We feel thoughts and spiritual experiences struggling within us, seeking imbodiment and birth in words. Oh! when and where is to be born the poet who shall utter one yet unspoken truth? We hail him yet unborn! Not St. Chrysostom, but he to us shall be the "Golden-mouthed."

We wish to be intelligible, and we think this view of the destined improvement and development of the poetic faculty is neither far-fetched, nor fanciful. If our notions upon this subject seem somewhat transcendental to the material and matter-of-fact philosopher, we are sorry. But before he altogether rejects our views as crudities, we beg leave to remind him, that there is a higher philosophy than that of "Materialism"—that we belong to a different school from himself—that we sit as pupils where he would scorn to be a learner; and consequently, of that concerning which he is ignorant he may not judge. In short, it is the philosophy of Christ that we love—yea, that we reverence. We kiss the very hem of its heavenly garment, and deem it no idolatry, since it leads us to the true worship, and to God the Father of our souls.

That is not a profound, but a shallow and false philosophy, which labors to prove everything—to bring everything, even our mysterious moral instincts, into the trammels of scientific arrangement and nomenclature. *Doubt* was the fashion of the last century, *belief* of this. Wise and great minds are now not skeptical but believing and adoring, and feel that it is nobler to believe and suffer, than to doubt and dare. It is this tendency of the present age which prompts us to look hopefully towards the future, and predict the advent of a nobler race of poets. The Baconian philosophy taught men to observe, experiment, and generalize; and the exact and demonstrative spirit which it introduced into investigations in physical science, did, in the eighteenth century, unhappily reach the highest department of human knowledge and inquiry—that of revealed religion. Religious truths were then submitted to an alembical process, as searching and severe as that by which a chemist discovers the composition of an acid, or an alkali; and when they failed under this analytic scrutiny, to yield up the secret of their nature and origin, they were rejected and thrown out as worthless dross. Hence the deep, subtle, and widespread infidelity of that reasoning age. But Christian scholars of the nineteenth century, inheriting the wisdom and experience of all the past, have grown wiser than their fathers were. They are willing to receive Christianity as a revelation of vital truths, concerning the origin, nature and destiny of man, which lie above and beyond the province of human reason—truths which so entirely transcend in their nature and scope the power of the human faculties, that in many instances they lie beyond the legitimate bounds of philosophic inquiry. They believe Christianity, not because they have proved it, but because they need it; because an unerring spiritual instinct tells them, that its truths, when properly received, and inwardly digested, are the very pabulum of life to the human soul. When this faith and feeling shall be fully wrought up into the texture of some otherwise gifted mind, and when favoring fortune shall place that anointed one in the midst of such social circumstances and surroundings as shall foster its perfectest development, then shall be sung what nations wait to hear—a Song of Heaven.

The finest fancy and the highest intellectual and artistic culture cannot alone, without the religious element in character, make a true poet. Indeed, the born-poet can better dispense with the learning of the schools, than part with that

celestial seed-thought in his soul which blossoms in his verse; for let a mind, the most common and uncultivated, feel the sacredness of worship—let that faith which is altogether practical instead of speculative, take fast hold of the inner life of the soul—and thenceforth all its workings and aspirations, and even its ordinary experiences, will become essentially poetic. Such a soul, while it lives on earth, is yet quite on the verge of heaven. It breathes a heavenly atmosphere, and hears celestial music; and if the power of utterance be given, it will express on earth the glories and beatitudes of heaven. We speak not now of the visions and reveries of the dreamy pietist; but of the calm and sublime experience of the soul that has anchored its hopes "fast by the throne of God"—which can look up trustingly and hopingly from amidst the darkness and mysteriousness which surrounds its earthly fortunes, believing that the Author of its existence will conduct it through all the varied experience and discipline of this human life, to the true issue of its being in the life beyond.

The poetry of Cowper and Young breathes much of this spirit, and indicates a personal and heartfelt experience of the sublime verities of Christian faith. Thomson, too, sometimes utters the language of devout sentiment, and in his sublime "Hymn to the Seasons," there is much of the poetry of natural worship, but little, we fear, of the poetry of true Christian devotion.

Of the late or living poets, the chief of the Lake school may be selected as the nearest approximation in spirit, though not in form, to our ideal of what the best and highest poetry ought to be. Wordsworth has undoubtedly the eye and the heart of a true poet—of a genuine son of song. We recognize in him a spirit, into the very structure of which is woven the poetic faculty. It was no forced baptism in the rills of Helicon and Parnassus, but the inbred stamp of the Creator, a real Theopneusty, which made his a poet's soul. But while his heart beats right, his head goes wrong; and having formed a very erroneous and false idea of what poetic diction ought to be, he follows out his theory so consistently in practice, that "thoughts which breathe" are not always expressed in "words which burn." Indeed we are often astonished at the power and self-sustained energy of the thought, utterly unaided, as it often is, by that studied beauty, and magnificent pomp of diction, by which Milton elevates even a common thought into the region of the beautiful or the dignified, and makes that which is intrinsically grand and noble, absolutely sublime and awe-inspiring.

Wordsworth is perhaps wrong in thinking, and in striving to impress others, through the medium of his poetic compositions, with the idea, that the proper and appropriate language of poetry does not necessarily differ from that of ordinary prose. Nature is the best teacher on this subject, and she instructs us, nay, she irresistibly impels us to express the lively and vivid picturings of fancy, the depths of feeling, and the elevated transports of excited passion, in a widely different phrase from that in which we talk of last week's business or of this day's news. Without regalia, the king wants kingliness, and "majesty in misery" commands not homage, but sympathizing pity in its stead; and so, too, poetry must have a purple robing, and a jewelled crown of golden words, before we own her *queen*, or bow the knee, as her admiring worshippers. Our noble Saxon tongue never fully shows its capabilities, its beauty, and its full expressiveness, till such a hand as Pope's or Milton's tunes its strings, and wakes its slumbering harmonies; and then the ear distinctly recognizes in it a cunning instrument of music, which, when played upon by nice and adept fingers, yields sense and sounds, which harmonize with every varying shade of fancy, thought, or feeling, in the human mind. But whatever theoretical errors the author of the "Excursion" may entertain regarding the diction proper for poetry, they have not repressed the outbreathings of a heart full of all pure, humane and noble thoughts, or checked the play of a fancy as brilliant as it is delicate and pure; and yet it is not so much to this brilliant play of fancy, as to the genial glow of religious and philanthropic feeling, that Wordsworth's poetry owes its attractiveness. Byron's "Thunderstorm among the Alps," where the "live thunder leaps from crag to crag, the rocks among," is the true offspring and fit symbol of the workings of his own wild, disordered fancy; but the softer features of that quiet English landscape which Wordsworth loves, where he delights to dwell, and whose chaste and placid beauty has inspired his song, is a true likeness of his own noble, yet simple nature—free from all affectation and all art, and full to overflowing with all gentle and genial sympathies. We admire the poetry of Byron merely as poetry; but after reading Wordsworth we forget the

poetry, and love himself—the poet. The very coruscations of Byron's genius, so charged with fiery passions, terrifies us, like the red glare of a threatening meteor in the heavens. We should as soon think of making friendship with Thor, the Norseman's direful war-god, or the awful Odin, who drinks from human skulls in scorn and bitterness, the blood of enemies, as with the dark and gloomy soul of Byron. But Wordsworth, were he our friend—how would we cherish in our heart of hearts that friendship! How glad and happy, nay, how justly proud are they, who in the daily and familiar intercourse of social life, enjoy community of thought and feeling with such a mind.

But the critics perhaps will tell us, that pious sentiment is not always the true Attic salt of poesy—that the "Childe Harold" has incomparable poetic beauties, and is incontestibly the offspring of true poetic inspiration. We admit the grandeur and power of Byron's intellect—the deep and passionate fervor of his soul; but we are amazed and affrighted, rather than attracted, by the lurid and fitful glare of his poetic fancies, flaring out from the dark background of his gloomy and misanthropic nature. He has won for himself, and doubtless will wear, even in the eyes of a far-off posterity, that halo of glory, which surrounds only the brow of the true poet; but it is a radiance which might encircle becomingly the brow of the fallen Lucifer in hell. It is no reflection of that light which is inaccessible and full of glory, by whose divine irradiation the face of the true poet becomes rayonant, as that of Moses, when he descended from the awful mount of converse with Jehovah.

"Marmion," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and kindred poems, which mirror the chivalric enthusiasm of a by-gone age, are much admired by many lovers of the poetic art divine. The fictions and poems of Sir Walter Scott are necessarily and deservedly favorites with the young; because they are mirrors, true to nature, in which youths and maidens see reflected the images of their own fancy, in that delightful heyday of existence, when they rejoice and revel in the intoxication of their earliest loves. But the love-lorn poesy of the Metrical Romance is a form of literature that has few charms for a mind which has deeply felt the solemnity and awfulness of this human life of ours—the pressure of its duties—the canker of its cares—and the heart-crush of its sorrows. A soul which has studied deeply the arithmetic of life, estimates more justly the relative values of the present and the future; and understands well that what is called luck, and chance, and earthly fortune, does not involve the great destinies of our existence, but are merely accidents in the infancy of our being. Such a mind cannot feel its deep and earnest sympathies called out by an exhibition of the little men and women puppets, who flaunt, and flutter, and parade, for a brief hour, in the pages of a modern novel or romance, only to die out of memory again, and be as though they had never been. Fiction, we acknowledge, is beautiful; and the creative power of the human imagination commands our deepest reverence; for it symbolizes that Creative Power which speaks, and it is done—which commands, and it standeth fast. But when the poet or the novelist would please and interest us by the exercise of this divine gift, he must give scope and elevation to his thoughts, and let them range free and untrammelled over all the possibilities of being. The passions and sympathies which he creates and calls into play, must be connected with the highest and noblest interests of our being—with that which links us to the Unseen and Spiritual. It is this quality which gives sublimity and enduringness to Milton's conceptions; and it is here in the moral and spiritual capabilities of our nature that the fictitious writer must seek, if he would find the secret talisman which can rivet the interest and admiration of the readers he essays to instruct and entertain. Heavenliness in the soul of the true poet, is the surest prophecy and pledge of truth and enduringness in his verse; and the German critic Heder evinces not only critical acumen, but a profound knowledge of human nature and its spiritual aspirings, when he says, "mere earth-born poetry, however refined, must be necessarily poor and grovelling: all elevating and sublime poetry is by an influence from above." The modern muse cannot produce her "*Opus Magus*" till both head and heart are Christian, and not heathen; till after her baptism in "Siloa's brook."

"Heaven breathes the soul into the Minstrel's breast,
But with that soul he animates the rest.
The God inspires the mortal—but to God,
In turn, the mental lifts thee from the sod.
Oh! not in vain the bard to Heaven is dear;
Holy himself, he hallows those who hear."

TWO PICTURES OF LIFE.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"Don't go out this evening, Henry," said Mrs. Wiley, as her husband, on rising from the tea-table, took down his hat, and commenced buttoning up his coat. "You don't know how lonesome it is without you. And you stay so late, sometimes."

"Read, or go in and visit your neighbor, Mrs. Ives," returned Mr. Wiley in an abrupt voice.

"No company is like yours, Henry."

"D'ye think so?" was the husband's indifferent reply. "I'm really flattered. Never mind, then, Fanny, you shall have more of my company one of these days; but I can't stay with you to-night. So run in and spend an hour or two with Mrs. Ives. I'll be home early—may be."

And Mr. Wiley retired, carelessly whistling a tune.

For some minutes after his departure, his wife sat, with a dreary face, at the table; then, with a heavy sigh, she arose and, turning to a little work-table, sat down and commenced sewing.

The domestic came in and removed the tea things. The wife was then alone with her own thoughts. Slowly, and almost with the regularity of a machine, moved her hand, as it drew the slender thread. But, every now and then, there would occur a pause, and she would let her work fall into her lap, and sit musing with drooping lids. Sometimes these states of abstraction would continue for many minutes; when she would suddenly recover herself, and with a long-drawn sigh renew her employment. She was thinking of the strange indifference to his home manifested by her husband, who rarely ever spent an evening in her company, or took any pains to provide for her pleasure.

After sewing for a couple of hours, Mrs. Wiley laid by her work, and tried to read. But it was impossible to fix her thoughts upon the page before her—they kept wandering off to her absent husband. And where was he? In company with some friend after his own heart, while she sat lonely and grieving for his absence at home.

Slowly the time moved on. All day Mr. Wiley had been at his place of business, and his wife had only seen his face, and hearkened to his voice when he came home to his meals. But it was all right that he should attend to his business, and his absence through the day was no cause of grief, though she thought the hours long between the time of his going and returning. But now his absence was voluntary. He had gone out in search of pleasure for himself—pleasure in which he did not, and, perhaps, could not, ask her to share. And thus had it been for a long time. The more Mr. Wiley separated his pleasures from those of his wife, the more careless about her happiness he became. He did not treat her unkindly; but she could have borne harsh words better than confirmed neglect and indifference.

Slowly the time moved on; and the streets grew more and more quiet. The sound of wheels was still, except at intervals, and foot-passengers came no longer in a continuous stream. At length all was hushed into a silence only broken now and then by the rapid steps of some lingerer too long from home.

"So late! so late!" murmured the unhappy wife, as she turned from the window at which she had stood listening for a long time, as the city clock rang out upon the quiet air its notice of the passing hours. It was twelve at night.

Weary with watching, she at length threw herself upon a sofa, and, for the first time since parting with her husband at the tea-table, the tears came stealing out from beneath her shut eyelids. She had been very lonely and sad, but controlled her feelings until now, when weak nature gave way.

It was one o'clock before Mr. Wiley returned, expecting to find, as had often been the case before, his wife in bed and asleep. He had been enjoying himself more than usual, and was in excellent spirits. But these were rather dashed on entering his house to find his wife in the

drawing-room lying upon one of the sofas. As she did not move when he entered, nor appear conscious of his presence, he approached with the intention of awaking her, when his eye caught the glitter of a tear upon the dark lashes that lay upon her cheeks; at the same moment a low sigh stole upon his ear.

There was rebuke for him in that tear and sigh, and it was deeply felt—the more deeply because given unconsciously.

"Fanny!" he said, speaking in a kind voice, as he laid his hand upon his wife, "Fanny!"

She started up at the sound, saying as she did so, in a tone that smote upon her husband's awakened feelings,

"Oh! I'm so glad you have come at last! How long the time has seemed!"

"I did not think it was so late," he said, in some confusion, "or I would have returned before. You should not sit up for me so long."

"You said you would be home early, and I thought you would come sooner than usual."

"I meant to have done so, but the time flew by unnoted."

"It passed slowly enough with me," returned Mrs. Wiley, half complaining, and then they retired to their chamber in silence.

Sickness laid its hand upon the pleasure-seeking husband, and his world was narrowed down to a single chamber, He was alone, and his head moved restlessly on the pillow, while his arms were, every now and then, tossed about with a gesture of impatience.

"Oh dear!" he murmured fretfully, "where can Fanny be? What can keep her away so long? If she cared for me at all——"

Here he checked himself, conscious that he would wrong her by uttering what was on his tongue, and tried to lie still. But he could not be quiet. The bell-rope hung near his hand, and he gave it a sudden jerk.

"Has Mrs. Wiley returned yet?" he inquired of the domestic that answered the summons.

"No, sir," she said; "is there anything that I can do for you?"

"No, nothing. Tell Mrs. Wiley, when she comes in, that I want her right away."

The servant retired; and the sick man lay still for a little while. Then he began his restless movements again.

"How long she stays! Oh! I wish she would come home!" came fretfully from his lips.

And where was Mrs. Wiley? She had been away about half an hour, and had gone out to get something the Doctor had ordered for her husband. Since he had been sick, she had never left his chamber except it became necessary to do so, and then returned as quickly as possible. Yet every brief absence seemed to her husband prolonged to more than double the actual time. He could not bear her to leave him a moment, and when she was with him, he was almost constant in his calls for some little service or other. Suddenly the neglected wife became an object of the first interest.

"So long! so long! Where can she be?" murmured the sick man, as the minutes went slowly by. "I wish she would come home."

When she at last returned, he said, in a complaining voice,

"Oh, Fanny! why did you stay so long?"

"I have only been away thirty-five minutes," she replied, in a kind and soothing tone.

"Thirty-five minutes!—I am sure it is two hours since you went out!"

"Oh no," and she drew out her watch. "It was twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock when I went away, and it is now just eleven. I think I have been very quick."

And she smiled cheerfully.

"I don't know. It seemed a long time to me. I cannot bear to be alone. Won't you fix my pillows for me? I lie very uncomfortably."

The pillows were adjusted in new positions, and the impatient, restless, selfish patient closed his eyes, and tried to feel more comfortable. But he opened them quickly as he heard the step of his wife crossing the floor towards the adjoining chamber.

"You're not going down, are you?" he said.

"Oh no. I only want to put my things away in the next room."

Mr. Wiley, who had raised up suddenly, sank back again, sighing—

"Oh dear! I wish I was well!"

Health, at last, returned slowly to the pulses of Mr. Wiley, and with a better bodily state, came a calmer mind. His wife continued untiring in her attentions, anticipating many wants and meeting others ere half expressed. Unable to leave his house for some weeks, and, in consequence, dependent upon her for almost everything, it was almost impossible that his thoughts should not lead him into contrasts of

his regard for her with that which she had manifested for him. He thought, too, of his lonely feelings whenever she was away, and wondered if his absence made the time pass as heavily with her. Then he remembered the many times she had asked him not to leave her all by herself, through the long evenings; the many times he had found her waiting for him, hours after the usual period for retiring; the many times she had spoken of the loneliness she felt when he was absent. Vividly, too, came up the recollection of the evening when he had found her asleep upon the sofa, after the midnight hour had passed, with a tear resting upon her closed eyelids, and sighs swelling her unconscious bosom.

All this could not be thought of without compunction, nor without resolutions of amendment. Mr. Wiley saw that his conduct had been cruel as well as unjust; and he determined, for the future, to indulge in no pleasure or recreation of mind in which his wife could not have a share.

Most sincerely do we hope that so good a resolution was kept, and that Mrs. Wiley's evenings are no longer sad and lonely.

GLIDE GENTLY ON, THOU WINDING STREAM.

BY MRS. E. A. COMSTOCK.

Glide gently on, thou winding stream,
Through tangled brake and bending heather,
For here beside thy friendly gleam,
Two trusting hearts were linked together:
But colder than thy waters blue,
The heart that to my lone one grew.

Glide on, glide on; yon gleaming star
Shall light thee to thy billowy bourne,
Where rest awaits thee from afar,
While lingering on thy brink I mourn
For her who once with rapture flew
To meet me by thy waters blue.

Glide on, deep stream, forever glide;
No power within those silent waves
Can bear away upon their tide
The spell that Memory's hand engraves:
Her record of the pure and true
Shall pass not from thy waters blue.

Glide gently to thy ocean grave,
And whisper to the yearning sea,
While echo chants it from each wave,—
"No joy on earth from sin more free,
Than that two youthful hearts once knew
When plighted by thy waters blue."

Glide on with my blessing on thy breast;
The hand that guides thee to the main
Shall lead me to a land of rest,
Where heart shall meet with heart again—
Yon home, whose shadowy forms I view,
Reflected in thy waters blue.

Every-day Philosophy.—"He who seeks the south or sunny side of everything," says Richter, "easily finds light and warmth." That philosophy is worth any gold mine in Peru. To everything there *is* a sunny side, if we will but seek it; and to find it is to find a sunbeam of hope and joy, though enveloped in dark and angry clouds. The Christian, of all men, ought best to understand this philosophy and to practise it. It is a shame that he so often allows himself to remain in ignorance of it, or, after he has learned it, that he forgets it so easily.

SKETCH OF DR. CALVIN E. STOWE.

BY "JOHN SMITH."

Few men combine more excellencies and more singularities of character than Doctor Stowe. Judged at one time, he is not at all like himself at another. At one time, he is extremely affable, and at another, extremely taciturn. Seen at one time, he strikes you as the most interesting of men, and perhaps the next day you will hardly find one more uninteresting. I have seen him weld his arguments together like a Bacon, and you would take him to be the driest reasoner. But more than likely, the next time you see him, he will be sketching scenes for the mind as droll and grotesque as ever Hogarth drew for the eye. Sometimes he will talk and look like a stoic at a funeral, when all others are dissolved in tears; and at another time, he will portray some sweet scene of affection, with the artless simplicity of a child, and with feelings as fresh and lively as a child's first grief. On such occasions, he exerts a strange influence over his hearers, and shows himself a master in the eloquence of the heart.

The personal appearance of Dr. Stowe is striking, to one who will attentively examine it, for the reason that it is so full of character. You know that he cannot be an ordinary man, and yet there is a sort of disappointment one feels at seeing a short man, somewhat corpulent, walking with as little pomp as possible, and dressed with great simplicity, and yet to learn that this is Dr. Stowe, the accomplished scholar, whose name has been so widely trumpeted. The disappointment is not so great as in the case of Dr. Beecher. To a stranger, the countenance of the latter has nothing to indicate his prodigious mental power. Usually, his eye is not very expressive, except under the excitement of conversation, or public speaking. One, indeed, might fancy that Jehu was not yet dead, as he should see Dr. Beecher driving his old gray horse along so furiously, that every one gets out of harm's way, as quick as he can. You could almost guage the speed of the Doctor's thoughts by the speed of "old gray," and yet no stranger would dream that that man was Lyman Beecher. But Dr. Stowe's head and face I regard as among the most striking I have ever seen. There is not a line or a bump but means something. The general appearance of the head is beautiful. The perceptive faculties, as the phrenologist would call them, are very large and full. Immediately over the eyes, the head is full and broad, giving a massive appearance to the brows. The forehead recedes slightly, and being forehead-bald, it seems remarkably high. His hair is slightly tinged with gray, and curls in his neck. Sometimes he suffers his whiskers to grow from ear to ear, on which occasions he has the aspect of positive belligerency. His eye is one of the most sparkling I ever saw, and when he is excited and his brows slightly elevated, it shines like a diamond. His nose is such as not to mar the symmetry of the upper part of the face, and sometimes it will seem to dilate, particularly when savagely hewing some Agag in pieces. But his mouth is more characteristic of the man, than any other part of the face. It combines all the contradictions of his character. It is large, denoting generosity; and at the same time, its squareness, its teeth and lips resolutely compressed, give to an antagonist the slightest possible hope of mercy. And yet the most beautiful smiles will often play around that mouth, proving that although it is Samuel hewing Agag, he has yet one of the kindest hearts. There, too, you will see gravity at one time, sombre enough for the solemn portraits of the old New England clergy; and at another, the same mouth will be all radiant with drollery. Indeed, the whole head and face are worth an artist's study, and always have excited my admiration.

Dr. Stowe's intellect is one of great power, and you are not disappointed, as was Coleridge, when he saw a noble-looking man sitting at a table in London. He was very anxious to hear such a man talk, expecting, of course, he would utter wisely. But the man never opened his mouth until he saw the servant bringing in a dish of dumplings, and then he exclaimed,

"Ha! them's the jockeys for me!" The poor man forthwith relapsed! The artist who carefully examines Dr. Stowe's countenance, will not only pronounce it a noble one, but when he hears him speak, he will find the mind not a whit less noble. By this, I do not mean that he makes a constant exhibition of great qualities, for that is literally impossible. An old gentleman once shrewdly remarked, that a man who talked all the time, must, for the most part, talk nonsense. And an old divine once said, concerning strong mental efforts, that "a man could not and ought not to make more than one sermon in a month, eliciting all his mental and emotional power; for if he does, he will soon shake his tabernacle to pieces!" And I have no doubt of its truth; and to require a man of genius always to appear such, is asking entirely too much. It is asking Samson to shoulder the gates of Gaza every hour in the day, instead of allowing him to do it once, and then rest before he is compelled to break the "seven green withes."

A stranger would sometimes form a low estimate of Dr. Stowe's mental power. His mind at such seasons will produce truth, and display it in a clear manner, but he will not grasp truth like a giant, nor unseal the fountain of his heart. Nor does he seek to force his mind to unusual effort. He seems to make no attempts at great things, but suffers circumstances, and the natural friction of thought, to bear him whither they will. In this respect he is a true poet, and for this reason one must always take more or less satisfaction in hearing him speak.

His memory is a richly stored garner-house, not of words, but ideas and facts. He has an illustration for almost every time of need, and most especially for demolishing an antagonist. Indeed, there is such a surprising aptness of anecdote on such occasions, that you almost feel as if he had coined them on the spot. A very amusing illustration of this aptness took place some years since, at a meeting of the Synod of Cincinnati. It was previous to the separation of the Old and New school parties. One member of the body had a peculiar fondness for constructing arguments from analogy, and not unfrequently would prove Dr. Porter's saying true, that he who reasons from analogy, resembles a man attempting to roll two wheelbarrows! By some means this analogical reasoner had excited the displeasure of Dr. Stowe, and as soon as opportunity offered, he attacked him. I cannot pretend to give the illustration accurately, and must, therefore, content myself with approximation. On such an occasion, all expect something amusing, and rarely are disappointed. At this time there was a large audience, giving zest to any good saying. Dr. Stowe said that Brother ———'s way of reasoning always from analogy, reminded him of an anecdote he had somewhere seen in a German book, and he thought the soundness of that way of reasoning might be proved admirably. Somewhere in Germany, a very shrewd old man one day asked a learned neighbor to give him the definition of a *chicken!* "A chicken! a chicken!" said the learned man; "a chicken is the resultant of the product of a hen, hatched by the animal heat of the mother!" "Ah, indeed," said the old man, "I see clearly, and I don't see why my old cow can't hatch calves! Those nice round cheeses are the *product* of old brindle, and if a chicken is a resultant of the product of a hen hatched by the animal heat of the mother, I don't see why, reasoning from analogy, a calf should not be the resultant of a cheese hatched by the animal heat of old brindle! It must be so, or reasoning is worth nothing! The analogy is perfect! I'll go home and try it!" It is needless to say that the whole audience was convulsed with laughter too great to be repressed. The fat Moderator, having laughed till the tears streamed down his face, and still shaking with laughter, at last was able to call for order, with utterance well nigh smothered. I wish I had the story itself, and then could repeat it in the droll manner of the Doctor, whose eyes, meanwhile, were swimming over with fun.

One of the Doctor's pupils was very fond of denouncing all who did not fully adopt his creed of moral reform. He would sometimes take an undue advantage, by lugging his denunciations into the exercise for declamation, which was attended by all the professors and students. A thermometer no more clearly indicates warm weather, than the Doctor's actions indicate his feelings. When he felt "bored" by a speech, either by its length, or dullness, or erroneousness, it was no hard matter to tell. If the unlucky wight would only cast a look over his left shoulder, he would see enough to tell him the quicker he stopped, the better. There were certain crossings of the legs, and then uncrossing them, and then crossing them the other way, and a certain ominous tug at the watch-chain, and withal, a fierce looking out at the side-window, all betokening som

sharp dealing for the good of those concerned. In the case alluded to, the student had launched some heavy bolts at those in the high places of the church, who were not forever berating slavery and its abettors; and at the same time, the speaker's self-complaisant look seemed to say, "I, at least, have cleared my skirts!" When Dr. Stowe's turn came, he remarked with some little tartness, "The speaker did well enough, but he acts like a man whose house is burning, and who fancies the only way to put the fire out, is to *spit it out!* He sees one man running after an engine, but denounces him as an unfeeling wretch, because he refuses to spit on the fire! Some others are idling around the building; he does not beg them to carry water to save his house, but entreats them with tears to spit, and if they should think that unreasonable, he abuses them as his enemies! The actions and words of some benevolent but ultra abolitionists, are just like the man who insists that this is the only way to extinguish the flames!"

Not unfrequently, a young man would receive a severe rebuff, generally in some amusing way, and the rebuff would not excite anger, but instead of that a stronger attachment. In truth, the Doctor is one of those peculiar beings, who are allowed, by common consent, to do what they please; and yet, with all their whims, we love them better. To a very animated speaker, he said one day, with an arch look, "Your feelings are like a war-horse without a bridle. They carry you where they list; whereas, you ought to guide them. You must bridle your feelings, or you will lose much effective power as a speaker."

One of the most amusing efforts I have ever heard Dr. Stowe make, was a lecture to his students on the bad habits of ministers. There was not a ministerial whim, or foible, or peculiarity, which was not lashed across the stage, sans culotte. Every droll figure imaginable was subsidized to render ridiculous the bad habits of ministers. I never shall forget the sorry figure made by one very fat minister, who was conjured up for the occasion. This gentleman's tear-vessels were always so full, that he only had to shut his eyes tightly, to squeeze out the crystal drops to order, wholesale or retail. Indeed, it had become an important part of his Sabbath labors, to weep. No matter how dull his discourse might be, or how many of his hearers might be asleep, at the proper time, those juicy lids would be closed, and the tribute of tears be expressed, like rain from an overcharged cloud. I cannot pretend to give the pantomime of this voluntary weeping, but can assure any one that if it did not produce tears, from those who saw the exhibition, in the old gentleman's summary way, it produced them in the roundabout way of excessive laughter. But laughter became incontrollable, as the Doctor told of one favorite expression and gesture of the fat preacher, always accompanying his tears. He would lay his hand upon his capacious stomach, and with streaming eyes, exclaim, "My heart is melting within me!"

I never saw such merciless havoc made with the sanctimonious mannerisms of the clergy. Ministerial affectation, and ministerial cant were branded with red-hot irons. And no less cruel was his crucifixion of the miserable trifling, and levity, and thoughtlessness, which characterize some ministers in the pulpit. Those triflers, who desecrate the sanctuary with unbeaten oil, and substitute ready flippancy for well considered thought, were scourged like deserters; and they were so caricatured by this Hogarth, that all who were then present formed the resolution never to be guilty in these particulars. Nor less severe was his treatment of that heartlessness which seems to delight in what may be called the harsher emotions of religion.

> "Keener far
> Than all invective is his bold harangue."

And he sketched, in a most amusing style, preachers who are forever making apologies, and represented the foolish pride as

> "Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise!—
> The dearth of information and good sense,
> That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
> Cataracts of declamation thunder here,
> There forests of no meaning spread the page,
> In which all comprehension wanders lost."

Thus, every species of bad habit was lampooned and branded, not merely for the pleasant amusement of an hour, but for the lasting improvement of young men, soon to go out to exercise the functions of a most sacred vocation. I think that, generally, Dr. Stowe exercises his drollery with the best intentions, and not for mere self-gratification.

The Doctor's style of writing and speaking is extremely simple. I have heard it said, that he once destroyed all the sermons he had written, as being too complex and heavy in their arrangement and style. This neat simplicity sometimes is surpassing, and you can hardly

convince yourself that a child with a man's head and heart, is not speaking to you with a child's artless simplicity. And sometimes he will sketch some Scripture scene, unfolding one truth after another, with the most consummate skill, until your heart is subdued and captivated. Never does he show his peculiar power so strikingly, as when developing such words as these: "And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." In such a field, he would light on the most beautiful flowers; and cull them with such taste, as best to set forth the character of God, as seen in the handiwork of nature. "How beautiful the rich colors of the peach, the grape, the cherry! Why thus beautiful? How fair the rose, the lily, the fruit-blossom! Why thus fair? How surpassingly elegant and delicate is the flake of snow, falling like a brilliant from heaven! Why is it so elegant and delicate? Ah! God has emotions which are gratified with the fair workmanship of his own hand. Nature is God's own daughter, and he decks her beautifully!" Thus he passed on from one thing to another; from nature to revelation, from sweet flowers to the bloody cross, grouping the whole together like a skilful artist, that his hearers might rather see, than hear, the infinite tenderness of God's love; and at the same time, see that this is to be the character of His children.

I look back with the most intense delight to many sermons Dr. Stowe preached in the Seminary chapel. They have engraven themselves on my memory, and, I trust, my heart yet feels their influence. Such a sermon was that preached from Hebrews ii. 10, on the reason why Christians are called to suffer. I shall never forget the thrill caused by one simple allusion, with which he introduced his subject, showing how close a connection the subject had to every person. "An Oriental prince once was grieving immoderately over the death of a favorite daughter. A sage promised to raise her to life, if the prince would inscribe on her tomb the names of three persons who had not been afflicted. The search was unavailing. Every one had tasted of sorrow." The challenge may be safely given to produce a more touching and yet apt preface to a sermon on sorrow. The entire discourse was characterized with the richest emotions, and one could almost pray to be afflicted, as he saw, with such clearness, afflictions subduing pride, softening down natural asperities of character, awakening sympathy, opening new sources of emotion, giving depth and body to sympathy and piety, weaning us from the world, and making us spiritually-minded. In emotion and child-like simplicity, associated with the most beautiful substratum of thought, I think that sermon one of the richest I have ever heard. His emotions so completely enlisted my own, that it was a luxury to weep. It was indeed luxury to a heart still smarting under the sudden death of a sister.

This style of discourses I always considered his best, and leaving the deepest impressions. It would not be difficult to occupy pages with the most beautiful illustrations. He once closed a sermon on the words, "For even hereunto were ye called; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps," with a short poem, recited in a way which subdued all to tears. I have never seen the poem in print, and yet I regard it as a gem. Dr. Stowe found it in a lady's album, but knew not its author. It is so beautiful, that I think it a pardonable offence to quote it entire.

"Oh, fear not thou to die!
Far rather fear to live,—for life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try,
By peril, pain and strife.
Brief is the work of death;
But life!—the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere Heaven recall the breath,
The cup of woe may be.

"Oh, fear not thou to die,
No more to suffer or to sin,
No snare without thy faith to try,
No traitor heart within.
But fear, oh rather fear,
The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
From heaven thy heart to wean.

"Oh, fear not thou to die—
To die and be that blessed one,
Who in the bright and beauteous sky,
May feel his conflict done;
May feel that never more
The tear of grief, of shame, shall come,
For thousand wand'rings from the Power
Who loved and called thee home!"

Enthusiasm of a generous sort enters largely into Dr. Stowe's character. His heart is easily moved by any benevolent cause; and when moved, it urges him to active effort. He has always shown the greatest interest in the foreigners coming to this country, particularly the Germans. The distribution of Bibles, tracts and religious books among these, has ever been

a darling enterprise with him. He sometimes has kept a small circulating library of such books as "The Pilgrim's Progress," translated into German, and found easy access to many Romanists through this medium. In his efforts to reclaim the victims of Romish priestcraft, he is not wanting in courage. When the Protestant Society was formed in Cincinnati, Dr. Stowe engaged to deliver a public lecture in its behalf. The night was stormy, and yet the church was crowded. Not a few Romanists were present, but the Doctor never swerved from his straightforward and pointed attacks on the system of Popery, particularly in its developments in this country. The whole lecture was characterized by great learning, most shrewdly applied. It was a tremendous attack on Romanism; and yet so generously and kindly was it conducted, that Romanists could not but smile good-humoredly, as they were knocked down. On such an occasion, the Doctor shines excellently well, and shows the strong qualities of his mind to the best advantage.

Perhaps his mind never has enkindled with greater enthusiasm, than on the subject of the Reformation, and especially its central spirit, Luther. When in Germany, with the spirit of an ardent admirer, he visited the principal places hallowed by the remembrances of the Reformer. The pilgrimage, for the Doctor's enthusiasm rendered it little less, seemed to imbue him with the most profound admiration for Luther, and now he cannot speak of him in moderate terms. Those who hear him preach, will not find many occasions pass, without some admiring allusion to Luther, or some grand quotation from his writings. He is a constant reader of the writings of Luther, and so far as an intimate acquaintance with these, and an enthusiastic admiration of him, can fit one to be the defender of Luther, I know of no one so well fitted for the post as Dr. Stowe. When he first delivered his course of lectures on Luther, no finer specimens of genuine enthusiasm could be produced. He prosecuted his work with the greatest assiduity; and to the last, sustained the interest of his audience. This is saying not a little, when it is remembered that he lectured some fifteen or twenty times during as many weeks. I have never known a more complete power exercised for so long a time, and such a variety of emotions in the same individuals. Laughter and tears, joy and indignation, anxiety and confidence, consternation and exaltation, chased each other over the countenance, as the chequered and eventful history of Luther passed rapidly in review. Never did the Reformer stand more really before us, as a living character, than during those lectures. He scarcely seemed one of another age; but we seemed to be with him in his mighty strugglings, and to be moved by his stormy eloquence. Or rather, we ourselves seemed to be carried back by the magic of our teacher, until we ourselves became actors and witnesses in the exciting events of the sixteenth century. The Doctor gave the minute incidents which lent the charm of real life, seen by ourselves, to those events. Luther, the boy in his father's cottage, and Luther, the youth singing his way to favor in the streets of Eisnach; sometimes rudely treated, and shrinking home hungry and weeping, and at others, kindled into hope and gladness by a kind word, or a generous donation, alike excited our sympathy. Luther, the strong-minded student, plodding his way wearily in pursuits, which so admirably equipped him for the great mission God had sent him on, and at length, by a marked Providence, inclosed in a monastery, elicited our fears as well as hopes, for the magic of our historian seemed as yet to shut out knowledge of the excellent results of these things. We seemed standing by Luther's side, when in the university library at Erfurth, he first saw a Bible, and heard his exclamations as he read it. How real and present that exciting and pregnant incident was! It was good to be there, even in imagination.

And thus we were carried along, until the whole grand period was finished. We felt aroused, when those ninety-five theses were nailed to the church-door in Wittemberg. In breathless haste we followed him to Worms, and felt ourselves the nobler, because we belonged to the same race which produced such a man. We trembled to see him stolen away from death, and so kindly imprisoned in the Wartburg. And thus, from one scene of conflict to another, from one triumph to another, in all which the handiwork of a special Providence was gloriously visible, we passed, until we saw him die in Eisleben, his native city. It is not strange that such a subject, in the hands of such an enthusiastic admirer, should so completely captivate every mind.

And when reading of the liberality of a Lowell, in endowing an institute, the object of which is, to substantiate and spread true Christianity,

I have thought that no one could add a more precious mite to that excellent object than Dr. Stowe. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to hear that he had been invited to Boston, to repeat his lectures on the life and labors of Luther. Right certain am I, that in interest and value, those lectures would not detract from the splendor of those already delivered before the Lowell Institute.

As a scholar, Dr. Stowe is immeasurably superior to Dr. Beecher, who makes no pretensions to scholarship, in the common acceptation of the term. His scholarship is displayed to the best advantage in his critical examination of the Bible. He reads and speaks German fluently, and keeps up an intimate acquaintance with literature and politics in those countries where the German language prevails. Some of his most beautiful allusions, in public and private, are to events and persons in Germany. In this particular he is an egotist, and yet the most pleasant one I ever saw. One could hardly wish him to change from what he is, merely to get rid of the odious "I." The very quality of his egotism lends a charm to the man, and a freshness to his words. As a philanthropist, he takes a warm part in all causes tending to the good of his race. As a companion, he can be most delightful if he choose. As a friend, he will go to any length to aid one in distress. What member of Lane, in 1843, will ever forget the paternal assiduity with which Dr. Stowe watched for fourteen weeks over poor Kidder, so long struggling with death? or the feeling lament he uttered over him when death came at last, and sent the young saint to his rest? A thousand eccentricities shall be forgotten in that benevolence which took a stranger as a brother, into his own house, and which soothed the harsh work of death, until it seemed Heaven's rugged, yet kind angel, dispatched to bring home one redeemed out of great tribulations!

THE SPIRIT'S REST.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
For God hath kindly dealt with thee;
Tho' o'er my head His thunders roll,
His arms shall still thy refuge be.
Not all the cares and storms of life,
Not all the terrors in thy path,
Shall stop thee in thy deathless strife,
Since He in love restrains their wrath.

Not many summers o'er my head
Have passed in their revolving course;
Yet soon their journey will be sped,
Soon shalt thou go to meet thy Source.
Before mine eyes the welcome goal,
The blest repose, ere long shall be:
Return unto thy rest, my soul,
For God hath kindly dealt with thee.

There are not many joys below
To make the pilgrim linger here;
These hours of sorrow, as they go,
Can but the better land endear.
The glorious guerdon of that goal
Shall last throughout eternity:
Return unto thy rest, my soul,
For God hath kindly dealt with thee.

His hand the seeds of death hath sowed,
Where once the flowers of pleasure came,
And gently turned to His abode
Thy joyful thought, thy constant aim.
Before the scenes of life unroll,
Before the days of youth shall flee,
Return unto thy rest, my soul,
For God hath kindly dealt with thee.

A SACRED QUARTETTE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE CLERGY.

POETRY ANONYMOUS. MUSIC BY DARIUS E. JONES.

Unison.
1. Sow, sow, sow, Al-ways keep on sow-ing; God will cause the seeds to grow,
2. Pray, pray, pray, Al-ways keep on pray-ing; In the brightest, dark-est day
Fast-er than your knowing; Nothing e'er is sown in vain, If, His voice o-bey-ing,
Still His voice obey-ing; Nev-er, from the gates of prayer, Turn with doubting sorrow,
You look up-ward for the rain, And fal-ter not in pray-ing.
For the One who stand-eth there, May an-swer you to-mor-row.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

Our Illustrations.—The readers of the Parlor Magazine do not need to be told that we have made some change in the general character of our embellishments. If the reason of this innovation does not suggest itself, as we think it must to most minds, all we have to say is, that we have adopted this course mainly for the sake of variety. We do not love to plod along for half a century over the same road, and take the liberty to presume that our patrons, unless they are ultra-conservative, are a little like us in this respect. We shall be governed by their taste in the matter, nevertheless, and should be grateful for any hints from them in respect of our illustrations in general, or any in particular.

The steel engraving in this number is a view of a section of Harper's Ferry, in Virginia. The scenery at this point and in the immediate vicinity, has been represented by travellers of observation and judgment, as scarcely rivalled, in grandeur and picturesque beauty, by anything in the Union. We have never visited it, though we have long had the pleasure in anticipation; but if the sketch which our artist has given is at all a truthful one, the scenery seems to justify the enthusiastic remark of Jefferson in regard to it, that "it is worth a voyage across the Atlantic." The Ferry is situated at the junction of the Shenandoah with the noble Potomac. From all that we have heard of this spot, we are inclined to think that the beauty of the scenery is in character not unlike that of Trenton Falls in our own State. The eye takes in, at a glance, all the north side of the Potomac and the Shenandoah, an impetuous torrent, foaming and dashing angrily over numerous rocks which have tumbled from overhanging precipices. There is, too, a distinct view of the picturesque tops and sides of the mountains, and the gentle, winding current of the river below the bridge—presenting altogether as tourists generally agree, a landscape capable of awakening the most delightful and sublime emotions. Now that the communication from this part of the country and Harper's Ferry is so direct and expeditious, there is little to hinder the admirer of such scenery from making the tour, and thousands of northern travellers are attracted to the spot every year.

We have not asked our publisher why he chose to accompany this sketch with the portrait of a rabbit. It may be a mere whim of his—perhaps a matter of convenience. But there certainly is a pretty close affinity between such a spot and this beautiful forest rambler. We warrant there are scores of rabbits at Harper's Ferry. Poor fellows! We never see one bounding along in the woods, and occasionally looking timidly over his shoulders, to see whether there is an enemy near, without a feeling of pity; for unfortunately for them, their flesh is delicious, and sportsmen take great delight in hunting them. We came pretty near killing one of the innocent creatures once in our life, as we remember. A dog in our company had chased one until he gave up in despair; and the poor, innocent, persecuted rabbit uttered such a cry of anguish, that we were fain to spare his life. If we have ever been tempted to shoot one since—and we are not perfectly sure that we have not been so tempted—the recollection of that heart-piercing cry has been the means of arresting our arm, and saving the rabbit. We doubt much whether we could sleep well o' nights after shooting one. We honestly believe we might be in a condition little more enviable than that of Macbeth, after the Banquo affair; and we should not be at all surprised to find ourself some night suddenly waked from a nightmare by the vision of a murdered rabbit, weeping like a child, and we muttering something like this between our teeth:

> "Thou canst not say I did it—never shake
> Those gory locks at me."

Summer Excursions.—Jean Paul gives it as his decided opinion, that travelling takes all that is woody from man, as transplanting takes the woody particles from cabbages; and cherishing a profound respect for this as for most of Jean Paul's notions, and withal having sundry other equally good reasons for leaving our city for a time, we have made some delightful excursions during the summer, which we intend to speak of, when we are in the vein, in detail. Meanwhile, good reader, presuming you have not decided upon the route you will take, and presuming, too, that you intend to treat yourself—and your wife, if you are so happy as to have one—to some excursion or another, we must sketch for you an outline of our rambles—just taking the liberty of hinting that, though this is a very free country, intolerably free, almost, and you of course can

there exists in the mind of the western reader, no particular preference to those works, only that created by the want of similar and equally meritorious ones produced at home; but on the contrary, a western work of acceptability would hold in this respect a decided advantage over those coming from a distance—together with the greater consideration of what the West is destined in all respects very soon to become—are indications of an opening favorable to the Lady's Western Magazine, sufficient, perhaps, to induce the belief that the enterprise is not altogether premature; and while other points of a less local character might be alluded to, it is deemed that the consideration of these by the public, and the confidence of the same, if it can be gained, will secure to the work a proportionate share of the common support."

PARLOR TABLE.

The Family Christian Almanac for 1849. New York: American Tract Society.

This Almanac, as a specimen of taste, is one of the finest things ever published, and in all other respects it seems a model of excellence.

A First Book in Spanish; or a Practical Introduction to the study of the Spanish Language. By JOSEPH SALKELD, A.M., author of "A Compendium of Classical Antiquities," &c. New York: Harper and Brothers.

We have been very favorably impressed with this book. It contains full instructions in pronunciation, a grammar, exercises on the Ollendorff method of constant imitation and repetition, reading lessons, and a very creditable vocabulary—the whole of which is adapted for the use of private learners, or for classes under an instructor.

The Silent Comforter. A Companion for the Sick Room. By LOUISA PAYSON HOPKINS. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

A very neat and tasteful miniature volume, with short articles in prose and poetry, designed for the spiritual improvement of such as are suffering from illness. It is an admirable production, and cannot fail to be of essential benefit in the sick chamber.

The Dying Robin, and other Tales. By JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D., author of "Alice Gordon," "Elizabeth Benton," "The Lawyer's Daughter," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We are always pleased to see a new volume from our friend and contributor, Prof. Alden. We regard him as, on the whole, one of the best writers for children and youth in our country. He never fails, in his tales, by his simple and truthful plot, and his affectionate and confiding manner, to enlist the sympathies of the reader; and what is more and better, the moral and religious influence of his works is happy in the extreme.

History of the French Revolution of 1789. By LOUIS BLANC, Member of the Provisional Government of France. Translated from the French. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

We have received the second part of this work, though we have scarcely found leisure to examine it. Louis Blanc has some pleasing peculiarities as an author. We cannot help liking his racy and brilliant style, though as to his notions in respect to political economy, and some of his philosophy, we are far enough from agreeing with him. In the main, he is a good historian, with all his faults, and at the present time especially, when he is so intimately connected with the thrilling events transpiring in France, he will be read with no common interest.

Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

This work has reached its twenty-third number. We have already more than once alluded to it as, in our opinion, the best of its kind that has come under our observation, and the successive numbers as they are published only confirm that opinion.

The Proper Mode of Keeping the Sabbath. Being Sabbath Manual No. IV. By Rev. JUSTIN EDWARDS, D.D. New York: American Tract Society.

A most excellent treatise, which few will fail to read through if they should have access to it. Success to it. There is need enough of it.

A Grammar of the English Language, in a Series of Letters. By WILLIAM COBBETT. New York: John Doyle.

We have already mentioned approvingly a grammar of the French language by this author, and this of the English language strikes us as equally good.

Sanders' Fifth Reader. For the use of Academies and the Highest Classes in Common and Select Schools. By CHARLES W. SANDERS and JOSHUA C. SANDERS. New York: Mark H. Newman & Co.

There is a multitude of books of a similar character to the one with the above title; but we have never seen one which on the whole pleased us better. The instructions in rhetorical reading and speaking, are full and judicious, and the selections are peculiarly happy.

Kings and Queens. or, Life in the Palace. Consisting of Historical Sketches of Josephine and Maria Louisa, Louis Philippe, Ferdinand of Austria, Nicholas, Isabella II., Leopold, and Victoria. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume is very timely, and must be generally acceptable. The sketches of the different monarchs are in the well-known style of Mr. Abbott, and the book is handsomely printed and illustrated.

The Church in Earnest. By JOHN ANGELL JAMES, author of the "Church Members' Guide," &c. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

An excellent work from the pen of one of the most devoted, gifted, and practical of all our English writers. He never writes without an aim, and a worthy one—never aims at an object without reaching it.

Mary Grover, or the Trusting Wife. A Domestic Temperance Tale. By CHARLES BURDETT, author of "The Convict's Child," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This tale is in Mr Burdett's happiest vein. That is saying a good deal, in our estimation; for we regard him as an extremely pleasing and useful writer.

SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

PLAIN SEWING;

OR, HOW TO ENCOURAGE THE POOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Do you know of any poor body who does plain sewing?" asked Mrs. Lander of a neighbor upon whom she called for the particular purpose of making this inquiry. "I have a good deal of work that I want done, and I always like to give my plain sewing to people that need it."

"I think I know of a person who will suit you," replied Mrs. Brandon, the lady to whom the application had been made. "She is a poor widow woman, with four children dependent upon her for support. She sews neatly. Yesterday she brought me home some little drawers and night-gowns that were beautifully made. I am sure she will please you very well; and I know she deserves encouragement."

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. Walton; and she lives in Larkin's Court."

"Thank you, ma'am. I will send for her this morning. You say she is very poor?"

"You may judge of that yourself, Mrs. Lander. A woman who has four children to support by the labor of her own hands cannot be very well off."

"No—certainly not. Poor creature! I will throw all I can in her way, if her work should please me."

"I am sure that will be the case, for she sews very neatly."

Mrs. Lander having found out a poor woman who could do plain sewing—she was always more ready to employ persons in extreme poverty than those who were in more easy circumstances—immediately sent a summons for her to attend upon her ladyship. Mrs. Walton's appearance when she came plainly enough told the story of her indigence.

"Mrs. Brandon informs me," said Mrs. Lander, "that you do plain sewing very well, and that you stand in need of work. I always like to encourage the industrious poor."

The woman inclined her head, and Mrs. Lander went on.

"Do you make shirts?"

"Yes, ma'am, sometimes."

"Do you consider yourself a good shirt-maker?"

"I don't call myself anything very extra; but people for whom I work seem generally pleased with what I do."

"I have six shirts cut out for Mr. Lander. How soon can you make them?"

"I couldn't make them all in less than a couple of weeks, as I have other work that must be done within that time."

"Very well. That will do."

The poor woman took the shirts home, feeling grateful to Mrs. Brandon for having recommended her, and thankful to get the work. In order to give satisfaction to both her new customer, and those for whom she already had work in the house, she divided her time between them, sewing one day for Mrs. Lander and the next on the work received before hers came in. At the end of a week, three of the shirts were ready, and, as she needed very much the money she had earned in making them, she carried them over to Mrs. Lander on Saturday afternoon.

"I have three of the shirts ready," she said, as she handed to the lady the bundle she had brought.

"Ah! have you?" remarked Mrs. Lander, as, with a grave face, she opened the bundle and examined the garments. This examination was continued with great minuteness, and long enough almost to have counted every stitch in the garments. She found the shirts exceedingly well made; much better than she had expected to find them.

"When will you have the others ready?" she asked, as she laid them aside.

"I will try and bring them in next Saturday."

"Very well."

Then came a deep silence. The poor woman sat with the fingers of both hands moving together uneasily, and Mrs. Lander looked away out of the window and appeared to be intent upon something in the street.

"Are these made to please you?" Mrs. Walton ventured to ask.

"They'll do," was the brief answer; and then came back the same dead silence, and the same interest on the part of the lady in something passing in the street.

Mrs. Walton wanted the money she had earned for making the shirts, and Mrs. Lander knew it. But Mrs. Lander never liked to pay out money, if she could help it; and as doing so always went against the grain, it was her custom to put off such unpleasant work as long as possible. She liked to encourage the very poor, because she knew they generally worked cheaper than people who were in easier circumstances; but the drawback in their case was, that they always wanted money the moment their work was done.

Badly as she stood in need of the money she had earned, poor Mrs. Walton felt reluctant to ask for it until the whole number of shirts she had engaged to make were done; and so, after sitting for a little while longer, she got up and went away. It happened that she had expended her last sixpence on that very morning, and nothing was due to her from any one but Mrs. Lander. Two days at least would elapse before she would have any other work ready to take home, and what to do in the meantime she did not know. With her the reward of every day's labor was needed when the labor was done; but now she was unpaid for full four days' work, and her debtor was a lady much interested in the welfare of the poor, who always gave out her plain sewing to those who were in need of encouragement.

By placing in pawn some few articles of dress, and paying a heavy interest upon the little sum of money advanced thereon, the poor widow was able to keep hunger from her door until she could finish some work she had in hand for a lady more considerate than Mrs. Lander. Then she applied herself with renewed industry to the three shirts yet to make, which she finished at the time she promised to have them done. With the money to be received for these, she was to pay one dollar and a half to get her clothes from the pawnbroker's shop, buy her little boy a pair of shoes—he had been from school a week for want of them—and get a supply of food for the many mouths she had to feed.

Mrs. Lander received her with that becoming dignity of manner and gravity which certain persons always assume when money has to be paid out. She, as it behooved her to do, thoroughly examined every seam, line of stitching, and hem upon each of the three shirts, and then, after slowly laying the garments upon a table, sighed and looked still graver. Poor Mrs. Walton felt oppressed; she hardly knew why.

"Does the work please you?" she ventured to ask.

"I don't think these are as well made as the others," said Mrs. Lander.

"I thought they were better made," returned the woman.

"Oh, no. The stitching on the bosoms, collars and wristbands isn't nearly so well done."

Mrs. Walton knew better than this; but she did not feel in any humor to contend for the truth. Mrs. Lander took up the shirts again, and made another examination.

"What is the price of them?" she asked.

"Seventy-five cents."

"Apiece?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Seventy-five cents apiece!"

"I never got less than that, and some for whom I sew always pay me a dollar."

"Seventy-five cents! It's an imposition. I know plenty of poor women who would have been glad of these shirts to make at half the price—yes, or at a third of the price either. Seventy-five cents, indeed! Oh, no—I will never pay a price like that. I can go to any professed shirt-maker in the city, and get them made for seventy-five cents or a dollar."

"I know you can, ma'am," said Mrs. Walton, stung into self-possession by this unexpected language. "But why should I receive less if my work is as well done?"

"A pretty question, indeed!" retorted Mrs. Lander, thrown off her guard. "A pretty question for you to ask of me! Oh, yes! You can get such prices if you can, but I never pay them to people like you. When I pay seventy-five cents apiece for shirts, I go to regular shirt-makers. But this is what we generally get for trying to encourage the poor. Mrs. Brandon said that you were in needy circumstances, and that it would be a charity to give you work. But this is the way it generally turns out."

"What are you willing to pay?" asked the poor woman, choking down her feelings.

"I have had shirts as well made as these for forty cents many and many a time. There is a poor woman down in Southwark who sews beautifully, who would have caught at the job. She works for the shops, and does not get over twenty-five cents for fine shirts. But, as Mrs. Brandon said you were suffering for work, I thought I would throw something in your way. Forty cents is an abundance; but I had made up my mind, under the circumstances, to make it fifty, and that is all I will give. So here is your money—three dollars."

And Mrs. Lander took out her purse and counted out six half dollars upon the table. Only for a few moments did the poor woman hesitate. Bread she must have for her children; and if her clothes were not taken out of pawn on that day—she had pledged them only for a week—they would be lost. Slowly did she take up the money, while words of stinging rebuke were on her tongue. But she forced herself to keep silence; and even departed, bearing the wrong that had been laid upon her, without uttering a word.

"Did you get my shoes as you promised, mother?" eagerly inquired her little boy, as she came in, on returning from the house of Mrs. Lander.

"No, dear," replied the heart-full mother, in a subdued voice. "I didn't get as much money as I expected."

"When will you buy them, mother?" asked the child, as tears filled his eyes. "I can't go to school this way." And he looked down at his bare feet.

"I know you can't, Harry; and I will try and get them for you in a few days."

The child said no more, but shrunk away with his little heart so full of disappointment that he could not keep the tears from gushing over his face. The mother's heart was quite as full. Little Harry sat down in a corner to weep in silence over his grief, and Mrs. Walton took her sewing into her hands; but the tears so blinded her eyes that she could not see where to direct the needle. Before she had recovered herself, there was a knock at the door, which was opened immediately afterwards by a lady who came into the room where the poor widow sat with her little family around her.

More than an hour had passed since the unpleasant interview with the plain sewer, and Mrs. Lander had not yet recovered her equanimity of mind, nor lost the feeling of indignation which the attempt to impose upon her by the poor widow had occasioned, when she was favored with a visit from Mrs. Brandon, who said familiarly, and with a smile, as she entered—

"Ah, how do you do, Mrs. Lander? I have just corrected a mistake you made a little while ago.

"Indeed! what is that?" asked Mrs. Lander, looking a little surprised.

"You only gave poor Mrs. Walton fifty cents apiece for the half dozen shirts she made for you, when the lowest price is seventy-five cents. I always pay a dollar for Mr. Brandon's. The difference is a very important one to her—no less than a dollar and a half. I found her in much trouble about it, and her little boy crying with disappointment at not getting a pair of shoes his mother had promised him as soon as she got the money for the shirts. He has been from school for want of shoes for more than a week. So I took out my purse and gave Mrs. Walton the dollar and a half to make up the sum she had earned, and told her I would see you about it. I acted right, did I not? Of course, it was a mistake on your part?"

Mrs. Lander was never more completely outgeneralled in her life. The lady who had corrected her error was one in whose good opinion she had every reason for desiring to stand high. She could grind the face of the poor without pity or shame, but for the world she would not be thought mean by Mrs. Brandon.

"I am very much obliged to you indeed," she said, with a bland smile. "It was altogether a mistake on my part, and I blame the woman exceedingly for not having mentioned it at the time. Heaven knows, I am the last person in the world who would grind the faces of the poor! Yes, the very last person. Here is the money you paid for me, and I must repeat my thanks for your prompt correction of the error. But I cannot help feeling vexed at the woman."

"We must make many allowances for the poor, Mrs. Lander. They often bear a great deal of wrong without a word of complaint. Some people take advantage of their need, and, because they are poor, make them work for the merest pittance in the world. I know some persons, and they well off in the world, who always employ the poorest class of people, and this under the pretence of favoring them, but, in reality, that they may get their work done at a rate cheaper than it can be made by people who expect to derive from their labor a comfortable support."

Mrs. Lander was stung to the quick by these words; but she dared not show the least sign of feeling.

"Surely no one professing to be a Christian can do so," she said.

"Yes, people professing to be Christians do these things," was replied; "but of course their professions need a better practice to prove them of any worth."

When her visitor retired, after having expressed her opinion on the subject under consideration still more unequivocally, Mrs. Lander did not feel very comfortable, nor was her good opinion of herself quite so firm as it had been earlier in the day. But she took good care, in the future, not to give any more work to Mrs. Walton, and was exceedingly particular afterwards in employing poor people to know whether they sewed for Mrs. Brandon. There are a good many people in the world who encourage the poor on Mrs. Lander's principle.

THE SPELL OF EARTH.

BY WINNA WILDWOOD.

"How oft we seem
Like those that dream, and know the while they dream."

In the dim silence of the twilight hour,
While busy Memory cons her buried lore,
There comes a voice sometimes, with magic power,
Yet gentle tone, oft heard in days of yore;
And at its bidding, earth's wild visions seem
To pass away, like a remembered dream.

And often in the flush of hope and joy,
While the heart-pulse is bounding glad and free,
And life's full cup seems bliss without alloy,
That strange, sad voice, will whisper silently,
"Earth's gayest hours of mirth will pass away—
Arouse thee, Dreamer! seek a purer day."

In the home gatherings round the household hearth,
Where fond hearts meeting blend in deathless love,
In hours of hope, of sadness, or of mirth,
That spirit-voice seems whispering from above,
"Awake, vain Dreamer! heed the warning well—
Earth's hopes are fleeting—break their fatal spell."

A moment's sadness, then a half resolve,
And that strange voice sleeps with the buried past;
While my proud heart its joys and hopes revolve,
As if it felt a dream might always last.
Oh! for the power to *be* what we would *seem*,
That we might break earth's spell no more to dream.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY "JOHN SMITH."

TIME itself is a great revolutionist, and sometimes a reformer. Its continual dropping wears away rocks of flint and undermines thrones. Time perseveres in its work of dissolution and re-organization, when other powers grow weary with hopeless effort. Time has been the witness to scenes of anguish, when goodness and genius have been immolated on the altar of passion. Time also has witnessed moral resurrections, when goodness and genius have risen from the tomb in which they seemed buried forever. Time brings us hope now, when we contrast it with time that was. Let us see.

"Come, mother, do give me the sugar in the bottom of that glass; it is so good," said a bright-looking boy, as he looked wistfully up into her face, while with one hand he clung to her gown.

"Why, Charles," said his mother, "you will become a real toddy-drinker if you keep on at this rate. Your mouth waters now like an old rummy's! Here, I will give you a lump from the bowl, and throw this stuff away."

She was about to suit the action to the word, when the little fellow cried out impatiently—

"I don't want a lump from the bowl, because it does not taste good like that in the glass!"

A shade of anguish flitted across the mother's countenance, as she saw such precocity in a habit she knew to be ruinous, and over which already she had wept many tears. As she contrasted the man of her heart's choice, marked with the distinct tracery of vicious indulgence, with the noble and beautiful man he once was, she could truly have said,

> "The thoots o' by-gane years
> Still fling their shadows ower my path,
> And blind my een wi' tears;
> They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
> And sair and sick I pine,
> As memory idly summons up
> The blithe blinks o' lang syne."

And yet because her child cried, and everybody did as she was doing, because it was fashionable, she allowed him to drain the sugar saturated with brandy. And as he did it he smacked his lips with the keen relish of a toper.

The apathy, which then held all minds on the evil of intemperance, was truly astonishing. A mother's sensitive heart would sometimes penetrate the delusions of fashion and custom, and see "hungry ruin" in prospect for her son. Sometimes she would articulate her fears lest Charles would become too fond of strong drink, but the husband hushed her by saying, "Fudge, wife, don't be alarmed, for this is nothing strange or unprecedented! In fact I believe I had as great a relish for such things at his age as Charley has now, and you see I have done well enough!"

The wife would have spoken had she dared, as she looked into the face of her husband, bloated and blossomed as it was. She would have used to the father his own prospective ruin as an argument why his son should avoid the same path of death. But such intimations only roused his anger, that she should hint that he was a drunkard, although not unfrequently he had, at some great dinner, been "kicked under the table." The wife suppressed her thoughts, and time unravelled the web of destiny. In three years that husband died—avoiding fashionable nomenclature—a drunkard.

Such a catastrophe roused the mother from her stupor, and with what success we shall see presently.

It was on a cold blustering day, just as Charles was starting for school, that he came up to his mother:

"Mother, I am afraid I shall take cold; come, please fix me a little nice hot toddy to keep me warm!"

It was said with a sort of shame-faced boldness, as though he was not altogether sure of doing right. But the mother detected the cravings of appetite, and felt that the demon must now be exorcised or keep possession forever, as she replied:

"No, Charles, you must not have any more such drink. You must never touch it again or you will become such a drunkard as the poor man who died over the way. Do not you remember how he shrieked and howled whilst dying of delirium tremens? No, Charles, you must give it up forever, or you may become as great a drunkard as ——."

She would have said "*your father*," but of his ruin thoughts trooped up frightfully, and her tongue refused to pronounce the harsh comparison. She burst into a flood of tears. The boy seemed intuitively to catch what was passing in her mind, and instantly sprung to her arms, affectionately kissing her cheek, as he said, "I won't drink any more, mother." She pressed him to her heart, and prayed silently.

From that day he seemed to be a different child. No inducement could make him taste a drop of any intoxicating liquor, and with untiring diligence he pursued his studies. His mind, rarely developed, comprehended and practised the idea that he must be the architect of his own fortune. His brilliant talents, the more shining in one so young, made him a companion whose society was courted by all. Nature had fitted him to be the admired centre of every circle in which he might move.

At the age of fourteen, Charles was entered a member of —— college. Common consent soon assigned him the first place in the class, and his brilliant qualities as a companion rendered him a universal favorite. Would, I had almost said, nature had moulded him into a ruggeder shape, with mental, moral, and physical ugliness to repel vicious associates, instead of attracting them to himself by so many admirable and fascinating qualities. Intemperance is a social vice, and not a few of its most regretted victims are those whose companionable ways give zest to vice, and pave the highway to ruin. How many victims has intemperance made, through the social principle, in some circumstance perverted into the most dangerous lure that ever caught the unwary.

And what a meaning these words have when applied to youth in college. The choicest minds there are congregated. Life is still young, and sociality there sparkles like ruddy wine. Who has not an exhilarating recollection of the hearty laugh, and the brilliant rejoinder of the college circle, when "Greek has met Greek," in the witty warfare? It is the very heyday of glee, and even frosty age is melted as it recurs to those scenes when it was young. And yet that very period is the Scylla and Charybdis of an educated man's life. Thirty years ago the dangers of that period were extreme. Home has just been left behind; and now, for the first time, the youth becomes in a measure his own master. He is a social being, and in circumstances calculated to elicit all his sociality. Hence the hours of mirth and conviviality, in which at length are found not merely the blandishments of an hour, but the beginnings of inveterate habit, the cause of future tears, and, in too many cases, of premature death. The history of American colleges amply proves the assertion.

For two years Charles had avoided danger, and by diligence had secured the approbation of his fellows and instructors. The fall vacation had passed, and he was now a junior, when he met a college mate whose social disposition and fine talents he had learned to admire.

"How are you, Charles?"

"How are you, William?" were the mutual greetings with which they met, and then they recounted the pleasures they had enjoyed at home.

"Charles, come to my room this evening after nine o'clock. The tutor will be snoozing by that time, and we shall have a nice time talking over vacation, and what we have seen. Come over, won't you?"

Thus pressed, the unsuspecting Charles consented, and was there at the appointed hour. He was surprised to find quite a company of mates, and those of a class whose company hitherto he had avoided. He felt uneasy, and wished himself away, but had not courage to gratify his own wishes. They soon surrounded him, and their flattering attentions, and the uproar of laughter excited by some of his sayings, soon reconciled him to his situation. Anecdote, that wine of sociality, freely circulated, and in this, none could equal the widow's son. From his tenacious memory he feasted his auditors with some choice stories, which produced great merriment.

It was not long before William introduced the champagne. Charles started and thought of his mother. He would have left, but the fear of ridicule was too strong for him. He feared a laugh more than a bad action, and proved, in his own experience, a drunkard's

"—— *laugh a poor exchange*
For Deity offended."

"Come, fellows, fill your glasses with a little of the 'O be joyful' before we part. What's the use of droning away life, like good old aunties, afraid of stepping quick for fear they put a wrinkle in their smooth aprons! Hurra for a little good cheer! The tutor is abed, and here's a health to his long nap to-morrow morning. What's the matter, Charles? Take a little; it's nothing but *wine*."

The tempted youth dared not refuse, and in a few minutes "*nothing but wine*" had banished mother, duty, danger and ruin, and with the ardor of his nature, he plunged headlong into the dissipation of the evening.

"Fill again, my merry boys," said their host. "Hurra for a song! Jack, let us have one of your best!"

"Hurra for a song," responded the whole company in concert. "Give us a good one, Jack."

The young man thus called on, had a fine voice, and being a great wag, could sing drinking-bouts with great zest. Taking the wine, "giving his color in the cup," in his hand, and clearing his throat, he gave them a song from Moore.

"Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,
'Twill chase thy pensive tear.
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But oh, 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind;
But like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind."

The song was received with noisy mirth by the company, and again the wine passed round. And thus with wine and song, the hours flew away, until several became first witty, then silly, and then drunk, and among them, Charles.

The morning came, and with it the bloodshot eye and aching head to witness against the last night's carouse, and withal, that insupportable sense of degradation and loss of self-respect. What a feeling of agony was that which racked the heart of this widow's son, as the past rushed across his vision, and the future like a horrid spectre loomed up in the distance. But he was in the toils, and his social qualities were the cord by which his wicked companions led him on to repeat that same disgraceful scene.

And yet by dint of talent, he secured the honors of his class, in spite of his relaxed exertions. He had seen his mother but once since the change, and her pale countenance recalled him for a time to himself. She did not know of the change, but looked with a mother's pride and hope on her son. On the altar of home, he made his vows of reform. Again among his companions, those vows melted away like snowflakes in a river. If any man in the world can say truthfully, "the evil which I would not that do I," it is the man beginning to slide down the steeps of dissipation, with companions at his back to prevent his return. And such this brilliant youth found it.

But we must hasten. That day so longed for by the student at length arrived. The widow, proud of her son's progress and honors, was there to witness his graduation. He had expected her, and had controlled his appetite accordingly. The splendid procession of alumni, undergraduates and spectators, crowded the spacious building, the galleries of which shone with a multitude of ladies. The scene is one of the most beautiful in a man's history.

The wrangle of political and religious polemics is left outside that inclosure consecrate to the "feast of reason," and woman (mother, sister and friend) lends her additional enchantment. It is a proud day for the candidate for honors! especially if he be "the observed of all observers!"

Already have two speeches been pronounced, and anxious eyes are cast around for the *valedictorian*. "Where is he?" is the question repeated from lip to lip.

"Have you seen Charles ——?" asked one of his classmates in a hurried tone. "Where can he be? Zounds! I hope he will keep straight to-day, for the honor of the class!"

It was the veritable William who proffered the first wine-glass to Charles, who was now anxiously inquiring for him.

"I tell you," said his companion, "I am afraid we shall find him at ——'s hotel. I saw him go in there about nine o'clock, and you know his failing."

"Impossible! he can't be such a fool as to get drunk to-day, when so much is depending on him—and his mother here too!"

"Well, it can do no harm to step over and see, and we must be in a hurry, for in an hour and a half he must speak."

The young men hurried over to the hotel, and to their chagrin found their worst fears realized. There was Charles partially intoxicated. He needed a little "*wineing*," as he thought, to string him up for his part, and his appetite once excited, he had overdone the matter.

"Charley, what do you mean by this foolery?" was the first salutation of William. "Your speech, your speech—how are you going to deliver that when drunk as a fool?"

"Speech, ah yes, the speech," said Charles with a staggering attempt to cut a pigeon wing on the floor, in which he nearly fell, and then sung out,

"Send round the cup, for oh, there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality."

"No more such trash," said his impatient companion, interruping his drunken song. "Come along and sober yourself, for the day depends on your valedictory."

They then compelled him to use water freely, and then walked him up and down the street, uttering broken snatches of song. William became indignant and almost abused him, but Charles quickly silenced him by a keen allusion to his agency in bringing him to his present situation. But for once anger did a drunken man good in recalling him to the reality of his condition. But it is now almost time for the valedictory, and when the name at length was announced, there was a buzz of expectation throughout the vast assembly, for his reputation as the finest scholar and speaker in college was fully established. As he ascended the platform, his whole look and gait revealed his condition. His mother closed her eyes as against a horrid vision she could not believe. But it was no dream, and as his situation for the first time burst on her, she shrieked, "He is lost, he is lost!"

His eye rolled with a sort of vacant stare, as though he were attempting to recall his oration. The suppressed shriek of his mother, and the looks of pity so galling to a proud spirit, seemed to inspire him. For one moment he glanced over the assembly, and all hesitation vanished. Emotion was awakened, and it lent electricity to the burning words he uttered. Like a giant he grasped the feelings of his audience, and bore them away as by a torrent. The triumph was complete, but it sent a thrill of indignation to many a heart, that a man with such a genius should sacrifice his magnificent gifts at the debasing shrine of intemperance.

Charles was sober now, and hurried to the side of his mother. He reproached his own suicidal course, and vowed to be guilty no more. But the mother looked on it all without confidence, and sank with despondency, under the belief that a drunken father would soon be followed to the grave by a drunken son. She was a broken-hearted woman. Had she lived at this day, she might have hoped, but thirty years ago, the entire influences of society swept men into the whirlpool, and there "was none to deliver."

For a time, while Charles was acquiring his profession, he abstained, but at length gave way to his fatal appetite occasionally. As a lawyer he rose, with astonishing rapidity, to the high places of that noble calling. All did homage to his genius, and yet most regretted that much inspiration did that genius receive from potations of brandy. His mother lived to see his fame, yet died of grief that her only son should so ruthlessly ruin that fame by a debasing practice. Her death seemed to remove the last restraint, and he hastened on his own death, when he had scarcely attained middle age.

Time had not yet produced the "good Samaritan" for the inebriate, "stripped," and "naked," and "half dead." The reformer had not yet come to bind up his wounds, and pour in oil and wine, else had this splendid man survived, an honor to his country, and in ripe old age might have reaped the reward of virtue and genius. Thirty years ago—oh, what changes has not Time made in false customs, and fatal fashions, preserving the innocent and rescuing the fallen? Let us thank God and take courage, as we now open a page of human life as exhibited at the present day.

This we reserve for a future number.

EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.—If you wish to be good, do good. If you wish to be happy, set about the business of making others happy. In imparting a ray of hope to another, the giver receives a sunbeam in return. The magnet, if inactive, will soon part with its magnetic power, and eventually lose its vitality as a magnet almost altogether. Use it, and its vitality is increased. It derives strength in imparting its peculiar influence to other objects. Thus is it with the human soul.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN WASHINGTON.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

The capital of the Union perhaps never witnessed so brilliant a day as the Fourth of July, 1848; the day designated for the laying of the corner-stone of the Monument to the memory of Washington, by the National Monument Society, or rather by the people of the United States, who might be considered as present in the representation of the various States congregated on the occasion, it being estimated that thirty thousand people were present. If out of three hundred and sixty-five days, the choicest, the most appropriate, the most delectable one had been selected, it could not have surpassed that one which Heaven gave our country for this august occasion. The rains of heaven had descended to cool the air and the earth. The sun shone with clearness through a moderated atmosphere, while a refreshing breeze was in constant action throughout the day. The national flag tossed itself in the element as if wild with joy. The sound of cannon echoed from the shores of Virginia and Maryland at early dawn, and at intervals through the day. Military companies from Boston to Richmond had assembled in the city to do honor to him who was "first in war;" civic companies and associations, and hosts of citizens had met in the metropolis to honor him who was "first in peace," and all to show that he was "first" in all "hearts." Singular order and decorum pervaded all ranks and all places, as if there was a spirit in men that bowed reverently to the recollection of the image of Washington. The excellent influence of the temperance associations on the aspect of the day must be confessed.

Several hundreds of temperance men were in the procession; their banners, their symbols, and their example, all fitted to produce a good effect on the public mind. Then came the more grotesque bodies of men, the Odd Fellows, the Free Masons, and the Red Men. The firemen also, in these days, are decked in gorgeous style. Their flaming dresses look as if they had been bathed in the fiery element itself, and their engines as if made of molten gold. Well, they are a useful class of men, and though, in some cities, their name is synonymous with rioting and battle, in Washington they have never incurred such reproach. A number of companies from Baltimore were present. The military pageant was splendid. Eighteen of the choicest companies of the land assembled at the capital, besides the highly disciplined U. S. Marine Corps of one hundred and eighty men from the Navy Yard, with its splendid band. Gen. Quitman commanded the troops, being dressed in a uniform more suitable for the battle-field than the parade-ground. He wore no chapeau, but the simple undress cap, while Col. May of the dragoons, in full military costume, mounted on a white charger, headed the cavalry, and though bereaved of his long hair, looked sufficiently fierce and martial for even a more warlike occasion than this pacific celebration. Gen. Cadwallader, too, in command of the infantry, looked every inch the soldier, and the troops seemed to feel prouder for being so well officered.

A less warlike section of the cortège consisted of a band of clergymen of different denominations, who walked together in a very fraternal manner, adding gravity and dignity to the assemblage.

That article of the Constitution seems almost a fiction which makes the President "commander-in-chief of the army and navy," though with an ambitious, or unscrupulous, or unsagacious President, it might prove a dangerous reality. When President Polk, in company with General Quitman and staff, reviewed the troops drawn up in line on Pennsylvania Avenue, habited as he was in plain citizen's dress, his long gray hair descending upon the collar of his coat, he appeared the only unmilitary person on parade. He seemed the embodiment rather of civil than of military power. Long may the President of the United States be thus, and thus only regarded.

The vast area, in the centre of which the foundation of the monument is laid, lies in the south-western part of the city, near the east bank of the Potomac, and is entirely open, being without a dwelling. The surface of the ground is undulating, and the site commands various beautiful views. To the south may be seen Alexandria in the distance on the west side of the river; to the north-west Georgetown in closer proximity, its commanding heights looming up beyond its crowded dwellings; to the east the Smithsonian Institute and the Capitol, and to the north the long line of the city itself, seeming to terminate with the Executive Mansion. The heights of Arlington on the west constitute an elegant feature in the picture. The Monument of Washington is to stand on a portion of the ground selected by Washington himself as the site of the city which bears his name. Its projected height is five hundred feet, and its estimated cost one million of dollars. The inscription is yet to be written; and the writer trusts the classical taste of no one will be shocked by the suggestion that it be written in pure English, the native language of Washington, and of Washington's country, that every American citizen may be able to read and understand it. To conceal its meaning in Greek or Latin might be a compliment to antiquity, but would be little congenial with the honor of the rising Republic of the West, or of its illustrious founder, who claimed to be something more than a classical scholar. Why inscribe anything more than the simple name WASHINGTON? The world knows the rest. That is all that any one ventured to put on the tomb which incloses his mortal remains, and that is sufficient.

The oration by Speaker Winthrop was worthy of the occasion. Mr. Winthrop has a fine person—what there is of it; an easy and graceful carriage; a rich and impressive voice. He is about forty years of age, and in consequence of a certain freshness of countenance, appears even younger. His oration, which was perfectly committed to memory after the manner of Mr. Everett, was delivered with animation, and distinctness of enunciation. With an exception or two, it might be considered a complete performance, a good moral and rhetorical symmetry pervading the whole. If in ancient or modern days an opportunity was ever given to be eloquent, this was one. Neither Greece nor Rome could have opened a finer field.

The day—the anniversary of our country's independence; the occasion—a tribute to the great Washington; the audience—the people of the United States, represented by the Government and by informal delegations from various parts of the country; the period of time—a crisis among nations, when the foundations of thrones are breaking up, and the spirit of LIBERTY is ascending above their ruins; when republicanism is the brightening cynosure of the old monarchies of Europe; the freshness of the impression produced on the public mind by a restored peace; the blending of all parties; the great national symbols and structures all in sight; the immense audience, pervaded by one sympathy; even the matchless beauty of the day itself—all nature being wreathed in smiles—these were elements concurring in an extraordinary degree to awaken in the orator the spirit of eloquence, and to assist, if they did not too much oppress him, in rearing on the spot an intellectual monument, which the world "would not willingly let die."

Of these advantages the orator judiciously availed himself, and at least prepared one very elegant stone towards building his own monument.

The day closed with a military review, in which the President, for the first time during his administration, appeared on horseback in his capacity as Commander-in-chief. He was in citizen's dress, and was accompanied by Gen. Quitman and staff. Now commences the hard labor of the enterprise. Will the present generation complete what it has begun?

THE EDUCATION OF CONSCIENCE.

BY REV. H. HUMPHREY, D.D.

A BRIEF analysis of conscience is quite necessary to a clear understanding of the right educational process, and will not, it is hoped, be regarded as too philosophical for the Parlor Magazine. It would be an invidious reflection upon its fair readers to suppose for a moment that they do not love to *think* as well as to be *amused*.

In an exercise of conscience, then, there is a complex operation of the mind involving two distinct elements. One of these elements is a purely intellectual state, which is commonly called judgment. It is not, however, wrong judgment of any sort, but it is a judgment belonging to that peculiar and well-known variety, in which the mind takes cognizance of *right* and *wrong*. This is the first element of the complex operation involved in an exercise of conscience.

The second element is a *feeling* or *emotion*; and these two elements are involved in every exercise which is truly and properly an exercise of conscience, viz., a *judgment*, which is by itself a mere intellectual act or state, and a peculiar *feeling*, which arises with it or from it, and which, in its nature, is wholly distinct and different. This peculiar feeling varies according to the object from which, as its occasion or cause, it arises. The judgment may be formed in view of a past act or feeling remembered; and if this remembered act or feeling is judged to have been right, fit, or good, then there arises the feeling of self-approbation, and we say our conscience approves it. But if the remembered act or feeling is judged to have been wrong or bad, there arises the feeling of *self-condemnation*, and we say in common conversation, not thinking of any philosophical analysis, that our conscience condemns it.

Every faculty of the mind, whether simple or complex, may be *educated*; that is, may be drawn out, moulded, strengthened, and trained up to the highest state of perfection of which it is capable. And every faculty, whether intellectual or moral, *needs* to be educated. All the faculties exist alike, though not in equal native vigor, in every sound and rational mind; but none of them will ever be fully and rightly developed without culture. As the body grows and expands into full manhood by nutrition and exercise, so it is with the mind. Its growth is hastened by the proper aliment, or retarded for the want of it. The perceptive faculty, the memory, the imagination, the judgment or reason, and the affections, all need to be educated. Hence the necessity of schools and colleges, and professional seminaries, and hence the numberless treatises which have been written upon domestic, popular, and classical education.

But wherein lies the need of educating the *conscience*, and what is the right system? How is it to be done? The conscience, like the other faculties, needs to be educated, because, like them, it exists at first in an elementary or infantile state, ready to be evolved and moulded by external appliances. The faculty of judgment is in the mind of the child, and the moral feelings are there, but both in an embryo state. Even if he was perfectly holy, his conscience would need to be educated; that is, he would need to have right and wrong set before him and explained, that he might choose the one and refuse the other. The task, to be sure, would be infinitely easier than it is now, because the conscience, being pure, would uniformly approve of that which is good and right the moment it was perceived, and its dictates would be as uniformly obeyed. But even then, I say, a process of education would be necessary to develop the faculty, and make it the governing principle of the heart and life. How much more then is a wise and faithful course of enlightenment and discipline necessary when we consider how the mind is darkened, how the moral sense or judgment is warped by innate depravity, how strong the natural propensity of the heart is to prefer the wrong to the right, when both are presented to its choice. No faculty stands in greater need of being watchfully and wisely trained than conscience; for

it is armed as potently for evil as for good. The case of Saul of Tarsus shows that when badly educated, there is no act of wrong or violence to which it may not prompt.

It becomes a practical question, therefore, of the highest concernment, *how* the conscience should be educated, and how early the process ought to be commenced. It should begin just as early as the child becomes capable of distinguishing between right and wrong. It may be a few months earlier in one than another, but if parents were more watchful and conscientious themselves, I think they would discern the nascent developments of conscience in their children much sooner than they commonly do. It is impossible to estimate how much is lost by delay. In the majority of cases, the moral educational process might be far advanced before it is even begun. The child might be made to see and feel that this action or emotion to which it is prompted is right, and the opposite wrong, when scarcely beginning to prattle in its mother's arms. I need not add that the earliest moral and religious impressions are the deepest and most abiding.

How, then, or by what process, is the conscience to be most successfully educated? To simplify the answer as much as possible, let us take a child in the very first stage of moral susceptibility, and begin. The first element of conscience, as I have shown, is purely an intellectual state, commonly called judgment. The second is an emotion or feeling which spontaneously springs up in accordance with that judgment. The first thing, therefore, is to *pour in the light of truth upon the child's mind.* Right and wrong are so diametrically opposite in their natures, that he can be made to see the difference almost as soon as he can see anything. He has snatched a toy from the hand of his little playmate, intending to appropriate it to himself. This is wrong, and with suitable pains he can be made to feel it. This feeling, the moment it springs up, is an exercise of conscience, and this is the first lesson in its education. Again: the child has yielded to temptation, and told a lie. This, even in a child, is a grievous sin, and he must be convinced of it. He can be convinced of it. God has so made him that he can see the wrong, and as soon as he sees it his heart will condemn him; he cannot help it. This self-condemnation is an exercise of conscience, prompted by the second educational lesson.

Again: the same child, playing with wicked boys in the street, catches some profane expression from their lips, and brings it home with him into the nursery. His mother hears it with grief and astonishment, and at once sets before him the great sin of taking God's holy name in vain. Besides, he went out when she had forbidden him. Here is another sin, which she knows how to make stare him in the face; and having done this, she enlarges upon the danger of associating with such wicked companions. He sees the wrong in each of these particulars, and the emotion or feeling of blameworthiness instantly follows. His conscience condemns him, and he resolves to do so no more. This is the effect of another lesson in the educational process.

Thus his pious parents watch over him through every stage of his childish and youthful progress. This keeps his conscience enlightened and tender. Having been accustomed from his earliest remembrance to consult and obey its dictates, or in other words, to be governed by the consciousness of right and wrong, it becomes a habit with him as well as a principle, and shields him from a thousand dangers.

In this all-important process of moral education, (for I am supposing what ought to be,) the parents are aided by teachers in every stage of their son's literary education, from the common and Sabbath school, up to the college and professional seminary. No pains are spared to keep his conscience enlightened, to keep it quick, to keep it pure. Thus armed, thus habituated to consult and obey its dictates, he enters upon the stage of life, he gains the confidence of all who know him, and under every vicissitude of this changing world, enjoys that inward tranquillity which nothing short of a good and well-educated conscience can give.

Now what is true in the case of one individual thus educated from early childhood, if such an one can be found, would be true in all other cases, with those rare exceptions to which every general rule is liable, if parents and teachers would do their whole duty in this branch of education. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined;" or to cite an infinitely higher authority, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

I do not forget those disturbing forces and strong counteracting biases which lie in the way. I do not forget that any one, however religiously educated, can, if he pleases, violate

the dictates of his conscience, nor that no human power can make a child love that which is right and good, however clearly he may be made to see it. I know, alas! that the heart may rebel against the best educated conscience, and that it often does, with fatal success; but I know, too, that there is a power which can bring the moral affections into harmony with the dictates of conscience, and that parents and teachers have the greatest encouragement from the word of God to hope and expect that, relying upon the divine blessing, their faithfulness will be crowned with success. Let them, therefore, spare no pains, looking up all the while to Heaven for aid in educating the consciences of those whom Providence may put under their care. It will infinitely more than repay all the labor and watchfulness that it costs.

But let no one who is old enough to look at the subject suppose that he himself has little or nothing to do in the education of his conscience. There is a sense in which every person is self-educated who is educated at all. Teachers may guide and help him, but after all they can do, he has the hardest of the work to do himself. This is true in every branch of education, physical, intellectual, and moral. It is no less so with regard to the conscience than any other faculty. Each individual must determine that he will maintain a conscience void of offence, both towards God and towards man, by keeping it enlightened and invariably following its dictates. This, if the heart were only right, would be easy; but how hard it is uniformly to act up to the standard of the golden rule and the convictions of duty where present advantage and depraved inclinations stand in the way, those best know who have long subjected themselves to the severest moral discipline. All the training in the world by parents and teachers, without this moral self-culture, would be unavailing. As God is the only Lord of conscience, so the individual himself, and he alone, can keep it always awake and in healthy action.

Yes, reader, you must put your own conscience to school, and the earlier the better. Keep it enlightened; keep it tender; encourage it to speak out boldly when its promptings are most crossing to your inclinations, and always obey its dictates. In this way, and in this way alone, you will form that habit of moral control which is so essential to true peace of mind, and to the highest standing in the opinion of all good men.

Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I do not say that any enlightenment, any education, any discipline of conscience, can be substituted for holiness of heart, or is certain to turn the heart from the love of sin to the love of God. His spirit alone can produce such a change. The best educated conscience can only tell you what is right, and urge you to its performance. It cannot *compel* you contrary to your governing inclinations. It cannot make you love that which you hate, nor hate that which you love. But though a well-educated conscience is not that "holiness without which no man can see the Lord," nor a substitute for it, it is pleasing to God, in itself considered, and brings its possessor nearer to the kingdom of heaven than any other mere moral discipline can. Nothing is so much to be dreaded as a neglected, badly educated, or seared conscience. Nothing puts one in so great peril. He is like a ship without compass or rudder, drifting before a hurricane upon a lee shore. Nothing short of a miracle of grace can save him from being lost for time and eternity.

BEAUTY IS BORN.

LIGHT-BEARING summer rides
Fresh o'er the plain;
Brightly the billow glides
Up from the main;
Gaily the wakened bird
Warbles at morn;
Nature's full song is heard—
Beauty is born.

Green are the maple bowers:
Each waving leaf
Smiles to the scented flowers,
Waking from grief;
Flora's rich gifts of bloom
Deck e'en the shorn.
Speak not of winter's gloom—
Beauty is born. E. F. ADAMS.

THE CORNER-STONE.

BY KATE CLEVELAND.

A QUIET little nook was that country village, with its winding road striped with lines of grass, seldom if ever disturbed by the passing of any other vehicle than the simple wagon of the farmer as he journeyed to or from the nearest market town. And calm and quiet were the low-roofed cottages that seemed to have fallen asleep upon the grassy sward, around which scarce a sound but the monotonous hum of the bee broke upon the stillness of the summer air. It was June—bright, glorious June, with its wealth of roses, and its soft, silvery nights; when the last spring beauties glow with a rich, warm hue, ere yet the more gaudy colors of summer have usurped their place, and the southern breeze comes laden with the perfume of a tropical clime.

A group were gathered in a field not far from the pretty parsonage. Old men were there, whose hair was silvered over with the frosts of many winters, and whose tottering steps seemed fast leaning to the grave. There were bright-eyed matrons with bowed heads, and low, whispering voices; and the sunny curls of childhood, with its round, glowing cheek laid lovingly against the wrinkled face of age, and its dimpled hands wandering amid the thin gray locks. The little flock of Woodside were gathered around their minister to lay the corner-stone of the first church that arose in that humble village. Hitherto their meetings had been held at the parsonage, or in the room of some willing member. They had changed about from place to place, for the people of Woodside were *poor;* they had never heard of churches with glowing crimson cushions, and pillars covered with gilding, where the light comes soft and subdued through richly-stained windows, and sermons, never meant for the *poor*, fall soothingly on the hearts of those who can afford to pay for them. They were a plain and stern people; perhaps mingling with their religion too much of puritanical harshness—too little disposed to seek enjoyment in the humble events of their quiet life, or the glorious teachings of the wood and stream, the sunset's golden halo, or the pale, still beauty of even. But theirs was the right path, though they stopped not to cull the flowers that bloomed beside it.

Long self-denial, and frequent addings to their little hoard, had increased it so that now they were able to erect a house of worship. With glad hearts they clustered around their pastor, who had borne with them through many weary seasons, even as a father bears with his children—who had toiled unwearied through the numerous hardships that attended their first efforts. No murmur or word of complaint had passed his lips; ever ready to soothe and comfort others, while scarcely a soothing or encouraging word fell upon his own ear. There is something inexpressibly solemn in the laying of a corner-stone; to reflect that while the yet unfinished edifice resounds with the steps of breathing life, and the voices of another generation, we shall be sleeping that sleep which knows no awakening save in another world; that when from its crumbling foundations are raised the names of those who witnessed the laying of the firmly imbedded stone, the hands that traced them will be mouldering in the dust.

The minister spoke of these things, and a solemn awe crept into the hearts of his hearers. "We may indeed," said he, "first lay the hand to this good work, but we know not the end. We cannot gaze forward into the shadowy future, and read what is there inscribed. Many," he continued, with faltering voice, "many may have passed from this earthly life, when the first anthem of praise shall swell upward from the temple we are now erecting." Here every eye was turned on old Mary Elton, who had long passed the allotted age of man; and as she heard the words she bowed her trembling head, and cast those aged eyes on the foundation of that building which she never expected to behold. With saddened hearts the little congregatoin passed slowly to their homes,

and the family circle was a quiet and a solemn one, as they mused on the trembling voice of their pastor, and called to mind the paleness of his brow, and the sharpened features—sharpened by toil and care.

He too mused, but it was of the past. Slowly and distinctly rose up those many images; they were shadows that hung about his path and darkened ever his clouded way. They showed him a boy with clustering locks and happy, careless face, whose laugh burst forth in clear, ringing tones, as an ambitious father told him of future greatness and countless honors—of talents that would shine splendidly forth upon the great world, and wealth that should all be his. Then they showed him a youth who set out upon a journey to pursue a delusive phantom, and lo! in the deceitful chase he found a priceless pearl which he placed within his bosom. But there were those whose eyes were blinded; who, instead of a precious stone, saw only a common pebble, and they laughed and jeered at him for treasuring the worthless thing. Then he held it up to the light, and it was pure and faultless, and he flung it not aside. Then came the father—he too saw it with blinded eyes, and commanded the wayward youth to give up his foolish pebble, and pursue the glorious journey. But a voice was in his pearl, and it whispered: "Thou shalt give up father and mother for my sake;" and he was a wanderer from his father's house.

PART II.

"Put back the curtains, Anna, that I may gaze upon the sunset once more. How glorious are its purple clouds fading to the soft rose-tint, and anon glowing with those floods of liquid gold! Pure and lovingly gleams forth that haven of rest to which my weary soul is hastening." Pressing resolutely back to their source the scalding tears that trembled in her eyes, the fair and noble-minded wife rose from the bedside where she had sat for hours with her hand locked in his, listening to that low and fluttering breath, and drew aside the snowy curtains, and calmly put back the clustering roses that twined about the casement. She shed no tears, but her heart was breaking. She arranged the pillows around the dying man, and then bent down low, very low, to catch his faltering words: "I had hoped to see *him* once more, to feel his hand upon my brow as in times of old, for he was my father! Notwithstanding all his harshness I loved him; and when I am gone, you must go to him, Anna, and he will love you and the little ones as he loved me. He will not refuse——" There was a low, convulsive sob of agony, and the dying man started as the sound fell upon his ear: "My poor, poor Anna!"

Footsteps were coming up the little gravelled walk in front of the house. Slowly and reverently the two elders shut the small wicket-gate, for a solemn quiet was round the house of death. Sabbath after Sabbath had their gray heads bowed in prayer, while their hearts echoed to the words that fell from lips soon to be closed in death. The world was passing from them, and little had they thought that he would go before them; for the hair that shaded his brow was not yet streaked with silver, although care and suffering had stolen from it the lustre of early youth. Solemnly they entered the chamber of sickness, and stood by his bedside. To-morrow would be the Sabbath—and the little church was visible from the half-closed windows. Not yet had its empty walls been consecrated by the voice of worship; and while others, like worthless weeds, remained, he, their prop and dependence, was passing from them. What would become of the little flock when he was gone? Who would so piously, faithfully fulfil his charge as he had done? We cannot see the full reality of a thing that blots, as it were, the sunshine of our existence, until its fearful presence leaves no room for doubt; and still the people of Woodside hoped on, deluding themselves from day to day.

But the elders saw that an icy hand was laid upon his brow; they saw the life-blood pale as it coursed through the shrunken veins, and beheld the dim and fading eye. He bade them come closer—still closer, for he saw them not; and when with stifled voice they said, "We are here," he answered, "It is well." There was a solemn pause—no sound arose in the little chamber, and the sick man lay with closed eyes, while awe-stricken, they gazed at each other, fearful that the spirit had passed from earth.

But the end was not yet; rousing himself with a strong effort, he said: "My friends, when the corner-stone of that church was laid, I told you that some then present might never see the finished pile. There were those whose

weight of years seemed bearing them to the grave; and I believed that many of them would not be spared till now. But they are here—all here, while I am hastening from you. I am ready for the journey—it has no fears for me, but I looked not for so speedy a summons. Who among you will stand in my place?" The elders were silent; they dared not take upon themselves so great a responsibility. They felt that they were unfit to assume the place of the dying man, who through sickness and agony had preserved a high and noble feeling, losing all thoughts of *self* in his care for others. But placing a hand upon the head of each, he continued in a solemn and impressive voice: "Unto you I bequeath the flock over whom I have so long watched and prayed. 'Tis a holy trust. Oh! may you guard it well!" When the elders left the bedside of their pastor there was a light within their hearts—the light of high and purifying thought; and passing into the lonely forest where the golden sunset was fast fading into even, they communed together upon their solemn trust.

It was the Sabbath morn, and all was quiet around the little parsonage. There is a hushed and holy beauty in the Sabbath morn of summer, while the dew still sparkles on the bended flowers, and trembles like threaded pearls upon the blades of grass—when the notes of the forest songsters, or the hum of distant worshippers, is the only sound that breaks the stillness. The voices of the assembled congregation fell upon the sufferer's ear, blending together in a solemn strain. He listened to the well-known tones till they died away in silence, and then he knew they were at prayer. He covered his face with his hands to join with them for the last time; and as the words died upon his lips he fell into a sweet and refreshing slumber. The old clock moved quickly on—his hour of life was waning; but still by the bedside sat that faithful watcher.

When he awoke there was a sound of sobbing in the little room—not low and stifled like suppressed grief, but the voice of a strong man's agony. He recognized the haughty brow on which Time had furrowed many a deep line; and his last wish was granted—he once more laid his head on his father's breast. The proud man had returned to his desolate home with his heart full of anger against the disobedient son who forsook him, and chose a life of poverty and toil for the sake of his foolish whim. But as time wore on the haughty spirit was subdued, and he resolved to seek the jewel he had once despised. He sought earnestly and found it; and to the eye of faith it looked pure and bright. But he had lost his son—banished him by his own harshness and cruelty; he set out on the second journey with a chastened spirit, and again clasped the wanderer to his bosom. But the dying pastor forgot not the companion of his clouded life; placing her hand in that of his father, he gazed tenderly upon them both—and soon after was at peace. He slept at last; how beautiful was the high, pale brow, which even Death could not mar, and the face on which a bright smile rested! They came, a sad and weeping group, to gaze upon him once more. Again and again was the white cloth lifted to take a last look at those pale, calm features, that seemed so cold and quiet, with the hands folded on the bosom, and the eyes closed forever. Old Mary Elton was there; and as she gazed upon the lifeless body she asked herself why he had been taken while she was still left; he, whose life was valuable to all, while none would mourn her loss. Slowly the little party of mourners wound along by the glancing stream with the body of him whom they had loved. There was a gray-haired man, who, pushing aside those that crowded around, stood alone by the solitary grave. He gazed with a tearless eye as the first shovel-full of earth fell upon the coffin, and seemed striving with some painful emotion. Long after the others had departed stood the solitary watcher, till the first pale star gleamed out amid the twilight. He returned to his cheerless home with the widow and her orphans. Together they would speak of the dead as of a sweet vision that had glanced upon their path; and the memory of his virtues dwelt ever within their hearts.

THE THREE GREAT CRISES IN MODERN HISTORY.

No. XX.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE SARACENS BY CHARLES MARTEL.

The Roman Empire of the West was finally and formally extinguished in 476, by the subversion of the imperial throne by Odoacer. But Rome had before been twice sacked, by Alaric and Genseric; and four distinct barbarian kingdoms had been founded within the limits of the empire. Upon the downfall of Rome succeeded a long period, which, viewed only in itself, and apart from its results, was the gloomiest the world had seen. The establishment of the barbarian kingdoms did not put an end to the movement of nations. Inundation succeeded inundation, each apparently overwhelming the harvests which had sprung up behind its predecessor. But the bread was cast upon the waters, and was found after many days.

The Eastern Empire might congratulate itself that it had escaped the overthrow which had befallen that of the West. He who, in the fifth and sixth centuries, should have endeavored prophetically to trace the rise and progress of a new civilization, would have looked towards the city of Constantine for its dawning; but would never have dreamed that the day-spring was to arise from Gaul, the perpetual battle-field of the Franks and Allemanni; or Britain, whose narrow seas were but a convenient highway for Saxon conquerors, and Danish and Norman pirates. But of all things least to be desired, the most undesirable is the perpetuation of an empire like that of the East. Terrible as death may be, it is yet preferable to the immortality of the *Struldbrugs*. The lands which were most deeply furrowed by the barbarian ploughshare, have borne, are bearing, and shall yet bear the richest harvests. Modern civilization is no tree of paradise created in full foliage and fruitage. It is no hot-house plant, sheltered and tended with anxious care. It has sprung up from the hard and ungenial soil of the common earth. Tempest and flood have striven to wrench its roots from the ground. Its trunk has been scarred by the woodman's axe, and its branches scathed by the lightning of heaven. Therefore has it spread its roots deep and wide in the soil as its branches stretch in the air. The fair Grecian culture which sprung up in a day, withered in a night—its decline was as sudden as its rise.

The planting of the Christian religion amid the worn-out and decaying Roman empire, was to some a strange anomaly. Human wisdom would have given it in charge to the early Roman state, whose victories should have been at the same time the triumphs of the true faith; and when the Roman arms conquered the kingdoms of the earth, the worship of the true God should have at the same time superseded that of the rabble rout of the deities of heathendom. Or again: if that was not to be—if Christianity was not to make its advent into the Roman Empire, and there become dominant until that Empire had become utterly corrupt, we would have had it display its miraculous power by renovating the corrupt state; and from that very corruption producing a virtue which should have put to shame the boasted purity of the earlier and better days of Rome. The introduction and reception of the true faith should have wrought in the body politic a transformation like that which it effects in the individual character. The mighty argument for Christianity, drawn from this transforming power over the individual character, should have received an emphasis of enforcement by the example of a nation born in a day.

So would human wisdom have ordained it. But how different was the fact. Christianity wrought no renovation in the state. Rome under the Constantines was worse than under the Antonines, not to say than during the days of the republic. Nay, more; the church, instead of purifying the state, became actually corrupted by it, to a great extent, and in so far as it was not co· to ·

Christianity became an institution, with settled laws and an organized magistracy. Thus in the very heart of the Roman society, grew up another and altogether distinct society.

When, now, the barbarians overthrew the Roman Empire, the Church was not necessarily involved in the destruction. Emperors, prefects, pro-consuls, went down; but pastors, clergy, and bishops remained. Strong and well compacted must have been the organization of the Church in the fifth and sixth centuries, to have enabled it to endure the tempest which overthrew so many stately edifices. Had it remained as it was when first founded, a simple body of men bound together by a common faith and common feelings, and meeting together to communicate their common emotions and convictions, and to strengthen and confirm each other by the impartation of mutual exhortation—looking only to the natural operations of natural causes—we must believe that it could never have withstood the shock of the barbarian irruption.

The barbarians conquered the Empire, but the Church conquered the barbarians. On Christmas day, 496, the flowing locks of Clovis, the grandson of that Merewig or Meroveus who had aided in the repulse of Attila and the true founder of the Frankish monarchy, was sprinkled with holy water, by St. Remy, Archbishop of Rheims.

The Church, during these two centuries, inevitably came into possession of great political power. Civil government was annihilated; but in society men must have government; and from the necessity of the case, whoever has power must rule. If the officers of a vessel be swept away in a storm, and the vessel be left without a helmsman, the strongest man must take the helm—the possession of power gives the right, and imposes the obligation of its exercise. No power of government existed, save in the rulers of the Church, and the Church was obliged to govern. The power of the Church was simply a moral power; it was backed by no armies, upheld by no display of physical force. It rested upon opinion. It asserted that there was a law above all human authority, and which claimed the obedience of all. From this law it derived its spiritual power; and its civil power was an accident which resulted from the possession of its spiritual authority.

When the conquerors of the Roman Empire recognized this spiritual authority, the two circumstances were combined which have given to modern history its whole shape and character. Had another race and another faith been substituted for that which prevailed in Europe, the whole current of events would have been changed; and any event which involved the decision of this question, is a crisis, a turning-point in the world's history.

Such a crisis took place in the latter half of the seventh, and the former half of the eighth centuries. To understand its character, we must, in thought, leave Europe—the battle-field where the contest was decided—and taking the wings of the morning, approach the Orient, the cradle of the human race.

The Arabian peninsula, occupying the space between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, the Mediterranean and the Arabian Seas, is one of the apparently least desirable spots which man has chosen for a dwelling-place. A dreary desert, intersected by black and naked ranges of mountains, burned by the fierce rays of the tropical sun. The winds which blow over these wastes parch instead of cooling the weary dwellers, and lift the sand into waves, in which caravans and armies have been lost. The element of water, elsewhere so common as to have almost become a synonym of worthlessness, is there a symbol of wealth; a spring or a fountain is a treasure beyond price. The scanty population is confined to those fortunate spots where a stream or a fountain furnishes the means of subsistence.

The inhabitants of such a country must early have acquired a distinctive character. There is, in nations and races, as well as in individuals, a forming period, when it is decided for their whole duration what their character shall be. Up to a certain point, the national character, as well as the individual, is as yielding as water, and as ready to assume any form; but all at once a change passes over it, and it becomes as rigid as ice; as unyielding as the granite ranges which girdle a continent. This character, once assumed, abides with a nation through every mutation of fortune. The Greek of to-day is essentially the same being as his ancestor who fought around Troy, in all his mental and physical attributes. The Jew bears everywhere, in body and mind, the stamp of his race. No Oriental nation has yet overleaped the barriers which divide it from the Occidental ones. There is this national character

underlying the individual, which distinguishes the natives of France, Germany, and England, from each other, though so nearly allied. Yet the time was, when all these people were merged in some common ancestor.

The Arabs, we say, have possessed their peculiar national character, far back into that night of ages which the torch of history has not illuminated, whose annals are written only by the pen of the recording angel. For long centuries this people had remained in their deserts undisturbed by the stir of the world's history. They had escaped the yoke of the mightiest monarchies. Sesostris and Cyrus, Pompey and Trajan had been unable to subdue them. Their armies reaped at best only barren laurels, and melted away in the pursuit of an invisible foe, who fled scornfully before them into the depths of his own burning solitude; while their own host, van and rear, was inextricably entangled in the ghastly net of burning sands and desert wastes.

Amid this people, so hitherto isolated from the doings of the great world, one September day in the year 570, a child was born, and named Mohammed. His eyes were scarcely opened to the light when those of his father were closed by death. While yet a boy, his mother also passed the portals of the silent land. His grandfather and uncle successively took charge of the orphan, for the ties of consanguinity are strong among those wild people. He passed a grave and serious youth, and early gained for himself the appellation of *el-Amin*—the Faithful. Up to his fortieth year nothing marked him out as the enthusiast or impostor, who was to plunge in disastrous eclipse the third part of the stars of heaven.

At this age he presented himself before the people as the prophet of God; he called together forty of his kindred, and laid his claims before them. "Friends and kinsmen," said he, "I offer you, and I alone can offer, the most precious of gifts: the treasures of this world, and of the world to come. God has commanded me to call you to his service. Who among you will support my burthen? Who among you will be my companion and vizier?" All answered with doubt or scorn save his cousin Ali, a youth of fourteen years. A man verging into years, and a boy, against the world.

A most unpromising beginning, one would say, for a new religion, with as little apparent prospect of success as when, six centuries before, a poor and despised Galilean, with his twelve followers, as unknown and humble as himself, their leader, too, just about to meet an ignominious death, met together amid the gathering shades of a Judean evening, in an upper chamber, and by a simple ceremony, instituted a new faith. Who should have dreamed that these two events, so insignificant, apparently, and so widely severed in time, could ever have relations to each other? Two transactions taking place in Jerusalem and Mecca, at a distance of six centuries—transactions, too, so trifling as apparently to be beneath the notice of the historian—involved, a century later, the fate of the world, and were submitted to the arbitrament of battle in the heart of Europe. These two transactions—viewed in the light of their consequences—were the most noteworthy which have ever taken place in the world's history.

Had Mohammed been a true prophet, he could not have met a worse reception. He was denounced as a false prophet. As his family refused to abandon him, the tribe bound themselves to avoid all intercourse with them, and vowed the death of the prophet. Flight was his only resource. At the dead of night he left Mecca, and took refuge in a cave. His enemies pursued, and searched every hiding-place; but a spider had built her web across the mouth of the cave, and in their haste they concluded that the fugitive was not within. That frail web was a defence surer than a seven-fold shield. The prophet pursued his flight to Yathrub, since called *Medina*, that is, THE CITY. This flight, from which the Mohammedan era commences, corresponds with our year 622, and marks the fifty-third year of the prophet's life.

Ten years of toil and struggle followed, of toil and struggle, sometimes almost of despair, but of ultimate success and triumph. Then the angel of death stood by the prophet's side. "Oh God!—pardon my sins—I come—among my fellow-citizens on high," were his last broken words. The religion which he founded sways half of the world he knew; and in ninety years from his death the empire of his successors extended over more territory than the Romans had conquered for eight centuries.

Immediately on the death of Mohammed, his followers, whom we best know under the name of Saracens, set out on their career of conquest. Persia, Syria, Paler[illegible] the

terranean shores of Africa, fell successively under their sway, within the space of seventy years. The Caliphs became the most powerful sovereigns on the globe. The Saracens, spite of their fury and fanaticism, must have wondered at the rapidity of their conquests, and were little disposed to accept the sea as their limit. They passed the narrow strait which separates Europe from Africa, under the command of a leader who has given his name to the point of landing—*Gebel-el-Tarik*, the mountain of Tarik, or as we now shorten it, *Gibraltar*. The Goths, the sons of those who had humbled Rome, no longer possessed the martial virtues of their ancestors. The fate of the Gothic kingdom was decided by a three days' battle, fought near the town of Xeres; the monarch met his fate in flying from the lost field.

The conquest of Spain was but one triumphal march. The Saracens pushed their forces northward, crossing in succession the five great ranges of mountains, and the rivers which flow between them. Spain had resisted the Roman power for two centuries; but the Saracens, only a few months after them, landing at the Straits of Gibraltar, on the south, stood as conquerors on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, on the north, and at the foot of the Pyrenees on the east.

These events bring us to the close of the first century after the Hegira, or the year 721 of our era. The throne of France was filled nominally by the last descendants of the Merovingian race, whom history contemptuously groups together under the name of *the Sluggards*, who made their appearance once a year, drawn on their bullock-carts, at the assembly of the Franks, to ratify the acts of the mayors of the palace, who performed the functions of royalty. The great tributary dukes despised the weakness of their monarch, and began to assume the state and authority of independent monarchs. Of these, the most powerful was Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine.

Suddenly, upon the slopes of the Pyrenees, appeared the banners, hitherto unknown in France, of the Saracens. Abd-al-Rahman, *the Servant of the Merciful*, their leader, had formed the design of reducing to subjection to the Prophet the whole of Europe which remained unsubdued. Nor was the project altogether chimerical. The Saracens had marched a full thousand miles, from the banks of the Guadalquiver to those of the Garronne, and almost without a check. An advance of equal extent would bring them to the Thames and the Elbe. The natural obstacles were no greater than they had surmounted. The Rhine was no more defensible than the Euphrates or the Nile. No mountain chain like the Pyrenees barred their way. The Straits of Dover were as passable as those of Gibraltar. Constantinople and Italy were threatened from Africa, and would fall an easy prey if the north and west of Europe were conquered. The Goths, Gascons, and Franks of the south assembled under the standard of Eudes, to oppose the invaders, but suffered a defeat so terrible that, according to the mournful confession of the ancient chroniclers, God alone could count the slain. This victory placed full half of France in the power of the Saracens, and overthrew the last barrier of Christendom save one.

The post of mayor of the palace, and real sovereign of Neustria and Austrasia, was held by Charles, the illegitimate son of Pepin Henstal. He had just driven the Saxons across the Weser, and forced the Germanic tribes toward the Danube, when from the south arose a great cry and supplication for aid against the Saracens. Gathering his forces, he marched southward towards the Loire. Midway between Poictiers and Tours, in the very centre of France, he came in sight of the Saracens.

Never had a mightier cause been subjected to the decision of a battle. If the Franks lost, they lost all. The whole power of the kingdom of Austrasia and Neustria was gathered under the command of Charles. If this was overthrown, no second army could be gathered. If the tide of Saracen conquest passed this last barrier of Christianity, the whole of Europe would be easily conquered. The nations of Asia, Africa, and Europe now advanced to a contest which was to change the history of the world. The Saracens, on the one hand, were flushed with conquest, and inspired with the reckless courage which can be imparted only by a prevailing religious enthusiasm. Why should they fear death, who were sure of either the palm of victory or the crown of martyrdom? If the Franks, on the other hand, lacked the assurance of hope, they were inspired with the courage of desperation. If they wanted the spiritual weapons furnished by a long career of victory, they were yet the equals of their enemy in number, and their superiors in

bodily stature and in arms; for the weapons of the Saracens were lighter, and they bore no buckler. These physical advantages might perhaps counterbalance the spiritual ones of the Saracens.

Six days of fierce but desultory combat ensued, in which the advantage was mainly on the side of the Saracens. But still, though galled and harassed by the archers and light cavalry of the East, the Franks slowly pressed on toward the centre of the hostile encampment. The morning of the seventh day saw them engaged in a still more close and desperate struggle. Brought thus hand to hand, the greater strength and endurance of the fair-haired sons of the North began to prevail over the fiery zeal of the slighter though more active natives of the desert. The zeal and determination of the peers and paladins of France seemed roused to a yet higher pitch of enthusiasm as the sun sank slowly to the west. The great sword of Charles hewed deep its gory way into the hostile lines. Just as the slant rays of the setting sun shone over the field, and was giving the signal that the contest of the day must soon close, the two leaders Charles and Abd-el-Rahman stood opposed to each other, face to face. It was but for an instant. The Saracen sank, cloven down by the trenchant blade of the Frank. The fall of Abd-el-Rahman turned the wavering balance. His followers fled from the field, and the morning sun shone upon the Saracen power broken and shattered. Charles received the surname of Martel, *the Hammer*, from the blows with which he had shattered the army of the invaders, as the iron hammer breaks the flinty rock. The victory was complete. In the battle and the pursuit which ensued three hundred and seventy-five thousand Moslems are said to have been slain.

The long agony was over, the great contest was decided. Europe was to be Christian, not Mohammedan. The pope, not the mufti, was to give laws from the Vatican; the cathedral, not the mosque, was to rise from the plains of France and Germany—the Bible, not the Koran, to be taught in the halls of Oxford. The advance of the Oriental race into the North and West of Europe was checked—the sons of Shem were not to dwell in the tents of Japheth.

In most cases it argues little wisdom to say what would have been the result, had such and such things been different from what they were; for so many concurrent and opposing causes—causes, too, of which we often know nothing till we behold them in their effect—go to produce any great results, that we are quite unable to calculate what might have been. In this instance however, it is not so. The success of the Saracens at Tours must have caused the subjugation of Europe to their power, for there was no further obstacle in their way. If the ocean overthrows the last dyke, it is safe to prophesy an inundation. The event of the battle of Tours involved questions higher than those which have been decided by the great battles of modern days—whether a Charles or a Philip shall rule Spain—whether the French frontier shall pass the Rhine—whether Austria or Prussia shall have Silesia—whether a harlot shall be revenged for an epigram—whether Napoleon or the Bourbons shall occupy the throne of France—whether, in a word, this man or that shall rule that people or this. It was a struggle of races—of religions. Orient or Occident? Saracen or Frank? Christianity or Mohammedanism? The Bible or the Koran? These were the questions to which Charles Martel was hammering out answers.

It cannot be denied that, at this time, the Saracens were further advanced in civilization than the Franks. But they had reached the limit of their career in the march of improvement, while the western nations had but begun theirs. What would now have been the state of Europe had they prevailed, we can see by looking at the Mediterranean shores of Africa and Asia which they did subdue. Where now is the long array of cities, where the cultivated fields which made the former the delight and granary of the Roman Empire? Here is presented the only instance in which Christianity, after once being fully established, has been overthrown, utterly and entirely. The Saracens wrested Asia Minor from the Eastern empire, as the barbarians did Britain, Gaul, and Germany from the Western, and each has shown what they could do to advance civilization. Had the Saracens succeeded in their attempt, the seas which girdle Britain would have rendered her but a nest of pirates like the African coasts; and France and Germany would have stood where Turkey and Persia now stand; and our own country, if its discovery had been committed to them, would have h ization than ica.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

No. VIII.

BY REV. F. F. JUDD.

Florence.

My Dear A.:—In my last I promised you a little account of my journey from Rome hither, which had one or two incidents of interest, with which alone I will detain you. I left Rome just at evening by diligence for Civita Vecchia. My friend and countryman already mentioned, accompanied me to the office, and bade me a cordial "good-bye" at parting, at the same time putting into my hand a note of introduction to an acquaintance at Civita Vecchia connected with the English Consulate. We parted with the expectation of meeting soon at Leghorn. It is a pleasant thing to meet a countryman in a distant land. I was much disappointed in missing one or two of whom I heard, whom I knew well by reputation, though not personally acquainted. As we passed from the gate of the city, I gained a parting view. The shadows of night were gathering over it and throwing its dusky mantle over tower and dome, and the recollection that I was taking my farewell look of this wonderful city, stirred my mind with many exciting reflections. Here and there from the mighty drama of her history prominent events started up and blazed before me with startling vividness; and imagination scampered over the past without bridle or rein. After riding a few miles my mind sank into that kind of drowsy indifference which succeeds excitement, and with visions fast growing indistinct, I fell asleep and was scarcely conscious of anything that passed, except as the periodical application of postilions for a little change announced a stopping-place. The regular and importunate dunning of these fellows is often excessively annoying. Understand me, I believe in paying every reasonable demand, and in *charity*, giving of alms, etc.; but when you are fully conscious that you have paid at the outset a good round price for all the accommodation you are receiving, and take into the account the feeing of half a dozen porters at either end of your route, for the sake of peace, it is too bad to be pursued at every intermediate step by these eager extortioners, and especially to have a good pleasant nap broken in upon. It is too much like the annoyance of East Jersey mosquitoes.

I mentioned that Civita Vecchia was the place of our destination. Probably you don't know much about this important city. May you never be enlightened by as tedious a sojourn as afflicted me. Extremes—either good or bad—must have something in them to notice. Therefore Civita Vecchia deserves noticing, for with all soberness, I do assert it to be the dullest, loneliest, most good-for-nothing kind of a place I have yet had the misfortune to become acquainted with. We arrived about one in the morning, and expected to leave by steamer in the afternoon of the same day. But during the night a most violent gale sprang up from the south-west, and when I awoke, the dashing of waters was in my ear. I walked out towards the harbor after breakfast, to inquire as to our prospect of getting away. The sea near the shore was a sheet of foam, and our steamer was tossing and heaving to and fro, and I soon learned to my sorrow, that all hope of leaving before the morrow must be abandoned. It was a great disappointment, as I was very anxious to hurry on; and the matter was aggravated by the dolefulness of the place. A few narrow, lonely streets, with dark, gloomy, antiquated houses frowning on you, and dull, dirty, heathenish looking people crawling around in a half-dead, half-alive kind of a way, as if they knew nothing and had nothing to do—presented pictures anything but animating to a dejected man. Seriously, the condition of the mass of the people both as to industry and morals is truly deplorable. Gambling seemed to be the only business followed with much zeal. This I should think from all I saw was prosecuted with vigor; and many

with no honest occupation, depended for their precarious resources on their success in consuming others. I looked about for something to interest and divert my mind awhile, as I found I must reconcile myself to a day's sojourn. I entered one or two churches, but dingy walls, indifferent paintings, and the old odor, which many of these churches of the poorer class retain, (and which every traveller must remember,) turned me back in quick disgust. I heard there was a theatre, where I suppose, after days of laziness and gambling, the idle and vicious assembled to listen to indifferent acting, and have the monotony of their torpid life broken by half-grown emotions or momentary kindling of bad passions. But as I would not seek amusement in a theatre, however attractive, I of course would not vex my conscience or add to my desolation by going to this. After a time I followed one of the streets till it led me to a mound which skirted the town, covered with a beautiful sod. It seemed designed as a kind of fortification or wall, and here and there a sentinel was pacing on it. The grass was fresh and bright, and was the first cheerful object I had seen. I was just congratulating myself on my good fortune, and meditated a pleasant stroll, when a poor vassal of the Pope, with musket on his shoulder, told me I could not walk there. He seemed half ashamed to do his duty, but I turned about and gave up in despair. I never felt much more desolate and doleful. I thought if any continental government wanted a Siberia or a Botany Bay close at hand, I would recommend them to send their convicts to Civita Vecchia. They would soon ask Sahara as an abatement. The letter I had brought from Rome proved of great service. The young gentleman to whom it introduced me was very attentive, and kindly relieved me of all care about my passport, and did all in his power to diminish the discomfort of my stay. I must say also that there was one object worthy of a notice—the beautiful massive fort which adorns and fortifies the harbor. I was told the design was by Michael Angelo. It contained at this time well locked up within its walls a large number of convicts from the papal States; among them a notorious leader of a gang of banditti which had long infested the mountains somewhere between Rome and Florence.

We left on the following day, though it was doubtful until about the hour of sailing, and considered then a little dangerous. As soon as the vessel advanced beyond the protection of the molo, she rolled and tossed about like a plaything among the heaving waves. The decks were soon deserted; and a distinguished lady from Florence, in a feeble state of health, becoming excessively alarmed, shrieked wildly: "We are lost! we are lost!" We had a most uncomfortable passage, but reached Leghorn in safety. The storm had done great damage there, and for days after news arrived of disasters.

I shall say nothing of Leghorn, at any rate at present. A railroad carries you to Pisa, about ten miles. Having alluded to her former wealth and commercial enterprise, I shall not dwell upon her history or present state now. I spent only a day and night there, visited the famous cathedral, leaning tower, and Campo Santo, and next morning left by diligence for Florence.

For the prominent place it held by its wealth and commercial enterprise during the middle ages, for the interest of its political history, for the number of great men it has produced or nourished, and for its rich treasures of art, Florence justly ranks among the first cities of Europe. Its situation is beautiful, and there is much to remind you of its better days. The immense massive edifices of stone, with frowning battlements, and peculiar square towers, speak the genius of the times in which they were erected. I shall not attempt to unravel here the particulars of Florentine history, though full of interest. You know what Machiavelli has made of it. As you walk about the city, especially when the moon throws its silver light on ancient towers and domes, or gives the yellow Arno a purer flow, the mind easily runs back to by-gone days, and revels in the stirring associations of the past. Almost everything here is connected by some tie with the rise and wealth, the power and reverses of the famous Medici family; but I must avoid these *endless genealogies*. The first place of interest I visited was the Royal Gallery, as it was near my boarding-house, and I came upon it unexpectedly, as I sauntered forth the morning after my arrival here. Its collections are almost endless, and one needs to visit it again and again. Its chambers are open to all, and scores of artists are always engaged in different parts, copying from ancient and celebrated paintings, as this privilege is li[illegible] allery is a publi[illegible] which

a storied edifice, the Loggia di Lanzi, attracts your eye, and on the other the famous old palace or Palazzo Vecchio, as it is called, rears its massive and turreted walls, and bears its lofty tower towards the clouds. As Phillips says of Napoleon, "its frown terrifies the glance its magnificence attracted." This old tower has looked on strange scenes, and these walls could tell of wild and fierce encounters when liberty was wrested by an excited people from the hands of ambitious men. The square is abundantly supplied, and in instances adorned by numerous pieces of statuary of various degrees of merit and demerit—one of them by Michael Angelo. The large equestrian statue of Cosmo de Medici, whose wealth and liberality contributed so much to the splendor of Florence, and won for him the proud title of "Pater Patriæ," attracts your attention, and detains you with reflections upon him and his successors.

I witnessed in this square an interesting ceremony which takes place nightly at the closing of the gates. It is customary about sunset for the Grand-duke, who occupies the celebrated Pitti palace, across the Arno, to pass in state through this time-honored square. A detachment of soldiers stand on duty in front of the old palace, and the royal band salute him with their choicest strains. As royalty cannot monopolize all the vibrations of sound more than all the rays of light, we poor plebeians gain some benefit from these performances. The music surpassed anything of the kind I have ever heard. I have been much interested in an illustration of the passion of the Italians for music, and how natural it is to them, which has fallen under my notice.

A little fellow, half clad, but full of life and song, if not of bread and butter, passes my boarding-house morning and evening as he goes to his daily occupation or returns to the little dirty corner he calls his home. He has picked up somewhere strains from some of the most difficult and beautiful operas, and with a sweetness and fullness of voice and a perfection of modulation which many who *pretend* to sing might well covet, he pours forth his song, waking echoes from the antiquated walls, and making the streets ring with his melody.

I intended to give you an account of my visit to the tower of Galileo, Pitti palace, &c., but must stop short here.

THE BEAUTY OF EARTH.

BY CAROLINE ORMSBY.

Who loveth not our joyous Earth,
So beautiful and free?
Her brave old hills, her quiet vales,
Her living minstrelsy,
Adown her mountain torrents leap,
And murmur on her streams;
And float all through her dim deep woods
A thousand glorious dreams—
A thousand dreams of days of eld,
When 'neath that glorious sky,
Bold hearts beat high, and fresh lips spake,
And eyes flashed radiantly.
And Earth hath many mysteries:
Within her secret caves
Deep voices speak, strange shadows creep
Beneath the broad sea-waves.
The mountains have a solemn voice,
The vales a strange-keyed song,
The deep wild caves full many a tone,
And shapes, an unknown throng.
The summer airs steal silently
Where violets ope their eye,
And wake the fays of sleeping leaves,
In glens where shadows lie.
Night sheds its tears, and lo! each star
Steals forth so silently,
And smiles upon its own bright form
Uplooking from the sea.
Where dash the northern seas, or bend
The skies of Italy,
Or blows the burning pestilence
Of desert Araby;
Where raise the Alps their crested heads,
Or lifts our Rocky chain,
Each scene, each change does but repeat
Earth's beauty o'er again.

THE SELF-DENYING STUDENT.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

It was a midwinter's night. The heavy tread of footmen in the street had gradually been growing less and less, and now had entirely died away. The clock had struck ten—eleven—twelve—and all was silent, save the howling of the storm without. For two or three hours past, while others slept, a lone student had been poring over classical lore; and so absorbed was he in his studies, that he was wholly unconscious of the flight of time. He now arose with strained eyes to prepare for retiring. He read a chapter in the Bible, hastily reviewed his conduct during the day past, and offered up a sincere prayer to the Giver of all good, in which he asked to be directed by heavenly wisdom in encountering the almost insurmountable obstacles that beset his way. Especially did he remember in his supplications his father and mother at their humble home. Committing himself to the kind care of his heavenly Father, he sought the embraces of "tired nature's sweet restorer."

Charles Blossom, the young man introduced to the reader by the foregoing, was the youngest and only remaining son of poor but respectable parents. They had lost two older sons and a daughter in the short space of five years, and Charles was now their only support. They had been careful to instil into his youthful mind right moral principles, and they had the satisfaction of knowing, as his opening faculties were developed, that he possessed a most amiable disposition. Filial affection especially was a predominating trait in his character.

While quite young he imbibed a very great desire to obtain a thorough and finished education. He even sometimes dared to think of college; but then the obstacles in his path seemed almost too much for his young spirit to grapple with. He was penniless, and it required a portion of the small sum he could earn to make his parents comfortable; and the probability was that very soon the whole would be required; for his mother was nearly blind, and his father was becoming decrepit, as old age came on. But the greater the discouragements that pressed upon him, the greater seemed his determination to rise above them. The rudiments of an education he obtained by the aid of such facilities as were afforded near home. As soon as he was deemed competent he commenced teaching, and thus he acquired the means of further prosecuting his studies. In order to prepare for college, he must needs resort to the seminary in a neighboring village. Here he very soon won the respect of his instructors and fellows, and by faithfulness in study he became known as a thorough and critical scholar. By perseverance and economy he had "worked his way" at this institution about a year and a half. His whole soul was absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge, and to have taken him off from the privilege of books and of study, under ordinary circumstances, would have been almost as death to him. He wanted only a few months to completing his preparatory course, when the sad news came that his father was ill, and needed his care and attention at home. He must relinquish his studies; but he murmurs not, nor once harbors the thought that those parents are a burden to him. Cheerfully he gives up all, and, drawn by the cords of the purest filial affection, wends his steps towards the home he so dearly loves.

His return was on a bright spring morning. The music of birds filled the groves, the early flowers yielded their fragrance to the zephyrs, and the gladness of nature bade the heart rejoice; but nothing caused such a thrill of joy to those parents in that lonely dwelling, as the presence of a dutiful son. They blessed a kind Providence for giving them such a support, and with reason too.

Charles immediately entered upon business by which he might be able to minister to their wants, for they were now nearly helpless. He felt the approbation of Heaven, which of all things else he prized most highly while he

toiled on in his work of love. He was contented and cheerful; for he had learned what is most meet for mortals to learn, *self-denial*.

* * * * *

Two years elapsed, and Charles Blossom was alone in the world. He had followed both his parents to the grave, and had the assurance that they were at rest in heaven. The first burst of grief passed by, and he yielded in full resignation to the blow, conscious that he had done what he could to smooth their pathway to the tomb.

His eagerness to acquire knowledge had not abated in the least, and he again entered upon his course of study. Still he had to struggle with difficulties; but, as the deep-rooted mountain oak is unscathed by the blast, so he yielded not, nor swerved from his high-souled purpose. He entered college, took a high stand in his class, and graduated with distinguished honors.

He is now a useful and brilliant member of his profession; and the laurels that grace his brow will be as lasting as time itself. He has stood before countless multitudes and swayed them by the power of his eloquence; he has listened to the applause of thousands, and has heard the echo of his fame in other lands; but still, as the happiest portion of his life, he always refers to the two years in which he denied himself that he might minister to the necessities of those who had given him existence.

RAPHA.

LEAVE ME NOT YET.

BY MRS. S. W. BROOKS.

"'Twere mockery to think
That such fair things *could* perish."—WILLIS.

LEAVE me not yet, my blessed child,
We cannot—*cannot* part!
Too long thy gentle eyes have smiled
Upon thy mother's heart.

I know thou art not mine, my boy,
But only lent from Heaven;
Yet sometimes in my dream of joy
I deemed that thou wert given.

And in this weary heart of mine
Once more was joy a guest,
For human love had found a shrine,
Whereon its hopes might rest.

And *now*, to see thee pass away,
Like frost-work in the sun!
My heart rebels, and cannot say,
O God, "thy will be done."

Yet Father, if the immortal choir
Hath need of his young voice,
To swell the eternal anthem higher,
Where ransomed saints rejoice;

Then give my boy a cherub's wing,
And clad in raiment white,
With angel harpers let him sing
In yonder world of light.

And if my heart *must* meet the strife,
Let Mercy's angel bear
Cool waters from the fount of life,
To quell the fever there.

Providence, R. I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A ROSE-BUD.

Nothing less than the claims of gratitude, dear reader, could ever have induced me to step from the deep seclusion which, though pressed thither by "stern necessity's supreme command," has now become my decided choice. I feel the blushes of early youth kindling anew upon my cheek, as I essay to mingle with the witty and the wise, the gifted and the good, who throng this literary parterre.

My peculiar circumstances in life have left me little opportunity of knowing much of my parentage. I retain, however, some distinct and endearing recollections of the mother who nourished and cherished my embryo existence. She was a beautiful mother; her graceful form, enveloped in a rich robe of green, embroidered with variously-shaded roses and buds, has made an indelible impression upon my memory. She was also a deeply solicitous mother. Ah! too well she knew my fate. She knew that the beauty and grace I inherited from her, while they drew closer around me the fibres of her soul, were but to be the means of our sudden and painful separation. While I, all unconscious, lay shielded beneath the vernal covering in which she sought to screen me from the rude gaze of the passer-by, she saw, with an anxious eye, one and another scrutinizing my hiding-place, as if ready, the moment I opened my eye and smiled, to secure me for their own.

Mine, too, was a judicious mother. She taught me that beauty alone could not secure lasting esteem, so she imparted to me a fragrance that she foresaw would live when my beauty had departed. She also taught me that to stay within my mossy covering would more commend me to the esteem of the wise and worthy; that a modest bud would be more likely to find an honored resting-place, than a gay and flaunting rose.

Mine was not an ambitious, but she was a grateful mother. She had one friend who had guarded her infancy with maternal affection; who had ministered to all her wants; who had trained her for usefulness, and assigned her an honored place among her nurslings. To this friend I was ever at home; and my grateful mother would, for her sake, that I might win her regard, have fain imparted to me the fragrance of Araby, and the beauty of the Houris. But here I leave the story of a mother's solicitude, a mother's gratitude, and a mother's undying affection. In my case, her anxiety was requited. I won the admiration of her early friend, and as she watched my expanding loveliness beneath maternal care, she sought some honored place where to transplant me, that I might unveil my beauty and exhale my fragrance where there was taste to admire, and hearts to appreciate my worth.

My guardian and friend had a face of which any lady might be proud, and yet the subdued and tender expression of her mild blue eye, and the smile of benevolence which ever played around her coral lips, most sweetly told of a heart which, if at all acquainted with those jarring passions which too often revel in the human soul, still held them in quiet subjection. Her look and smile operated on my expanding petals like a sunbeam, and I yielded to her gentle caresses, in the fullest confidence that, whatever disposal she might make of me, it would be well, and, as the sequel proves, this was no vain confidence; for while thousands of my contemporaries have been scattered to the winds, and other thousands doomed to undergo the process of distillation, I have for fifteen years found a quiet, happy home where poetry, and song, and love's hallowed breathings alone have met my ear.

But I anticipate, and must return to a bright winter's morning, when, beneath the same roof where I had spent my hitherto short existence, a youthful pair stood before the hymeneal altar. The pledge had been given, angels, and a chosen few of earth had borne witness to the solemnity, when my sweet patroness stepped forward, and gently loosing me from the maternal grasp, bade me conceal my blushes, and breathe my fragrance beneath a fold in the bodice of that bridal robe. For a moment I trembled, so sudden was the transition, and so dignified my peculiar position; but as I lay silently pondering the change, I felt the heavings of that young bride's heart, as the full tide of love, and hope, and joy swelled and gushed within the narrow boundary, and now for the first time did sympathy's warm current rush between my swelling petals, a magic spell

seemed weaving around me, and anon I breathed the invigorating atmosphere of poetic inspiration. Sentiment and song seemed as if my native tongue, and thus I sang to her on whose bosom I reposed:

Fair bride, like me the hand of love
Has taken thee from thy parent stem,
And lipked thee to a throbbing heart,
There to remain its brightest gem.
Like me, thou too wert early taught
That beauty fades as time glides by,
But love's pure fragrance, like the germ
Of Deity, can never die.

I know not how long I should have indulged these sentimental warblings, had not the travelling mantle been drawn so closely around me as to hush me into quietude, and the jarring motion of a carriage, for a time, precluded all intercourse between my new companions and myself.

When the light of heaven again shone upon me, I found myself at the young bride's home, passing from hand to hand amid the exclamations, "beautiful!" "lovely!" &c. But the power of maternal teachings made me shrink from such flattery, and rejoice when I found myself refreshed by a glass of cold water on the toilette of my friend alone. Here I remained for some time quietly moralizing on my change of condition, receiving each day a supply of what to me was nectar—pure water from the spring; and in return, I gratefully emitted my sweetest odors. And now the day approached of which my judicious mother had forewarned me, when youth and beauty must give place to shrivelled and wrinkled age, when professed friends would forsake, and I in all probability be cast out to die.

As I was one morning moralizing upon this affecting subject, my fair friend approached, and taking me from my chilly resting-place, kissed my shrivelled cheek, and folded me in a neat paper, containing only a simple date; then opening a little box on her toilette, which was nearly filled with love's mementoes, she laid me within the folds of a most valued letter; and now, though my withered and discolored petals tell of age, it is an age of honor, for my life has not been all in vain. It has been my privilege full oft to awaken in the heart of my protectress emotions of sweetest pleasure, and to call up reminiscences which have beguiled her of care, and led her to bless the little faded rose, which from its retirement has carolled to her heart in accents soft and sweet, the brightest, richest strains in "love's young dream."

C. M. S.

THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

BY MISS A. S. WILBUR.

"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went into a solitary place, and there prayed."—Mark i. 35.

Saviour! who didst here below
Human fears and sorrows know,
From life's trials, and its care,
Thou didst seek relief in prayer!

Human sympathy denied,
None to counsel or to guide;
In the twilight dim, alone,
Thou didst seek thy Father's throne!

In a world of pain and sin,
Foes without and foes within,
Compassed round with many a snare,
We may find relief in prayer.

Leaning oft on broken reeds,
Failing most when most our needs,
Be Thou, once by friends betrayed,
Our supporter and our aid.

Should we e'er forsake thy way,
And in paths forbidden stray,
Let thy spirit from above
Whisper of thy changeless love.

Sinful, wretched, poor and weak,
Strength and aid from thee we seek:
Lead us to the place of prayer—
Let us find our Saviour there.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.—We have just returned from the country; and we are more than ever satisfied that, if there is a man in the world who has cause to be pre-eminently thankful for his condition in life, that man is the farmer. It is strange that anybody should ever doubt this fact,—stranger still that so many young men should leave their fathers' farms for a city counting-room. And yet nothing is more common than to find an enterprising youth panting to exchange his hoe and his scythe for a yardstick and a ledger. Poor fellows! how often they get sick of the city after a trial of it for a few months or years, and how heartily they wish themselves back again driving the old gentleman's team. People live too fast in the city. We get ourselves into a fever, and our pulse beats wildly and furiously. We hazard a great deal in our business; and the result is, that though we may be drawn up pretty near the top of the wheel of fortune, the chances are perhaps quite as many, that we shall get down to the bottom. But, whether we are going up or down, or while our destiny is still a problem, we are in a feverish state of excitement. We are driving ahead with railroad velocity. The whole system of business in the city goes by steam.

The farmer, on the other hand, as our artist has him sketched in the engraving, takes things coolly. The current of his life moves not so swiftly. He risks little: his success is almost certain. There is no great crisis in his affairs ever and anon staring him in the face by day, and giving him the nightmare in his sleep. There are no notary's tickets to scare him when there is a pressure in the money market. The vexations of money-borrowing—*shinning*, according to the expressive and somewhat unique idiom of Wall street—he knows nothing of. He is a happy man, or ought to be, surely.

But that is not all, nor is it the most favorable, in our opinion, of the circumstances attending this life in the country. *Nature* is here, and familiarity with nature, in all its varied forms, exerts, or may exert, the kindest influence upon the family, regarded in a social or moral aspect. The hills and vales, the meadows and forests, the trees and flowers, the birds and bees—all nature's beautiful things—when they are studied and loved, have a humanizing, almost a sanctifying effect on the soul.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful, by the way, not to say poetic, in the very idea of a little child's fondness for flowers. We have a hundred times thought with emotion of the story told by Mrs. Ellis, of a little girl who was accustomed to carry her favorite miniature chair into the garden, and to sit down near a bed of flowers, where she has often been overheard saying softly: "Come, you little flower—open, you little flower. When will you open your pretty blue eye?" But there is something more than beauty, more than poetry in this. There are the gushings of a loving heart. We would rather by far hear this of a child we loved, than to know that she was intelligent above her years. There is something almost moral in this love, instinctive as it is; and we would encourage it where it exists, and endeavor to excite it where it is absent. In many ways it may be made the fulcrum upon which one of virtue's most powerful levers will act in the family circle.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"To One Beloved," we have filed for publication. It is good—too good to be marred by such a rhyme as appears in the first stanza. Will the writer oblige us by making such an alteration as to marry the first and third lines? As they are now, it strikes us that there is something like *odd fellowship* about them.

"A Thought in the Morning," "How Old art Thou?" "Why wast Thou?" (we wonder if our friends the poets are not hard pushed for titles sometimes,) and "Vocalli, the Albanian Klept," we must decline. The latter is exceedingly well written, and the plot of the tale is good. We cannot publish it, however, consistently with the plan we have marked out for the Parlor Magazine. The *morale* of the article will hardly warrant its publication in our pages. We hope, nevertheless, that the author will favor us with another tale. We are confident he has genius in this species of composition.

SHOPPING IN GENERAL, AND SHOE-SHOPPING IN PARTICULAR.—We wonder that no one has ever written a volume on the morals of shopping. It is a fruitful topic, inexhaustible, almost. There is Mrs. A. now, at Stewart's, in Broadway, looking at a beautiful dress, in which she expects to shine at her party next week. Mr. A., her husband, as everybody knows, failed for sixty thousand dol-

lars last year about this time, and his creditors receipted their bills against his great house, for twenty-five cents on a dollar. He could not pay any more—poor man! He has failed. "But we must live," says his philosophical wife; so she steps into Stewart's and orders a dress sent home, for which she pays three hundred and seventy-five dollars. She must live, of course, if her husband *has* failed. Then there is Mrs. B., who is managing all sorts of ways, tying odds and ends together, retrenching in this thing and that thing, grudging the shilling she pays for charitable purposes, and screwing her milliner down to the lowest possible cent, to make a display in the fashionable world, like her neighbors, Mrs. C. and Mrs. D., whose husbands are worth ten times as much as hers. It is an interesting branch of ethics, this of shopping. It overhangs a large surface. We have only cracked a nut or two from it, though there are hundreds more, equally rich, as any one can satisfy himself in a few minutes, if he is so disposed, especially if he is fond of a little scandal, as we hope he is not.

But as we intended to do quite another thing when we set out, than to knock down nuts of this kind, and only threw a stone just to show how readily they fell, and what a flavor they had, we may as well pass on. The truth is, we stopped into a fashionable shoe-store on Broadway awhile ago; and as our publisher—who does anything he chooses in the way of embellishments—has given the patrons of the Parlor Magazine, in this number, a beautiful and life-like picture of shoe-shopping, we must take this opportunity to say a word about what we saw and heard in this emporium of elegance and fashion, of the *Congress Boot*. It seems that the boot so named is exciting not a little attention, especially among the ladies, though it is equally adapted for the use of both sexes. When this article was introduced into the American market we have not been able to ascertain; but we think we heard of it nearly a year ago. The patentee is Mr. Horace H. Day, of this city, a very extensive manufacturer of and dealer in India-rubber goods. One of the principal excellences of the boot, aside from its beauty, is the facility with which it is adjusted on the foot, and taken off. In place of the ordinary method of lacing and tying, which is attended with so much inconvenience, Mr. Day adopts the expedient of confining the shoe to the ankle by means of an India-rubber gore, so constructed that its expansion and contraction answer all the purposes of laced boots. The Congress boot seems to us to combine all the features of a good article; and we can scarcely doubt that it will come into very general use. We see no obstacle to its success, except that Mr. Day's invention is patented; but if the manufacturers are not unreasonably charged for the patent, that obstacle cannot be a formidable one; for as soon as the ladies are convinced of the excellence of the thing—and they are on the *qui vive* in respect to all such matters—they will have it. Shoemakers, fathers, husbands, must all yield. The dear creatures! who but a bear ever thinks of refusing them anything?

On this last point, however, by the way, people differ. Here is a communication, for instance, which we are desired benevolently to whisper to the ladies—for their especial comfort, we suppose, —that tells quite another story. We cannot help thinking that the writer is slightly mistaken in his notions. Of that matter, however, our fair readers must themselves be the judges. One thing is pretty certain, we think: if the theory of the poet, given in the first four stanzas, *is* correct, everybody must unite in the invocation with which he winds up. What is the state of the case, ladies? Pray write to us, and let us know.

WOMAN'S DESTINY.

BY HENRY H. PAUL.

How sad and dark is woman's fate!
No blissful change her fortune knows;
Kneeling to man in every state,
Her life is fraught with sullen woes.

In youth a father's stern command
And watchful eye control her will;
A stately brother mindful stands
To keep her closer captive still.

Now love beguiles her tender heart,
And paints bright phantoms to her eyes;
Some lover's image haunts her rest,
And smiles give place to tears and sighs.

The cynic husband next appears,
With dark and corrugated brow;—
Sweet smiles his face no longer wears,
Her slave becomes her sovereign now.

O Destiny! if ye designed
That tyrant man should have full sway,
To woman's form give slavish mind,
And teach her nought but to obey.

PARLOR TABLE.

Dealings with the Firm of Dombey & Son. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations, by H. K. Browne. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

There is a great deal of excellence in Dickens, with somewhat of evil commingled, it must be confessed. One hardly knows, sometimes, when he lays down a novel written by this author, whether the good or the ill predominates. That, so far as their moral influence is concerned, his efforts are far less objectionable than those of the great mass of our modern fashionable novelists, there can be no doubt; and whatever can be said or denied in this respect of his former novels, this one must be acknowledged to be negatively above reproach, if not—as we regard it—positively excellent. There is no attempt in the book, from beginning to end, to dress up vice in the garb of virtue. Things are called by their right names. If a character is introduced superlatively bad, that character is not so invested with nobleness of soul, after the fashion of Bulwer, as to protect it, like a coat of mail, from our abhorrence and detestation. On the whole, we think the tendency of the novel is toward the side of virtue, and is among the best, in every respect, from the pen of this author. But Dickens frequently attempts too much. He has done so, we think, in "Dombey and Son." He is not a Walter Scott, and it is strange that he or his warmest friends should ever dream that he was such a genius. He can delineate certain phases of character very well; but he cannot sketch a great mind in different and opposite circumstances and vicissitudes, and he always fails when he attempts it. We could not help noticing this in reading "Dombey and Son." We felt a little disposed, too, as we proceeded, to find some fault with the author's plot. The prominent features in it were well conceived, it must be admitted; but some of the details of the plot are not so happy. We can scarcely resist the conviction, indeed, that the author steered a different course in the latter part of his voyage, from the one he intended to take when he set out. There are several editions of this book republished in this country. This of Messrs. Lea & Blanchard has the merit of being the cheapest, we believe.

The Thousand and One Nights. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Parts 5 and 6 of this entertaining series of eastern tales are published. Half the entire work is now completed. There are to be six hundred wood engravings, and when bound, the book will be among the most beautiful that are prepared for the library of the young.

Washington, and the Generals of the American Revolution. Complete in two volumes, with sixteen portraits on steel, from original pictures. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. New York: sold by John S. Taylor.

This is evidently a book of genuine merit. The author, whoever he is, sets about his work with the consciousness that it is no child's play. His modesty at the outset in sketching faintly the miniature of the man Washington, must charm every one who has formed a just conception of that remarkable man, and serve not a little to attract every such reader toward the author of the sketch. "Gen. Washington's mental abilities," he says, with as much felicity as truth, "illustrate the very highest type of greatness. His mind, probably, was one of the very greatest that was ever given to mortality." Nevertheless, concedes the writer, it is difficult—impossible, from the nature of the case, by a direct analysis of his character, to establish that position. "The processes of Washington's understanding are entirely hidden from us. What came from it, in counsel or in action, was the life and glory of his country; what went on within it is shrouded in impenetrable concealment. We cannot see him as he was, because we are not like him. The tones of the mighty bell were heard with the certainty of time itself, and with a force which vibrates still upon the air of life, and will vibrate forever; but the clock-work by which they were regulated and given forth, we can neither see nor understand."

Modern French Literature. By L. Raymond de Vericour, formerly Lecturer in the Royal Athenæum, Paris, author of "Milton et la Poesie Epique," &c. Revised with Notes alluding particularly to writers prominent in late political events at Paris. By W. S. Chase, A.M. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. New York: For sale by Burgess, Stringer & Co.

This book will be a popular one with those who are interested in the literature and literary characters of France, who have written during the

present century. The criticisms are, so far as we have had opportunity for examination, judicious and discriminating. The author is himself an elegant writer, and no one who reads his sketches can fail to admire the classic purity and chasteness of his style. To form a correct estimate of French character, seems to us no easy task. Frenchmen are among the strangest and most anomalous specimens of humanity on the face of the globe. Whether our author—himself a Frenchman—has invariably done so in these portraitures, is not quite certain. But it is gratifying to us, as it must be to every friend of virtue, that he has written in terms of the highest reprobation of the moral tone of Eugene Sue, Paul de Kock, *Madame* George Sand, and others of that school. The value of the book is enhanced by a mezzotint engraving of Lamartine.

Memoir of Clementine Cuvier, Daughter of Baron Cuvier. By JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

A Guide to Acquaintance with God. By Rev. JAMES SHERMAN.

The Bible True and Infidelity Wicked. By WILLIAM S. PLUMER, D.D.

Great Truths in Simple Words, for Little Children.

These are the titles of four little volumes just issued from the press of the American Tract Society. They are exceedingly well written, and the manner in which they are printed renders them doubly attractive. One of them—the last named—is beautifully embellished with wood cuts, from excellent new designs.

Alfred in India, or Scenes in Hindostan. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. New York: Sold by H. Long & Brother.

This is another volume of "Chambers' Library for Young People," already mentioned in very favorable terms. This book is instructive and entertaining. Every little boy and girl who is so fortunate as to possess it, will be delighted with Alfred. He is exceedingly communicative, and tells just what we all like to know. The volume is beautifully printed and bound too. In this respect, the three volumes in this "Library," which we have seen, are inimitable.

The Young Schoolmistress. By JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D., author of "The Dying Robin," "Alice Gordon," "Elizabeth Benton," "The Lawyer's Daughter," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A book of some two hundred pages, inculcating some of the purest truths in the happiest mode. Prof. Alden is fast gaining the reputation of being among the best writers of tales for the young in this country. He has long been a favorite author with us, and every new tale of his which we read increases our respect for his talents in this department. "The Schoolmistress," unlike most of Prof. Alden's stories, is one of considerable length, and he shows himself to be as much at home in this as in his briefer efforts.

Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Numbers 24 and 25. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. New York: Sold by H. Long & Brother.

This work continues to be excellent and worthy of universal patronage. Among the subjects treated of in these numbers, are the Life of Sir Walter Scott, the Conquest of Mexico, Friendly Hints to the Young, Account of the Gipsies, Life of Alexander Selkirk, African Discovery by Mungo Park and others, &c. There is a vast amount of information of the highest value in this Miscellany.

Vanity Fair: a Novel without a Hero. By WILLIAM MAKEPLACE THACKERAY, with Illustrations by the author. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A quaint title for a very readable, and for the most part quite unexceptionable tale. It is somewhat in the style of Dickens, but in our humble judgment much better. The plot is more perfect than that of Dickens' novels; the characters sustain their several parts better; the interest thrown around the entire performance is greater; it exhibits more dramatic power; and withal there are in it more originality and thought. It is one of the most finished and powerful things in the department of romance which we have read for many a day, and would not disgrace Sir Walter himself.

THE PASTOR'S WIVES.

BY MRS. E. A. COMSTOCK.

On the southern border of our State stands the cheerless town of Mumford, looking as though dropped there accidentally by some runaway mechanic. A rapid mill-stream propelling sundry factory wheels on its banks, is the only redeeming feature in the tame landscape. A dead level meets the horizon at each point of the compass, and the trees shading the Parsonage are the only representatives of the far-away groves of our forest-land. Apart from the town stands the minister's house; a barn-like building with sufficient white paint on its surface to render the original color of the shingles more sombre by contrast as it struck through to the light. The door-yard was choked up with plantain and mullen stalks, the latter striving vigorously to overtop the really graceful young trees planted by the pastor to shelter his study from the intense rays of the summer sun. A pot of mignonette on the sill, and a slip of sweetbrier by the window, redeemed the study from the faults of the rest of the building. The other apartments were chillingly neat, but tasteless and scantily furnished. In this, a collection of choice books, a few good casts, three or four mellow paintings, an antique chair, and a table covered with papers, charmingly mingled with wild flowers, and a few tokens of vertu, bespoke an intellect unassisted by fortune, and unsolaced by congenial companionship. The sad thoughtfulness of his calm gray eye, and the subdued melancholy resting on his expressive features, evinced his consciousness of unrequited worth. As the dark cloud imprisons the brilliant star, so did his adverse circumstances conceal yet nourish to maturity his great and glorious gifts.

An invalid mother and a maiden sister were his only housemates. Miss Harriet was twenty years older than her brother, the interregnum having been filled by quite a numerous family, long since passed away. Harriet loved her brother, but it was after her own fashion. There was much selfishness mingled with it, and her coarser nature often misinterpreted the sensitiveness of his. He understood her disposition well, and repaid her attention to him with all the tenderness of his pure and gentle heart. His aged mother had long suffered from a complication of diseases, but the calm content beautifying her furrowed countenance bespoke a spirit healthy and resigned. From the boisterous presence of his sister, marred as it was by household cares, he loved to steal to his parent's chair, and while his hand rested in hers, partake of that sweet communion which soothed her trying lot. At such seasons his youthful joys came freshly to his soul again, and the gifted man knelt like a little child at the feet of his mother. And she? Lovely to her woman's heart was the son she had so carefully trained in the sad, dark hours of early widowhood.

If at times his thoughts were tinged with sadness as he looked on the dreariness around his dwelling, he was consoled by the thought that he had been able to support the declining years of those who had struggled amid poverty and sorrow to fit him for his sacred vocation. The voice of nature was not echoless in his breast. There were times when the still moonbeams fell on his study floor and found him sitting in their midst absorbed in those pleasing day-dreams that oftenest visit those who are least able to make them bright realities. Visions of domestic love such as his heart had not yet known, spread their bright-tipped wings before him half in mockery, as if to flee as soon as seen. Then would arise the memory of a gentle girl, known but for a short time, yet loved with a hopeless heart. He had worshipped and fled. No stern guardians forbade the mingling of those young spirits, but the mailed hand of necessity had severed hearts well fitted for an indissoluble union. Called to a distant parish when but twenty-two, he had for the last eight years devoted himself to no mistress, save duty. The lady of his love was to him but as a distant star, to which his feeble hand might never reach. His mother and sister were ever-present objects of his tender care, to whom he could present no rival

claims on the slender income that kept them from want.

It was a triumphant boast with the people of Mumford, that there was but one church in the place, although the heavily-laden waggons wending their way out of the town every Sabbath, bespoke no boastful oneness of sentiment. They had jogged along the path of life with their late pastor, without any disquieting assaults upon the "sins that most easily beset them," and with a sleepy pace only accelerated by the prospect of making a good bargain. They looked forward to a long and quiet union with their "new man," contented if he ambled along on his own hobby without disturbing theirs. The women thought he ought to marry, and often murmured at the selfishness of his mother and sister in usurping a place so much better filled by a wife. Their remarks were not long aimed at the good mother. She soon slept in peace. The church was crowded to excess to hear the last tributes paid to the deceased. In the midst of his own sorrow the pastor remembered his careless flock. Pale with mental conflict, he stood himself in his accustomed place, and to his surprised people powerfully commented on an event that had robbed his household of its chief loveliness. The solemnity of the occasion, the presence of the dead, the noble self-forgetfulness of their pastor, thrilled hearts never before touched by fire from heaven. There was weeping and self-condemnation, sorrowing unto repentance, and a new bond cemented between the leader and his people. Dust was committed to dust, a few words of solace spoken, a knocking at the long-closed avenue to stubborn hearts, and one generous soul made happy though bereaved, while in the still watches of the night it thought of those who had been made living through the dead.

Among the people assembled were many citizens who sounded his praises in their native city, and invited him to preach for them. Not long after he accepted an invitation to preach there for a college friend who was disabled by sickness. In the midst of an eloquent exordium, his eye chanced to rest upon the pale countenance of a young female who had been seated but a few moments. There was a violent rushing of blood back to its source, a momentary pause, a pale cheek, a nervous hand, and once more he was above all earthly sense, and pleading for his wounded Lord. There was a slight stir amid the people, a sudden inattention to the speaker, and a woman was carried out to the fresh air. Some thought the impure atmosphere of the crowded room had caused the fainting; others that conviction had seized her; but there was one in that congregation of beating hearts who knew that he was remembered and loved! Again the moonbeams fell upon the study floor, and in their midst was the day-dreamer with his vision by his side, living, real, and most lovely. He had sought her on the morrow of that eventful day, when heart answered heart amid the unconscious throng. She had kept holy the inner temple of her heart for him, and he had cherished her memory with undying love. A change had come to both. She was parentless and rich; he was motherless and deprived of the solace of his lonely house.

His sister Harriet coldly welcomed the usurper, for such *she* felt the young wife to be. With jealous eye she watched the changes in the dwelling. The cold, bare floors were carpeted. Pictures covered the walls, and tasteful drapery shaded the unseemly casements. Flowers dispensed their odors throughout the house, and edged the paths in the dooryard and garden. The plantain disappeared, and the mullen stalks no longer encroached on the rightful tenants of the lawn. Harriet consoled herself by drinking tea more frequently abroad, and listening with encouraging countenance to the innendoes flung at the foreign wife. "Public spirit," the incensed dames thought, "should have led their pastor to seek a wife at home." Time passed away most happily at the Parsonage. The well-mated couple saw, but rose above the petty malice of their neighbors. The sweet face and winning manners of the lady, disarmed many of their power to sting. To Harriet she conceded all she could with dignity, but unavailingly sought her love. From her bitter smiles and still more bitter words, she would fly to the fond tenderness of the heart that loved but her alone. There were moments when the young wife felt most keenly the formal salutes and distant manners of her husband's people, conscious as she was that she had not deserved their ill-will. If disliked abroad, she was fondly appreciated by one at home. Her guileless heart and true piety were rewarded with the full confidence of her husband. Her benevolence was so unostentatious as to be only known to the recipients of her bounty. Her talents, of the highest order,

were willingly devoted to the unnoted duties of wife and home. A character so lovely could not fail in time to soften the most obdurate, but ere hers had subdued the unprovoked enmity of those around her, she passed into a world where enmity is unknown. Three years of happiness with his first fond choice, and he was again lonely and sad. Far sadder than before, for a new development had been made in his sister's character; an impassable gulf now lay between her and his affection.

The willow sapling drooping over his wife's grave had expanded into a matured tree, and the lonely widower's visits to the spot were no less frequent, when the persuasions of his repentant sister, who was rapidly declining, induced him to unite himself with one who had won his respect by her kindness to his only surviving relative. Perhaps the consciousness that he was loved by her, made him the more acquiescent. The utmost tranquillity reigned within the dwelling. The sister and new wife were dear friends; the stepmother and her husband's children were companions; but the pastor himself was as far from companionship as ever. He missed the strikingly beautiful traits that had charmed him in his first wife; the fine talents so modestly displayed to his enraptured mind; the childlike tenderness overflowing lip and eye; the warm, impulsive piety known only to God and him; the patient forbearance towards his sister; the fond clinging to his, of "a heart the world had stung." Not that he repented his granting the wish of a sister, whose sincere repentance had nearly re-won his love. He felt the good influence of his present wife, but there was little in a negative character like hers, to win the whole heart of a man of genius and refined taste. She was not *popular* with his people, neither was she obnoxious. She was, in the broadest sense, a *nobody*, formed to slip along in the crowd without fixing the eyes of envy and malice upon herself, to her own injury. With sufficient policy to bend to the caprices of others, she was guiltless of a noble disdain for the follies to which she succumbed.

All said that the pastor's second was far wiser than his first choice, yet he might have done better, had he married a native of the place, and one of his own congregation. They now condescended to pay social visits to the Parsonage, sure of being no more distressed by the presence of a harp, or any other tokens of intellectual superiority, all of which had been removed long before to an old lumber room in the attic—all, save those articles which the fond husband deemed too sacred for other precincts than the study. The costume of the present lady, although very expensive, had not that inimitable blending of grace and simplicity that marked the more economical dress of the first wife. Every one remarked upon the greater propriety of the present lady's habits, so easy is it to praise the unenviable.

There were some poor families who remembered with thankful hearts the gentle tones and soothing hand, now still and cold, but these had no voice in Mumford. They were brow-beaten into silence right speedily.

The new lady was not unkind, but she detested trouble. She wept, when the poor were feelingly alluded to in the sermon; so she believed herself possessed of a tender heart. Her kindness to Harriet had abated since her marriage; not that she was unkind, but it required a great object to arouse her latent energy. This object was now attained. She paid Harriet, who was never very penetrating, with words, while she deputed the step-daughter to perform the deeds. There was a lurking satisfaction in her heart at the prospect of being soon rid of her sister-in-law, for words became a trouble at last, and she began to grow weary of trying to prove to her husband that she was much more amiable than his first choice, never doubting that he was convinced of it. Death, however, saved her the trouble of feigning sorrow over the corpse of her sister. She was suddenly carried off by a stroke of palsy, and it was observed that her husband was calm and tearless at her funeral.

His gentle Agnes had been laid in a sweet spot of her own selection, far away from the graves of those who had envied and hated her; but the late Mrs. Ernestein reposes by her mother in a neighboring churchyard, where she had played in her earliest girlhood.

The younger Agnes recalled to her father those sunny hours of his life so sadly contrasted by the darker experiences of his early and later days. Harriet soon followed her sister, and for a few years father and daughter lived together in happy fellowship.

The people of Mumford had evidently improved under the influence of their pastor, and they were not unthankful for his devotion, and for his refusal of calls to more congenial but less needing places.

Temperance and other benevolent societies

had been formed in the town. Mr. Ernestein entered heart and hand into the field. He was thrown into closer communion with his people, and they manifested a deeper interest in him. The marriage of his daughter into one of the most influential families in the town, was the first connection of the kind in his family that had pleased his flock. He was grateful for their open manifestations of pleasure, and his daughter reconciled him more thoroughly with his people than he supposed was possible. Twenty years had wrought great changes in them, and his indignation at their treatment of his beloved wife was subdued by their kindness to her daughter, and by the reflection that death had stilled forever many of the defaming tongues that had assailed one who spoke ill of none.

As he mingled more intimately with his people, he perceived they were anxious that he should make a third choice, and more than one person had told him who that choice should be. He was now fifty years of age, though apparently much older, for grief had done its sure and silent work. His daughter still kept house for him, and he would have been content to remain single, but it was not to be. An energetic maiden of suitable age, and the most *popular* woman in the town, was the candidate upheld by the people. Satisfied that the lack of character, which had so charmed his sister and repulsed him, in his second wife, was not one of this lady's failings, he bent to the will of the majority, and surrounded by smiling faces, and pleased manœuverers, he bore off his prize amid united acclamations.

The new wife laughed trouble to scorn. She was the busiest of women, although it would have been difficult to produce a thing she had finished. She was a capital planner, and was presidentess of all the benevolent societies in the town. She had carried a banner most gracefully in a temperance procession; it was also whispered that she had influenced all the voters in town, and to her was owing the general turn-out in favor of Harrison. It would be in vain to enumerate all the acts that had brought her into notice and favor.

It was hinted that she was sometimes a contributor to the popular papers of the day, but no one had seen her effusions. Some pretty verses full of soul and feeling were pronounced hers, and she rather favored the idea, until the editor who had inserted them in his paper divulged the secret. The signature of "Agnes" was found to be no nom de guerre, but the real name of the writer, who was no other than their pastor's first wife, he having found them among her papers directed to his especial care. It was not without some chagrin, that many persons remembered how rapturously they had praised these verses in the presence of their pastor, supposing them the production of the wife *they* had chosen for him.

In six months Mr. Ernestein thoroughly understood the popular pet. Consummate tact, serpent-like policy, a heart hard and polished as Parian marble, a spirit pliant as the pensile willow when pleased, and unbending as the oak when opposed, were the characteristics of the country patroness. Pleasant tea parties, where every one's foibles were studied and flattered; re-unions, of would-be wits, above whom she soared in borrowed plumes, and talked her husband pale, were the chief delights of the popular lady, and the consolidating instruments of her power. At home, in deshabille, she reigned the despot of her hour. Agnes had left after a short acquaintance with her character. She, with her husband, endeavored by occasional visits, which the new wife managed to render unfrequent, to console her care-worn parent, whose life was rapidly hastening to a close. To Agnes he had committed those relics of his first wife which he had so long cherished. A complete revolution had banished every trace of her once loved presence from other parts of the house.

Enfeebled by disease, and no longer able to contend with his lady's irascible temper, the good pastor resigned his office to a younger successor, and silently withdrew to his daughter's house, where he shortly after expired, entreating with his latest breath to be laid by his gentle Agnes. The tide of popularity ebbed as it is wont to do, and the minister's widow preferring deeper water, retired to a neighboring town where she was unknown; not without leaving a suspicion in the minds of those who did know her, that they had not chosen as well for their pastor as he had chosen for himself.

Gentle and lovely, the more fortunate Agnes dwells near the graves of her parents, and often the village maidens pause to gaze upon the shaded spot, where flowers wave, and insects sing, beside the redeemed and suffering children of God, by whose resistless power their spirits were united.

SUNDAY EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

It was a holy hour!
Romance and fairy song were both thrown by,
And the clear radiance of the sunset sky
Fell in a golden shower
Upon the open page of that blest book,
From which my soul a lowlier lesson took.

Gently the zephyr's breath
Amid the leaves of inspiration stirred.
Meanwhile mine eye from the eternal Word
Caught the sad scene of death,
Where the two sisters mournful vigils kept,
Where they were weeping, and where Jesus wept.

Yes, Jesus wept! How deep,
How full of meaning was that one brief line!
Closer it drew my heart to pity's shrine,
And bade my memory keep
The words whereon I mused, that they might be
Ever the prompters of my sympathy.

Still musing on, methought
Form after form rose in the deep'ning gloom,
That slowly gathered o'er my quiet room;
And *one*, with glory fraught,
Stood pale, sad, solemn and serenely bright,
Yet bowed to earth by human sorrow's might!

It was the Saviour's form.
Beside him with a troubled aspect stood
Martha, whose worldly spirit, now subdued,
Sank 'neath affliction's storm.
Wildly she lifted up her voice and cried,
"Hadst *thou* been here, my brother had not died!"

But at her Master's feet,
With the long tresses of her golden hair
Unbound, and oh! how radiantly fair,
Sat Mary: trusting and sweet
Was the expression of those mournful eyes,
Whose tearful pleadings woke the Saviour's sighs.

He prayed, and groaned, and wept;
He whose pure being in the skies had birth,
In anguish knelt beside the bed of earth
Where that lov'd brother slept;
And with a tone of human grief and love,
Imploringly besought his Father's aid above.

And then His sorrowful eye
Lighted up with a god's benignity,
When he who had known Death's dread mystery,
At that loud call drew nigh
From the grave's portals, clad in ghastly white,
Chasing the burial shadows from his sight.

So firm mine eye did face
The thrilling scene, that the dark room did seem
Lighter and purer from my musing dream,
And my heart better made.
So ere I slept, once more I sought the book,
And to my soul another lesson took.

THOUGHTS OF THE LOST IN THE "ATLANTIC."

"Sleep on—and when the morning light
Streams o'er the shining bay,
Oh, think of those for whom the night
Shall never wake in day."

My window opens upon the waters of the Sound, near where they stretch into the broadest expanse which the shores of Long Island and Connecticut allow them. Many a leisure moment am I wont to spend in gazing off upon these waters when

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn

awakens the ripples from their slumbers, or when the evening sun tinges with mellow light the slow-heaving expanse. Sometimes the fierce storm sweeps ruthlessly over them; and then the billows reel, and the surges lift their heads white with wrath, and the loud winds fling the spray far up the weather-beaten rocks, and over the hard beach that bounds the domain of these waters. Then small fleets of coasting craft, with fore-sails scooped and strained, skim hurrying by, like affrighted sea-birds, driven before the gale in search of a haven; or some stray fishing boat appears struggling with the ridged and rolling waves, and laboring, as it plunges on over their crested heads, to gain the sheltering cove under the shore; or a bold steamer daring to breast the gale,

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,

thunders foaming by! And when the storm abates, I hear, at first, the deep sullen roar of the surge all along the coast; and then, as the commotion decreases, begins that ceaseless gurgle, sounding on during night and day, as the slow-heaving waters, subsiding to their rest, tumble listlessly upon the shore.

Many impressive thoughts are often called into being by this marine scenery. Of these none are more frequent than thoughts of those who sank into the depths of these waters during that wild and dreadful night of the *twenty-sixth of November*, 1846, when the "*Atlantic*,"

a noble steamer, went to pieces amidst a tremendous conflict of the elements.

Who will ever forget that wintry night? Who of the few that were providentially rescued from a watery grave? who of the many that still live to mourn the loved ones lost in those cold waters? I often think of those sufferers, as I gaze off upon this sea. I think of their awful struggle with Death; I think of their graves; of their eternity;

I think of the tempest, and dark rolling billows,
That howled to each other impatient for prey;
Of the night that to agony yielded no pillows,
Of the watchings and woes of that measureless day;
To leave with brief shriving!—to go at short warning!—
And who will the widow and fatherless stay?

I think of the moment when, parting and breaking,
The vessel no longer could bear up or save;
And I hear the wild shriek of the heart that was taking
Its farewell of Earth for a home in the wave;
While looked out in pity no star of the morning
To light the sad traveller down to his grave.

The lessons which Death teaches us are various, and deeply instructive. Every visitation of this grim king of terrors says to us, "*Be ye also ready!*" Whether it is one only that is taken, or whether numbers are hurried by the same stroke into the dark land of Death, still the impressive admonition is the same, "Be ye also ready!" But in the latter event, when numbers fall together, there is set forth a peculiar truth; a truth fraught with lessons of practical wisdom; a truth which renders the admonitions of Death doubly solemn and instructive.

When we hear, as in the wreck of the Atlantic steamer, commands, issuing from the dark halls of Death, to take, promiscuously,

The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man;—

when we see, yielding to the imperative summons, and marching side by side, to the shadowy land, the youthful Christian, the first earnest affections of whose heart have been consecrated to his glorious Redeemer; the disciple of wintry years, faithful and venerable in the service of his Master, who can lay down his bright armor saying, with all the assurance of Paul, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me;" the young transgressor, whose earliest steps were taught to wander into all the paths of sin; the bold and obdurate offender, who has grown gray in iniquity, who has ever lived in defiance of the Divine law, cursing the author and benefactor of his being, having no hope, and without God in the world; when we see, also, that the father is not spared to his dependent family, the mother to her tender babe, the lover to the doating maiden, the man of letters to his profession, the man of business to his traffic, the soldier to his laurels, the pastor to his Christian flock, the holy man of God and the apostle of eternal salvation to the church and to a perishing world; and again, when we see that these all, whether in the vigor of life and health, or in the feebleness of disease, pass away together to the land of silence, to the dark grave; then I say there is exhibited to us an impressive truth which it is well to consider.

It is the truth which was in the mind of Job when, in view of his death and descent to the grave, he said, "I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of Death; a land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of Death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness." (x. 21, 22.)

The truth of which I speak, and which is especially brought before my mind by the disaster of the Atlantic steamer, is, *that there is no order apparent to man in the descent to the grave.* Such is the wisdom of God, that there appears to us no order in regard to the age, no order in regard to the character, no order in regard to the station, no order in regard to the previous health of those who are daily selected from the living to join

The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death.

Where sleep the dead of the Atlantic? The sea has given up its prize, and all the mortal that remained has been gathered up by loving friends, and deposited in different and distant graves. One sleeps on a gentle slope in Mount Auburn. Beneath the sylvan shades of Greenwood, upon a silent prairie of the far West, by the banks of the wide and winding Ohio, amid the sunny savannahs of the South, and on the cold hills of New England, in many and distant churchyards, is still seen

The mound,
Whose gentle round
Sustains the load
Of a fresh sod.

Here sleep the dead of the Atlantic. Their toils and sufferings and agonies are no more. Living hearts still bleed, still bow submissive to the smarting rod, still lift the tearful eye and bless the name of the Lord that gave and hath taken away.

I know a grave where sleep the remains of a dear friend who perished with this fatal wreck. Not far from the entrance of that beautiful cemetery in Newburyport, Mass., known by the name of *Oak Hill*, is a neat burial plat, inclosed by a suitable iron paling. Within is a grave. Over it are blooming a few sweet flowers planted by affection's gentle hand, as if to lend a sweeter sleep to him who is taking his last repose beneath the sod.

It is the grave of a young and faithful disciple of Christ. He had lived but twenty-one years when his heavenly Master, on that fearful night, called him home. He was a worthy member of the Park street Congregational Church in Boston, and many there are in that communion who still

> Delight to tell
> How passing well
> He loved his God,
> And how he trod
> The humble road
> That leads through sorrow
> To a bright morrow.

To all who knew him his memory is blessed. And, in that terrific hour of death, amid the wild tumult and destruction of that wintry gale, when flesh and heart were failing, and when the freezing billows were closing over his exhausted form, we have confidence that he found peace and strength in God, the God of his salvation. His tombstone speaks no empty eulogium of one who was steadily journeying as a pilgrim and stranger through this vale of sin and tears, and who thus early has entered upon his heavenly rest:

Aged 21 years and 3 mos.
Who perished with the wreck of
the Steamer Atlantic,
On Long Island Sound, during the fearful night
of November 26, 1846.

Dearly beloved, deeply lamented, his spirit beautiful with Christian humility, his heart flowing out in Christian love, his pathway radiant with Christian brightness, he passed through the wild tempest and the dark billow, to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

He being dead, yet speaketh:

"*Reader! leave not to the mercies of a moment the vast concerns of an eternal scene.*"

W. R. B.

TO E——.

BY J. S.

When the sinking sunbeams lie
On the forest branches high,
And the evening hour draws nigh,
Remember me.

When the cares of day are gone,
And the pensive hour steals on,
With its hushed and soothing tone,
Remember me.

When the quiet moonbeams bright
Tinge the clouds with silvery light,
And the scene enchains thy sight,
Remember me.

When around thy bosom's cell
Mem'ry flings her holiest spell,
And thou on past scenes dost dwell,
Remember me.

MY COUSIN EFFIE.

On the east bank of the Hudson river, at a distance less than one hundred miles from the city of New York, shaded by old and noble trees, and surrounded with a luxurious growth of graceful shrubbery, stands a house whose appearance presents nothing remarkable to the eye of a stranger, but with which is connected a simple history of life that renders those walls and grounds eminently interesting to a few who knew the family that occupied it in the year 18—.

If, then, you would hear a simple story of the life and trials of one once young and beautiful, gay and glad as a spring wind—if you would hear me recount the history of a family that was once happier than my pen can tell you, come with me to this old seat of mine on the bank of the river, and sit down quietly and watch the water while I tell you the tale.

Twenty years ago, the fifteenth day of next June, will it be since I sat just here with *them*. Who were *they?* Ah, I will tell you that first. There were five of them, all told—Mr. Stanton and his most worthy wife, (my aunt she was too,) and their three children. Henry, the eldest, was then fifteen; George was but eleven, and Effie was a lovely child of seven. Her dark blue eyes were overflowing with the love she bore her father, her mother and her brothers, and she was the pet of the family, as you may well suppose. Strange changes of life! She is now a woman—a sad and serious woman!—mistress of Woodbank now, surrounded with every luxury that the heart could conceive, or wealth invent or procure; and she is the only one of all those dear ones that lingers yet on earth. They have gone—gone hence—I trust to holier Sabbaths! She remains, looking with earnest eye to the blue sky that hides them from her, longing to pierce its depths and pass away to be with them.

She was what is ordinarily called a fairy child—that is to say, she was lightly formed, and her hair was as golden as the clouds after an autumn sunset; and she had a merry laugh. How it rang in the clear air of these old woods! It was the veriest gush of unschooled merriment that ever gladdened the sunshine. It was just here she used to play oftenest. Her brothers would be on the shore, working at their boat or playing along the beach, while she, sitting happily on this same bank, would talk, and laugh, and shout with them; and sometimes Henry would carry her carefully in his arms down to the boat, and placing her in it, would push out and row across, or up and down the river, and all the time she would sit motionless, and look at and listen to him while he talked lovingly to her of their home and their happiness. I have seldom seen a family in which the sacred bond of union was so strong as there. Mutual love without a shade over any one brow, any one heart, was a continual light to their life.

So years glided on, until Effie was just twelve years old. It was her birthday. An autumn sky, flushed with the last rays of the sun, attracted the gaze of the father and mother, and their daughter, as they stood on the bank of the river. Henry and George had, but a few moments before, started in their boat to procure some fruit from the orchard of a friend across the river. Its white sail caught the last rays of the red sun and danced merrily on the waves. Henry was now a young man, strong and of firm hand. He had managed boats in rougher seas than were ever known on the Hudson, and George yielded the management entirely to his older brother.

They crossed the river and, rounding a point, entered a cove and were lost from the view of their parents and sister who remained on the bank, watching the fading of the light into the cold, calm twilight of our northern climate.

"See," said Mr. Stanton, "see that cloud, so beautiful, so still. It lies almost without motion on the sky, like a babe on its mother's bosom. So calm and placid is our life, and yet an hour hence a tempest may drive that peaceful cloud from its repose and rend it wildly across the sky. Let us be ready for the tempests of life, dear wife. Effie, my child, it is twelve years since God gave you to us to care for, and to give back to Him when he asks for you. Your life has been a happy one thus far, nor have you had one trial yet that has caused the tears of more than an hour or a day."

"Oh, yes, father," exclaimed Effie; "I cried a week almost without stopping when Hector died."

"God grant it be long ere you know greater grief than the death of your horse. But listen, my daughter. I have only one word to say to you, on this your birth-day evening, by way of advice for the future. It is this. Whatever trials the years bring, trust calmly, completely, in God."

At the instant of Mr. Stanton's uttering the last words, a scream from Mrs. Stanton startled them, and she rushed down towards the shore. The cause of her alarm was visible to the eye of father and daughter, and the former sprang instantly into a small boat scarcely larger than a canoe and pushed away from shore. The boat in which the two sons of Mr. Stanton had crossed the river, was drifting without a guide down the stream. At a hundred yards distance from it, by the dim light of the departing day mingling with the moonbeams, Henry Stanton might be seen struggling in the water. A lurch of the boat, an unfortunate rope catching his foot, had thrown George heavily on deck, striking his head as he fell, and then, stunned and unable to seize a rope or the rail, he half rose, staggered to leeward and fell into the water. The boat passed him in an instant, but Henry was over and by his side, and held him up, swimming gallantly until their father reached them and they were rescued. An anxious couple waited them on shore and wound their arms around them in passionate embraces. The restoration of a blessing we had fancied lost, makes that blessing always more precious. That was a night of thanksgiving at the house of my friends.

But the morning brought sorrow. A fever had laid its burning hand on George, and he was raving in delirium. I will not linger on the next three weeks of anguish. It was the twenty-third day after the occurrence I have described, that I received a letter from Henry Stanton begging me to come and see them and assist them in their trouble. I was then in Connecticut, on business, but having my horse with me I rode directly across the country to the Hudson.

I had arrived at the summit of a hill overlooking the noble river, and paused for an instant to rest my weary horse. The sun was just setting. The air was still and cold. The sky was of the pure deep blue that woos the soul towards it, making it long to be away in its azure depths. At the base of the hill was a village, through which ran a large creek turning the mills which were the support of the people. A mile to the northward I saw the white house of my friends gleaming through the trees now leafless and cold.

The factory girls were leaving their work and pouring along the streets, when I saw them stop suddenly, and every eye was turned towards the belfry of the little church in the glen. The sound of the church-bell came up to me as I waited on the hill, tolling solemnly. One, two, three, four,—seventeen strokes, and it ceased. It was the passing bell! A soul had gone to God, and the solemn sound announced it to the village. Seventeen years had he known who at length slept from his sorrows. An involuntary shudder passed over me, and I felt that I had heard the knell of George Stanton.

It was even so. When I reached the house, Effie was sitting with her arms wound around her mother's neck, and Henry met me at the door with quivering lip and said, "He is gone."

They buried him on the hill-side. Sadly and wearily we carried him to the village church, and thence to the side of his grandfather, who was buried when George was but a babe. And leaving him there we went back to the desolate house and wept together. Holy tears! shed for the young—the loved—the lost; tears which are sanctified, because the God-man wept for Lazarus.

Six months went on, and the house at Woodbank was lonely and sad. Effie's smile lit it sometimes, but even she did not laugh as she was wont, and the memory of the lost one fell like a shadow over every bright scene.

Mrs. Stanton failed slowly from the day of George's burial. Never was child so faithful, so affectionate as Effie. Every wish was anticipated, every desire gratified. She seemed to live only to watch her mother's wants and supply them. At length they wrote to Henry that his mother was passing from the earth, and he hastened to Woodbank.

She died the night he arrived. Her arms were around her husband's neck, and Effie's cheek was pressed to hers in the warm pressure of the wild farewell. "Meet me in heaven, dear ones," said she. "Your eyes are dim with tears. Oh, do not weep! I am blessed and shall be more so when I rest. We will go thither peacefully! I wait you—He waits you." And with such, and many such

words she calmly kissed them one by one, and slept serenely.

Six years afterwards I stood on this bank. Effie was a woman. Her eye was full of light, her step firm and graceful, and in everything she was beautiful. She stood by my side, and we spoke of that fearful night when Henry swam so bravely with George. Her eye filled with tears as she heard me speak of her noble brother, now occupying a high place among the professional men of our great city.

"Yes," said she, "he is worthy of all our love. To me he has been more than brother ever was to sister. I tremble when I think of God's taking him too!"

"God forbid that he should die now, in the strength and promise of his youth."

"Ah, who can foretell aught?" said she; "he may yet die suddenly. His health is not good, and he is very weak."

There seemed to be something prophetic in her sadness that night. A month later, after a brilliant forensic effort at the bar of the Supreme Court in New York, he retired to his hotel, and never left it again till we carried him to his mother's side in the old graveyard.

"Effie, dear Effie," said he one day not long before his death, "you are alone now. I need not ask you to cherish our father. But, Effie, you will love some one ere long. It is sad to think that our Effie is to be left to strangers, and that some one will have to love and care for her whom we have never known. Father's mind is too weak to depend on. Be strong, dear sister, in yourself, and never, never leave Woodbank. You will bury me there, and then stay near to watch us, will you not? You will be rich, very rich when father dies, and you must make it a condition of your marriage that your husband shall retain Woodbank always, and that you shall be buried with us when you die."

Effie promised all, and received the last kiss of her brother with pale but tearless face, and I led her from his clay.

This trial had the effect to nerve her to the business of living. She shrank from no task after that which seemed at all necessary. A melancholy debility had settled on the mind of her father, and she took charge of his business, his house, everything. She was the idol of the whole neighborhood, and many a laughing maiden, merrier than she was thoughtful, was pointed to Effie Stanton as a noble pattern of a woman.

I don't know how she happened to meet Mr. Wheaton. I believe it was while travelling. At all events she never has had occasion to regret the meeting. Woodbank was a happy place when Effie's husband came to it. And again the smiles of joy lit the dear old rooms, and again the sunshine fell holily on the greensward before the door. They made a feast for all the country-side when they came home in June, and the old park was filled with the gay and happy villagers. And if Effie's face did sometimes lose that smile of calm delight, if a shadow did come across her sunny forehead, it was dispelled in an instant by the soft kisses of the lost ones whom she was mourning, and whose arms she never ceased to feel around her as of old.

There is yet another grave in the churchyard, made since then. Mr. Stanton sleeps by his sweet wife and noble sons. The companionship of the grave, how beautiful! And Effie comes not seldom, when the departing sun tinges the old church-spire, and her heart so full of joy, of calm and placid joy in her husband and her children, will then, in spite of herself, come up in her throat and choke her, and she cannot keep the tears from running freely down her yet full and fair cheeks, when she reads their names over, one by one, and remembers their voices and their holy love, and her heart flies back, back through the long sad years, and she thinks of Woodbank in the olden time. Yet, after all, few homes are as happy as hers is now—few faces so full of the evidence of serene happiness as the face of my Cousin Effie.

A LETTER FROM THE DOVE'S NEST.

WHERE is the Dove's Nest? Ah, dear reader, that is precisely the point upon which we cannot enlighten you. But a few days since, a communication fell into our hands which was thus dated, purporting to have been written originally by LILLA to her friend LIZZY; (now don't be alarmed, gentle reader. There is no scandal in it—not a particle;) and we think we must present you with the letter, or at least with a part of it. She talks sensibly. But who is Miss Lilla? You are too hard for us again. The most we know is that she writes rather sensibly, and that she dates from the Dove's Nest.—EDITOR.

I LIVE in a world of my own creation, Lizzy. Forms long since passed from earth meet my eye, and are hovering near me. Voices hushed in death still are ringing in my ears. In my day life I seem to dwell in dream-land. Indeed, you have called me a "foolish dreamer," and said I "lived so much in a castle," that, like Jane Taylor, "you feared I forgot sometimes that I lived in a house." I can only say in self-defence that when *at home*, I have a realizing sense of being the possessor of a house, and a large one too. I have become a notable housewife, skilled in all the mysteries of Miss Leslie's Cook Book, and wage Quixotic battles against cobwebs and all other things which endanger my hard-earned reputation for neatness. But I do not deny that I *am* a dreamer, and never happier than when in the embrace of Morpheus. In the time when the night-god waves over man his sceptre of silence, my spirit has drank in long draughts of bliss. Melodious, sweet, fleeting strains, like the rushing of angels' wings as they sweep by the earth, bringing with them air fresh from heaven, loaded with perfume as from the land of spices, ravish me. Voices low and pleasant as the breathing of a slumbering infant, dreaming of whispering spirits, fall upon my listening ear. Gentle thoughts of departed friends, withered leaves revived by memory's warm breath, come floating by, and anon I hear a wail like the cry of a crushed, despairing spirit, when the last heart-string has broken, because the miserly earth has taken its only treasure to hide it in its own harsh bosom. At times I have found myself transported, by invisible hands, to gardens lovely as a painter would desire to transfer to his waiting canvas, where flowers bloomed white as the snow-flake which falls gently, confidingly to earth's cold breast, rosy as if fresh from the touch of angels' fingers. Silently have I sometimes sunk down into the depths of ocean. Palaces of crystal, beautiful, brilliant, and graceful as those which the frost king builds in the chill morn, to vanish with the sun's kiss, gladdened my eye. Lovely maidens, with faces placid as childhood's, wandered at will among groves of coral, while clouds of fragrant incense floated in the air, seeming as those which are cradled upon the azure western sky at even. Soft tales of love were whispered in the ears of rosy-breasted shells, that they might re-echo them in the ears of loved ones. Then it was revealed to me that the sounds of the sea, which still linger in these beautiful tenants of the deep when they are brought from their watery home to the green earth, are but echoes of heart-throbbings. Sometimes to me have they whispered that an offering has been laid upon the shrine of my *own* heart, and waking, their tones were still ringing upon its quivering strings. Did you ever hear, Lizzy, the music called Spirit Waltz, by Beethoven? It is such melody as makes one think. How intranced its inspired author must have been to have composed it. Now a low, sweet strain is heard, as if his spirit held communion with itself. Pleasant thoughts are his, but quiet, sad ones. Then wild, rich, triumphant tones fall upon the startled ear. Visions of light, glorious splendor, had burst upon him. Now a gush of mournful tenderness, like the lay of the wounded heart, then a joyful outburst, as if a balm had been found for the tortured spirit, and it was rejoicing in recovered happiness.

I have just been to Niagara. I never before felt the true meaning of the word *glorious*. Glorious, glorious Niagara! How can man essay to describe thee? I would as soon strive to copy the lightning's vivid glare, or echo the thunders of the rushing whirlwind. I would I had been the first Indian who saw thee. How must his eye have revelled in thy majestic

presence. I would I had been he, that I might have hidden from all else my secret, have ceased my wanderings, and lain me down by thee, dreaming away my life till the Great Spirit had called me to the hunting-ground of my fathers.

But, Lizzy, you are a matter-of-fact body, and will read me a fresh lecture on rhapsodizing. You will say, why not be content with tangible objects of enjoyment? What can be the reason of our dreaming? I have sometimes thought the mind is so constituted as to require a certain amount of exercise, fitted for a given amount of labor; and if all its energies were not brought into vigorous action during the day, the deficiency was atoned for during sleep; and again, I have likened fancy to an exacting tyrannical queen, who, reigning in the time when the stars come out, jealous and indignant that her fetters are cast off and her reign interrupted during the cares and business of the day, exacts the more perfect obedience to her commands, wielding an iron sceptre, when allowed to exercise undisputed authority. But, dear Lizzy, I am grown tiresome.

Yours ever, LILLA.

A CONTRAST.

BY "JOHN SMITH."

PART I.

THE Sabbath was drawing to a close. Stillness, so sacred as to make one feel solemn, reigned. The sun, now hid, sent along the sky floods of golden light, and made earth glorious. It was a season calculated to subdue the heart and lead it to God.

There was one—memory recalls her now as she seemed then—who at that sweet hour was holding communion with the "Father of lights." Only fourteen summers had passed over her, and they had been the witnesses to her protracted sufferings. The developments of her mind and heart had been too great for her feeble frame, and at that tender age she displayed the ripe attainments, judgment, and emotions of a woman. No one could look on her beautiful countenance, in which were blended the lines of intellectual strength, with the most exquisite traces of female loveliness, without admiration and love. But many sighed as they perceived in these very developments the signs of a short but brilliant life. We did not think to keep her long, and supposed our hearts were gradually preparing for a separation we knew must be painful above words to describe. But we did not know our own hearts, not having perceived that her very sufferings and early departure in prospect, had more strongly endeared her to us.

We said it was a holy stillness which pervaded all things that Sabbath evening, the last she was to spend with us on earth. Had we known that before another sunset even, she would be sleeping in death, that scene consecrated to affection would have been marred by grief, and dissipated by anticipated sorrow. Providence wisely has hid the future. For a long time not a word was spoken, till her own voice broke the silence.

"'I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,' how beautiful and yet how solemn! Brother and sister, will you not sing them for me?"

Inspired by the occasion, we sang the hymn throughout. The young sufferer caught the poet's enthusiasm, and seemed to forget for a while the pains of earth. We were all brought into a unison with her feelings, as we united in the last lines:

> "Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
> Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
> While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
> And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

As the music ceased, her countenance was all radiant with smiles as she exclaimed, "How sweet! and IT IS ALL TRUE!" The evening incense then was offered on the family altar, and as we all bowed around the throne of grace, we had some realization of the exceeding value of *His* friendship, who promises to accompany his children through the valley of the shadow of death. The evening itself so still and so glorious, the music so sweet and inspiring, the evening prayer so filled with the earnest breathings of a pious father's heart, all combined to prepare that family for the solemn "to-morrow." And now in looking back to that scene, we have no doubt we were guided by the watchful Redeemer into such a course as should best prepare the dear sufferer for the great change so near.

The morning came, beautiful as ever smiled on the earth, but it could not animate the dying. A feeble pulse, excessive languor, and a gradual sinking away, painfully told us of the separation near. The mother could not endure it, but left the room sobbing in heart-breaking agony, "Dear child, she is going!" The father, his heart aching with grief, not for *her*, but for those that should survive, groaned with irrepressible agony. An invalid brother, who for two years had been her constant companion in the sick-room, wept aloud; whilst her only sister gave way to an incontrollable burst of grief. An older brother laid her head on his breast at her request, and there she slept sweetly as an infant. Not a cloud flitted across her beautiful countenance, the serenity of which was but a true index to that which reigned within.

At length the father controlled his feelings sufficiently to inquire of the departing:

"My daughter, can you trust the Saviour at this trying moment?"

For one moment she unclosed her eyes, and their glance, so full of hope almost realized, plainly indicated, that she "*knew* in whom she believed." Her only reply was one which united self-distrust with hope, such as a sinner redeemed by Christ should always have.

"*I think I can!*" They were her last words. Again she slept quietly for a few moments, and then an expression of pain shot across her countenance like a flash of lightning across the sky, when no cloud is perceptible. The final struggle was come. "My daughter! my daughter!" exclaimed the distressed mother; but no earthly voice, not even a mother's, could recall the departing spirit. One feeble gasp, and the work of death was complete. She breathed out her life in her brother's arms, and she seemed truly "*taking rest in sleep.*"

After death that beautiful countenance was wreathed with the same smile she was wont to wear when alive, and as we saw that we remembered a favorite stanza which she herself loved when with us on earth, and which was found copied among her papers:

> "But there beamed a smile
> So fixed, so holy, from that marble brow;
> Death gazed and *left it there*—he dared not steal
> The signet ring of heaven."

Such was the death of this lovely and gifted girl. She had suffered much, yet suffered patiently. She saw life fading away, but faith led her to realize that a brighter day would dawn. She had many tears to shed over shortcomings and imperfections, yet she drew comfort from thinking of a country where the inhabitants shall no more say "I am sick," and "God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." She was a timid, feeble child, the most shrinking of her sex, and yet she calmly met the universal enemy, before whom stout hearts and brave have trembled. She met not her end in the mad frenzy of battle, but in the calm retreat of home. She died young, yet died very happy in the fullest confidence in Jesus, the crucified, as an all-sufficient Saviour. It was a cheering triumph of Christianity over the timidity of childhood, and the just fears of a sinner. Were Christianity the grossest delusion ever imposed on mankind, still we are ready to say in such cases as this, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

PART II.

> "Oh, this unutterable dying away here,
> This sickness of the soul."
>
> COLERIDGE'S REMORSE.

"Well, I cannot, and what is more, will not believe the nauseating trash you call religion. The dose is entirely too much for my credulity to swallow."

Such was the impatient and irreverent exclamation of a youth of eighteen.

"But," rejoined his friend with great mild-

ness, "may it not sometimes require greater credulity to disbelieve than to believe certain alleged truths? For instance, a thousand men testify to you that on the morning of the 20th of November, 1832, they all saw the heavens kindled into a perfect blaze with the most brilliant meteors, which rained along the sky like fire-drops, and that for hours. You were asleep at the time, and so were many others. The phenomenon transcends all previous facts of that kind. Such a thing had never before been seen as a continuous storm of meteors! And yet would you risk your character for good sense on a denial of what so many witnesses unite in asserting?"

"Yes, yes; I know your eloquent illustrations," replied the youth, tardily; "as eloquent a year or two ago against religion as they now are in its favor! Your face has two sides which you can shift to suit the times, and your tongue certainly is forked, since a short time ago it hissed out its hatred against religion with the venom of a serpent, and now, forsooth, the same tongue is dripping with honey and love for the same object!"

An expression of agony was apparent in the young Christian's face at this allusion to his previous history, but he controlled his feelings and proceeded with his argument.

"I was speaking of credulity. Here is the Bible, fortified with evidence from antiquity, from nature, from the soul of man, from its surprising adaptations to man as we everywhere find him, in fact with evidence from every source. Yesterday you were compelled to acknowledge that man must have some religion or other. He is so constituted that you cannot exterminate from his nature that very want. Now I put it to you as an honest reasoner to choose which man shall have, Paganism, with its horrid pollutions; Mohammedanism, with its gross sensuality and known imposture; Deism, with its loose morality and uncertain future; Atheism, with its licentiousness in this world and its eternal sleep; or the very Christianity you profess to hate so bitterly?"

The youth thus pressed by the eloquent logic up to a point he wished to evade, now substituted invective and sarcasm for argument, and in so doing amply verified the assertion of the poet concerning the nature of infidelity:

"The owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue fringed lids, and *holds them close,*
And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out 'Where is it?'"

"Say what you will," he replied, bitterly, "about the excellence, beauty, and credibility of Christianity, you know that many of its professors are most barefaced and contemptible hypocrites! and the Bible itself commands us to judge a system by its fruits."

"Suppose I grant all this, have you done justice to your own candor to forget many who actually exemplify the doctrines they love, and fix your attention on a few who you know do not comply with their profession? Ah, my young friend, I heard you once speak of a consistent and pious mother. Must she be forgotten, and only some lying hypocrite remembered?"

This application was too pungent for the young infidel. His argument was annihilated, and even his sneers had spent their whole force on himself. And now he bared the serpent in his heart as he exclaimed angrily:

"Well, I tell you now once for all that I will not believe such trash. I hate it heartily, and the more heartily the more I think of it!" And so he rushed from the room. "Poor boy!" said his friend with tears. "I fear I have ruined him beyond recovery. O God of mercy, undo the awful work of those years when I affected to disbelieve thy Holy Word!"

The youth alluded to enjoyed religious privileges from childhood, but unfortunately at a public school was thrown into the society of a young infidel, whose talents fascinated him. His own precocious intellect had attached the young man to him, although there was such a disparity of years. It was not long before that intercourse had sapped his early education, and in the brilliant sallies of his accomplished friend he learned to doubt, then to deride, then to disbelieve, then to hate the Christian religion. Time rolled on, and with it grew into a passion the youth's infidelity, until he advocated it with such bitterness as might be expected from a gray-headed skeptic.

Not many months after this painful seduction of a young heart from the religion his mother had taught him, the young man was convinced of his error, and became a humble Christian, and that through a mightier agency than human. His first desire now was to rescue that gifted youth from the abyss into which he had

himself plunged him. He would now undo what he had so rashly and wickedly done. The youth admired his friend's talents as much as ever, but affected such a pity for his weakness in being religious, as might have been expected from the hoary skeptic of Ferney rather than a boy of eighteen. He had such confidence in his own abilities that he never feared to measure swords with his older and gifted antagonist. A sort of painful presentiment seemed to urge the converted infidel to strenuous effort to save his own disciple, and accordingly with great acuteness he had canvassed the entire argument for Christianity, hoping to secure by argument a triumph over his heart. He was young then in the school of Christ, or he would have had less confidence in merely convincing the intellect, while all the passions of depravity cling to what he knows to be false. The young infidel convinced, was not converted, and the conversation already given proves that he lacked very much yet of being a Christian.

Come with me now to the institution at which these friends are pursuing their studies. Why do we not hear the gay laugh, the quick repartee, the fiery argument, the boisterous amusement, which usually make a college building ring? Deathlike stillness pervades these halls of learning. Every countenance is sad, and indicative of solemn business in progress. The silence is only broken by the muffled tread of anxious men who walk carefully, for the King of Terrors is among them. Cholera, flying on the wings of the wind, has shaken his death-pinions over that devoted place. Many pine away under his pestilential breath, and now in one day three of this little community have perished. But from yonder room issue heart-rending groans. Death makes any room a solemn place, where levity is bid take off her shoes, for the place is consecrate against all such, but when that room holds a dying infidel, words cannot describe the horrible solemnity which pervades it.

The Destroyer has fastened with fearful violence on that young infidel, and in four hours has nearly done his work. The converted infidel, wrought up to intensest agony, is there exhorting the victim of his former sin to repent and believe in Christ. And oh! how sepulchral, awfully sad was his reply:

"Take care of my body, and my soul will take care of itself." He had not yet abandoned hope of life.

But this must close, because an irresistible witness stood by him, *Death*. By this time the disease had made such strides, that the victim himself no longer doubted the result. Now relations were changed. There was no alternative, and he saw it. *He must die*. And as the frightful conviction burst on him, his infidelity was consumed like a cobweb in a furnace heated seven times. Christianity was no more doubted, but what a time to meet its mighty claims! He struggled like a lion in the net, as though his enemy wore a visible and tangible form with which to grapple. Now he prayed, now imprecated, and now despaired. His shrieks were heard at a distance, and those who heard, trembled.

And thus it proceeded without hope, and thus it ended in despair. He gave no evidence of hope, but shrieked with his latest breath, "I am lost!" It was a heart-rending termination to a short and brilliant career in infidelity. All who saw it could say, "Let me not die such a death, nor let my last end be like that!" Realities fast gathering and stern had convinced the young infidel too late, that God still reigns, determined at all cost to vindicate the sacred claims of that religion which was SEALED TRUE in the blood of His Son. And the victim shrank, wailed, despaired, as he reached the point where is

"For guilt no plea, to pain no pause, no bound."

PART III.

Infidelity, cold, cheerless infidelity; where are the hopes with which thou allurest men from the service of their Creator! Thy hopes end in despair! Thy reward a mockery! Thy Paradise a Hell!

Christianity, I love thee, affectionate and soul-sustaining as thou art. Thou art all radiant with blessed hope. Thy heart is love. Thy futurity is kindled into brightness with the light of joy. Glory crowns thee the sweet companion of the penitent transgressor. Thy reward, who can measure it, except he first compute the cost of Thee on the cross of Jesus? And thy Heaven, who shall comprehend its bliss, until he first comprehend what an Almighty Father of Love is able to do for those children, to ransom whom he freely "gave His only begotten Son?"

LINES BY ONE WHO CAN FEEL THEM.

Hid deep within this trusting heart, lies unforgotten woe,
That burns, like fires sunk down in earth, sepulchral in their glow;
With not a gleam of latent joy, or magic word of power,
To bless it as it bleeds alone, in sorrow's wildest hour.

'Tis not that poisoned tongues would seek to trace my deeds of shame,
And, with the meanest scorn they feel, breathe curses on my name.
No, if my erring steps were few as angel visits are,
Some venomed shafts would love to blight what little might seem fair.

But it is mem'ry's magic power that rends the slender chain
Which fickle fancy wove, in dreams, around this life, in vain;
And every chord is quickly stirred beneath a weight of care,
As driven through ruthless storms of fate, I sink down in despair.

Oh! when will all these childish tears and griefs have passed away,
And care that mocks my restless steps no more assert such sway?
When shall I cease to rail at ills, to murmur and rebel;
To listen to a heart subdued—less prone to proudly swell?

Far better trusting future good than pining at the past,
That dims the brighter half of life, and shadows o'er it cast;
Youth's confidence in early bliss must shake with riper years,
And much that seems ecstatic joy, be drowned at last in tears.

So look away, my sorrowing heart, nor yet so wildly throb;
If friends and all forsake thee here, still have a trust in God;
Remember what a gem is set in Heaven's bright diadem,
To light thee to a long lost love, and give thee bliss again.

This thought alone can stay my soul through all these changing scenes,
And solace every lonely hour, when gladness never beams;
When hearts that now beat warm and true, shall lift their wrecks above
A pyre of crushed affections reared on every shrine of love.

And, Father, let me turn to Thee, while deep oblivion's shade
Shall mantle each eventful year, as hope's fair visions fade;
And when the last rough storm is o'er, this weary heart may rest
Above the hopes earth loves to crush, upon a Father's breast.

M. C.

Malone, N. Y.

THE FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.

BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

To any one but imperfectly acquainted with our character as a people, the rapid advancement that the fine arts are making among us must be a matter of no little surprise. We are possessed of such a spirit of unrest, so fond of excitement and change, throwing down, like a spoiled child, one toy as soon as we have it in our possession, and grasping for another, that he would be ready to conclude the power of concentrating the mind for any length of time on one object, so seemingly necessary, not merely for enabling us to acquire a proficiency in the fine arts, but even a taste for them, was entirely wanting in our composition; and that a country more unfavorable for their cultivation could hardly exist.

In this, however, he would be mistaken. A taste for art does exist among us, but it is for living, not dead art; for art fresh and new as "our own green forest-land," and presenting pictures of life free and uncontrolled as the life we live. This our artists are beginning to understand; and no longer attempting to stem the tide so apparently adverse to them, they are skilfully turning it in their favor. Instead of going, as formerly, to the masters of a by-gone age in search of the truth, they are going, as these masters themselves did, to Nature, the source of all truth in art. They have discovered that Nature exists even here in as perfect a form as she is to be found elsewhere; that our own mountains, lakes, and rivers afford as fine scenes for landscapes as those of other countries; that our own history abounds in incident, presenting the noblest subjects for the pencil and the chisel; and that our poetry and works of fiction are full of pictures, asking only the aid of the pencil to bring them vividly before the eye.

But of all the sources of inspiration to which the artist should look, the most fruitful will be the living world around him. On scenes taken from actual life, his reputation will most securely rest; and no country presents a greater variety of character than our own.

The artists of modern Europe, for some centuries past, have been doing little more than endeavoring to re-produce the works of their predecessors, or at least attempting to furnish works of a similar character, forgetting that, in order to produce such works, they must be actuated by the same impulses, and surrounded by the same influences, as were the authors of those works. The fact seems to have escaped them, that every work of art, in order to possess the vitality necessary to insure it an enduring reputation, must, so far as it goes, be an expression of the thoughts and feelings of the age which produces it. It will then not only possess a present interest, but be valuable hereafter as a picture of its own times, a portion of their history.

The works of the ancients which have come down to us, are the legitimate offspring of the minds which produced them; they are an embodiment of the feelings, the thoughts, the religion, the superstition of their time. In the same spirit were the works of the great masters of modern Italy produced. And in the same spirit must our own artists labor, if they hope to secure a reputation equally enduring. They must carry us forward, not back; they must present us with nature—with life, not as they were, but as they are, or as they should be. In one word, they must give us the impressions of their own minds, and not, as heretofore, give us little better than imitations of what had already been done by other minds.

But let me not be misunderstood. We do not mean to say that the artist should study to find out the current of public opinion, and then allow himself to be borne away by it; but in order to direct the stream, we must go with it, not against it, else we will be overwhelmed by it. This course, as we have already remarked, our artists are instinctively taking; and although their works may, for some time to come, be inferior in execution to the best productions of the old world, their vigor and originality will secure for their authors a reputation infinitely more enduring than could have been earned by any imitation of the antique, however perfect.

HENRY WILTON.

BY CATHERINE CLEMENT.

Who can describe, yet who has not felt, the gush of pleasure, the thrill of delight with which the first gladsome days of early spring are hailed? Autumn may be beautiful, with its livery of gorgeous tints, its brilliant sun, and cloudless sky. But spring, sweet spring—so full of hope and promise, fair prophetess of brighter days yet coming—who does not hail thee with delight? Each sweet songster returned from its wandering in some more genial clime, each bursting leaf, each opening bud, seems modestly to whisper, "My sister who is coming is fairer than I." Do not we love spring because it is the emblem of hope and promise? The flowers of autumn may be gorgeous, but they are *the last*. Its sunbeams may be bright and warm, but how soon are they succeeded by the chill winds of winter. But the bud which unfolds in early spring is the *first* fair harbinger of sweet sister flowers yet to bloom. The brook, just released from its icy shackles, will murmur on through the long summer months. The first songster of the grove will be joined by its sister choir. The laughing child loves spring, for to him it is the mirror of the bright hopes which people the spring-time of his own life. The hoary-headed man loves it also, for to him it is the mirror of hopes still cherished in green old age, but whose fruition shall be enjoyed beyond the grave.

It was a joyous day in the spring of 18—, whose evening shades witnessed the nuptials of Henry Wilton and Mary Foster. A fitting time was it for the holy rite which united the youthful pair; for not a cloud, though never so small, could be discerned in the fair horizon of their future prospects. Even those most skilled in discovering presages of coming evil, saw nothing but joy and gladness in the vista of the future, as they offered their hearty congratulations on the present occasion to the lovely bride and happy bridegroom. Well might their opening prospects be thought bright and fair, for the beautiful and gentle Mary Foster, the joy and pride of her native village, had plighted her vows to one, in whose praise, noble and gifted as he was, all thought no more could be said than that he was worthy of her. From his boyhood up, none had ever coupled aught that was low, or degrading, with the name of Henry Wilton.

Noble and generous, he was one to win not only the heart, but also that reverence and high esteem with which woman always delights to regard the object of her choice, and without which as a constituent element, we doubt whether anything worthy to be dignified with the name of true love ever exists. None acquainted with Mary Foster could doubt that she would gild with brighter hues the sunshine of life, and make the day of prosperity more gladsome by her presence. Beautiful in person, amiable in temper, with a smile all joy and gladness, and a heart all affection and tenderness, she seemed formed to fulfil *this* joyous mission, and to bless with smiles and sunshine some domestic Eden—

"The only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall."

Yet was there a holy calmness, a lofty determination in the glance of her deep blue eye, which seemed to say, that if the storm blast of adversity should sweep across her path, she could meet it with woman's all-enduring fortitude.

Amid the warm congratulations of numerous friends, Henry Wilton and his bride established themselves in their new home in the pleasant town of B——. If bright hopes gilded the dawn of their married life, still brighter clustered around its early morning. Wilton soon found himself established in a profitable mercantile business, while his noble traits of character won for him the regard of all, and his true-hearted wife rejoiced far more in the honors which were clustering around the husband of her love than in the involuntary homage which was everywhere paid to her own youth and beauty. Two pledges of their mutual love, a son and daughter, were also granted, to fill to overflowing their cup of earthly bliss. What tempter could enter an Eden so fair, to despoil it of its treasures and bring upon it the

blight and mildew of sin and shame? Would not such high and noble aims, and a mutual affection so deep and pure, bar the door against every vile intruder? Yes, all but one. The serpent was more subtle than all the beasts of the field, and in modern times it has remained for one tempter to enter where no other could even approach—to lay waste and destroy what was beyond the reach of every other invader. In the hour of innocent mirth and social hilarity, has he, transformed into an angel of light, been present, and all unheeded, like the worm in the unfolding bud, planted the seeds of misery and woe. Would you know his name? Go ask the sorrow-stricken wife—the blushing daughter—and they will answer, "Let it be accursed, and perish from the earth. Let the insidious tempter be stript of his fair disguises, and stand forth a hated monster, loathed by all who love their fellow-men, and seek their welfare." And verily their prayer is being answered.

It remains for the sparkling wine-cup alone, to aim the deadly shaft which brings down from their high eminence such as Henry Wilton, to grovel with the lowest of their species, in the mazes of sin and shame. Shall we trace his downward progress? Shall we describe the agony of the trusting wife, when he whom, till then, she deemed free from thought of evil, or stain of dishonor, lay before her a senseless inebriate! Portray it who can. But alas that so many have but to turn back to a dark page in memory's faithful record, to read it in characters terrific as the hand writing on the wall of the reckless and profane king of yore. Step by step did wealth—character—friends, everything but a true-hearted wife, and helpless children, forsake the now fallen and degraded Henry Wilton. When Mary was urged by the friends of her youth to forsake him too, her only but expressive reply was, "He is my husband." Many were the tears shed by Wilton in hours of sobriety, over the wreck of his character and hopes, and many the resolutions made and broken, to retrace his downward steps. But, alas! in those days the philosopher's stone had not been discovered. We mean not that reputed to possess the power of changing sordid stones to scarce less sordid gold; but that which has done the nobler work of changing the sighs and tears of the more than widow and fatherless to songs of joy and rejoicing; which has rescued from his deep degradation the victim of the cup, and caused him to walk abroad a man among his fellow-men, loved, respected, and honored. But those were days when none thought of holding out to his fallen brother a helping hand, but all passed by on the other side, leaving him to what they regarded as his inevitable fate. What wonder, then, that every effort which Wilton made to recover his former position, in its reaction, only plunged him deeper in misery and disgrace?

He was compelled to part with his home, the combined neatness and elegance of which had often attracted the eye of the passing stranger. Mary Wilton was obliged to leave the plants she had so tenderly reared, and the vines she had so assiduously cultivated, to the mercies of strangers. But light were these troubles to the sorrows which now daily multiplied in her path, and the new forms of poverty and wretchedness which were encountered at each subsequent removal. Rapid indeed was the descending course of Wilton, and it seemed as if his helpless family were drinking the last dregs of woe.

It was a glorious morning early in the spring of 18—, that Mary Wilton stood in the door of her humble dwelling, engaged in a fearful struggle with the waves of overwhelming despair which threatened to engulf the last hope to which she clung, even in the depth of her misery. The birds carolled forth their morning hymns, making the air vocal with their music, and she seemed to herself the only being that breathed no note of joy. But a gleam of hope lighted her countenance with something like a smile, as she re-entered her dwelling, and addressing her husband, who was indulging in one of those moods of sullen wretchedness and despair which usually occupied his sober moments, said to him:

"Henry, will you not come out and enjoy this lovely morning?"

Mechanically he followed her, and seated himself in a chair which she placed for him by the door. For a moment she stood by his side, then suddenly left the cottage. His children sporting around him, vividly recalled the days of his own happy childhood, and while softened by the scene his wife approached, holding in her hand a boquet of the earliest flowers of spring.

"Dear Henry," said she, as she placed them in his hand, "does not this lovely morning remind you of our bridal morn? And see, is not this sweet boquet very like the one you then presented me? You told me they were the first—that each delicate blossom was the harbinger of fairer ones yet to bloom. And you

likened them to the bright hopes which then clustered around us, and fondly bade me believe they should be succeeded by a long, long summer of domestic felicity. But, Henry, *our* summer is past! alas, how quickly—and winter, cold and desolate——"

Overcome with emotion, she could say no more. Nor was there need; enough of the past had been recalled to fill with anguish and remorse the bosom of him whom, even in his degradation, she loved as her own soul. He hated himself, his cups, his boon-companions —everything but his true-hearted wife. And what could he say to her? Could he have fallen at her feet and poured into her ear vows of purity, innocence, and truth, as in days of yore, how gladly would he have done it. But what had he now to offer but a drunkard's promise, which had been broken as often as made? Taking her hand he drew it almost to his lips, then quickly but gently replacing it, hastily left the house. Entering an adjoining piece of woods, he seated himself upon the stump of a tree, and there ruminated on the present, the past, and the future. Many and bitter were his reflections. But the angel of hope revealed a bow of promise in the future, as rising from his seat he exclaimed, "Never, never again shall the intoxicating cup touch my lips. I will not add to the power of temptation by spending the day in idleness, but will step over to neighbor S. and seek employment, that I may take something home to my suffering family, to my angel wife." A short walk brought him there.

"Mr. S., can you furnish me employment to-day?" he inquired.

"No," was the short reply.

"But surely you have work to be done?"

"Plenty of work, but none for such as you."

"But I am sober now, Mr. S., and more than that, I mean to keep so. I intend to reform!"

"You reform! Who ever heard of a drunkard's reforming? I suppose you left off when you had dispatched your morning dram, and won't drink any more until eleven o'clock, or the next time you can get it," was the biting reply.

Wilton left the house in silence. The iron had entered his soul. Again he sought the retirement of the woods, and seating himself upon the same stump muttered,

"It's of no use. Who helps the fallen to rise? I can never again be a man! Never! never! Who believes? who trusts me?"

Long did he yield to these bitter reflections. But at length, as if some pitying angel passing by, and beholding his utter wretchedness, had paused to whisper consolation, a beam of hope lighted up his countenance. Long did he dwell on the new-born thought, till rising from his seat, he exclaimed,

"I have it! By all that is sacred I swear to perform my vow. But that cruel taunt! never will I expose myself to a second."

He rapidly paced the woods as if to still the tumult of excited thought, and thus engaged we will leave him and return to the cottage. The bounty of a kind neighbor had enabled Mary Wilton to spread the dinner table with fare more inviting than was wont to be placed upon it; but the dinner hour passed and no husband came. The hour of the evening meal went by, and the shades of night drew on, yet he came not. She kept her weary vigils till twelve—one o'clock, yet he came not. Overcome with fatigue, she slept until the morning sun awoke her. But still he was not there. He had often left her for days together; but days passed and weeks also, but brought no tidings of Henry Wilton. Months passed, and the cold winds of winter whistled around her humble dwelling, ere she could be persuaded to leave it, and accept a home for herself and little ones, beneath the paternal roof. But what supported her in the hour of untold sorrow? Her heart's holiest affections had not been bestowed upon erring mortal. In early youth she had listened to the voice of One who claimed them as *His* right, and cheerfully had they been yielded. And now in the hour of need the arms of that Friend who never forsakes, were underneath her. She lived too, and wore the smile of cheerfulness for her children's sake—for the sake of her noble little Henry, the living image of him who had won her heart in the sunny days of youth. And fair was the promise he gave of repaying her love and care. But might not the same insidious tempter cross his path? Would he be *safe* when he should enter the scenes where his father fell? Yes! he was safe. The instincts of a mother's heart had revealed to her the talisman which could guard her son from danger.

"Never, my Henry," she would say, "as you love your mother—as you hope for happiness, or heaven—never raise to your lip the cup which contains the intoxicating draught."

But when he asked the reason why, tears

were his only reply. Oh! the eloquence of those tears. Into his very soul was inwrought a loathing of the fatal poison, in all its forms, and the promise he gave as he wiped from his mother's cheeks the fast flowing tears, was indeed a sacred *pledge*, never to be broken.

More than two years from the time that Mary Wilton had found a home beneath the paternal roof, a stranger approached the residence of George Staunton, a gentleman who resided in Mrs. Wilton's native town, and who had been an intimate friend of her husband in his better days. It was evening. The gentleman rang the bell, and the call was answered by a domestic.

"Is Mr. Staunton in?" he inquired.

"He is, sir!"

"Will you say to him that a stranger wishes to speak with him? Can I have the privilege of a private interview with you?" he inquired, as Mr. Staunton approached.

Mr. Staunton led the way to his library, and requesting him to be seated, closed the door, saying, "I am at your service, sir;" at the same time directing an inquiring glance at the stranger, who was enveloped in a cloak, with a cap drawn over his face so as effectually to conceal his features.

"What I have to communicate is strictly confidential; may I rely upon your honor?" said the stranger in a deep, rich voice, which startled Staunton as being strangely familiar, though he in vain endeavored to recollect when or where he had heard it.

"I am not wont to betray confidence," he replied, "and will keep any secret which may be kept consistently with honor."

"Well! I believe I may trust you," said the stranger, at the same time laying aside his cap and cloak.

Staunton sprang to his feet exclaiming, "Is it possible! Henry Wilton—or am I dreaming? It is the Henry Wilton of former days that stands before me—not as I last beheld him."

"I believe I am no apparition," said Wilton, smiling, and at the same time extending his hand, which was warmly grasped.

"From whence came you?" said Staunton. "But, without troubling you with questions, most cordially do I congratulate you on your return, for every look and tone is an assurance that you return to us the friend of former days. But still more do I congratulate your lovely wife."

At the mention of his wife Wilton's brow was clouded. "Not yet, Staunton; Heaven grant the hour may come when he who has caused her to drink so deep of the cup of sorrow, may bring gladness to her heart. But the time is not yet. But can you tell me aught of her? Does she live? Did she find friends in the hour when he who should have cherished and protected, forsook her? Tell me all—everything," said Wilton, as he buried his face in his hands to conceal his emotion.

Staunton proceeded to relate the history of his family from the hour he had left them. "But you know, Wilton, her father's residence is but a few steps from here. Surely you will hasten to her and fill her heart with joy by your return."

"I cannot do it, Staunton. But listen to my story before you call me a heartless wretch." He then proceeded to detail the events of the day on which he left his home—the cruel taunt which had fixed his resolution to cast himself among strangers, and there struggle to free himself from the chains that bound him. From that morning the intoxicating cup had never been raised to his lips. Under an assumed name he had taken up his residence at the South, where fortunately he had obtained a situation as clerk in a flourishing mercantile house. His business talent and fidelity to the interests of his employers soon won their confidence, and he was rapidly promoted. He had now come north as their confidential agent, and in the spring expected to become a partner. "Two or three years, Staunton," he added, "with the continued blessing of Heaven, will enable me to return with wealth equal to what I possessed in my prosperous days. Then will I restore my loved wife to the station she once adorned; for I covet the wealth, character, and esteem I then enjoyed, not for myself, but for her."

"But why not return now?" said Staunton. "We are all ready to welcome you back to our esteem and confidence, and you might soon even here regain wealth and station."

"No doubt *you* would," said Wilton. "But how many, think you, would believe my reform to be sincere and permanent were I *now* to return? Who believes the victim of the cup can reform? No! I will not return to my Mary till I can restore her to her former position. She shall meet her husband unstained by dishonor when again she meets him."

"I would not urge you," replied his friend, "but for the sake of your lovely wife. You

"HIC JACET——"

"HEAR LIES."—*Free Translation.*

The Psalmist said in his haste, "All men are liars!" It was a hasty speech, doubtless, and recalled, I believe, in a cooler moment; but however it may have been in King David's time, and among his not over-scrupulous countrymen, *I* happen to know some men, and some women too, who would not lie for "a house full of silver and gold." Neither is this a great merit in them, for the fact is, they don't know how to lie; and should they attempt it, their faltering tongues and crimson cheeks would betray them immediately. One must begin young, and have considerable practice, to be able to do it adroitly. The muscles and nerves of the face were made to tell the truth, and need considerable schooling before they learn to conceal it; and even after long years of training, how a sudden surprise will make them do their natural office! Still nothing has astonished me more than to see at how early an age children will acquire some skill in deception. I have one in my eye now, a white-pated rogue, with great round black eyes that never wink, and a skin so begrimed that a blush would be no more visible through it than flame through a stove-pipe—"six years old last hop-picking," as he one day told me—that will "look you right in the eye," and give you an answer to a question which shall have no more relation to truth than "I to Hercules." His baby mind constantly revolves its small notions of self-interest, and his replies to your questions are in accordance with them. "Dick, have your folks got any apples?" Dick has spied a barrel of apples in your cellar; he infers, therefore, that you cannot wish to buy any; you must be thinking of making "his folks" a present of some, and he answers with as round and prompt a "No, sir," as if he had not cogitated an atom. "Because, Dick, I would like to buy a few sweet ones." "Well, I don't know but we have a few," says the young gentleman; "I'll go and ask 'em." "Oh yes, they've plenty of them," he says on his return. "How came you to say you had none, Dick?" "Because I thought mother had made 'em all into turn-overs for we boys," says he with a grin. Dick's shift is a lame one, but it serves his turn by making you smile, and he will grow more expert every day.

But I was saying that I have known some men and women who tell the truth. There is Mary R——, with that transparent, large blue eye, which she fixes on you when she speaks or listens to you, so that it would be almost as hard to tell a lie *to* her as for her to tell one herself. For Mary is very shrewd and somewhat suspicious withal, as *some* truthful people are. I have seen a practised beggar, who had put off a sick husband, nine small children and a house burned down, on half a parish, completely dumb-founded by Mary's quiet, searching interrogatories. And the withering look with which she regards a self-convicted culprit! It is enough to make his hair turn white, even if he wears a wig.

Very different from her, though equally truthful, is my friend Joe Ruggles. Joe is not only transparent himself, but thinks every one else so, and goes through the world letting everybody look through him, while he in return sees only a reflection of his own pure heart in every man he meets. Joe has been fooled and humbugged in every way fifty times, and will be just as easily fooled and humbugged to-morrow as ever. But he is as happy as a child. He lives in a world of his own creation, peopled with pure and guileless beings, but it is all real to him, and let no one undeceive him.

Then, again, there is Dr. D. I wonder what bribe you could offer that would make him lie. In telling a story, he is so fearful of conveying to you an idea different from his own impression of the fact, that he tires you to death with endless circumlocutions and explanations, and for fear of the least embellishment, he gives you a narrative as hard, and angular, and marrowless as the skeleton in his own shop. Woe to a big story that he tries to repeat! If as large as the "sea-sarpent" when he heard it, ten to one it will dwindle into a little mud eel.

It must be confessed, however, that his fault is not very common; and now that I am upon confessions, I may as well own that, though more fortunate than the Psalmist, for I have know *some* truthtellers, still I do know a vast many more who answer to his description. "Little Dicks" are sprinkled all through society—nay, it is the Dr. D.'s that are sprinkled through it, like salt, to preserve it from utter corruption; little Dicks form the mass, I fear, in every community. There is the N. family, proud as Lucifer, poor as church mice, toiling like ditchers; their whole lives are spent in trying to make the world believe them wealthy, and easy, and happy. The genus is so common, and has been so often described, that I will not trouble you with a sketch of them. One incident, however, is so fresh in my recollection that I will relate it. Calling there recently, one of the young ladies seemed much troubled with a hacking cough. Perceiving that I noticed it, she presently remarked that one of the pips in the pineapple they had for dessert, had gone the wrong way and nearly strangled her. "Oh, Emmeline," said a red-headed brother who had entered the room just in time to hear this genteel explanation, "you know what choked you was a hull in the brown brea——" We heard no more, for the gentle Emmeline *had* her brother from the room before he had finished his "bread," while the mother murmured, that "poor Em's health was so delicate she was obliged to use the Graham flour altogether."

The Z. family, too, are worthy of notice, whose heads seem to have but one organ, that of marvellousness, and who never tire of trying to see how large a story you will swallow. With them, incidents that happen to others but once in a lifetime, are weekly occurrences; and they have more odd scenes, strange adventures, horrible frights and narrow escapes in a month, than others meet with in years. You never need tell them a wonderful story—you will be sure to hear one so much more incredible that your own was scarcely worth relating. Mention the birth of an infant with an odd mark on its hands or face; one of them once saw a babe, though she forgets where, which had the figures 1863 distinctly visible in one of its eyes; and she will add that many were superstitious enough to believe the world will end in that year. They purchase goods at such surprisingly low rates that those who believe their stories bewail their own folly in having paid twice as much for similar articles. They rarely relate the same story twice alike, for having short memories, and ready imaginations, as well as unscrupulous tongues, they rattle away, forgetting that their different hearers may compare notes; or perhaps quite unaware that their different assertions disagree as much with each other as with fact. What ciphers such people are in a society where they are known. We constantly hear such remarks as these: "I confess I had this news from the Z.'s;" or "Mr. Z. told my husband this, but I can't say how the fact is." Now what is the influence of such persons in society? They have *no* influence. If rich, or of high standing, they may be treated with external respect, but after all, a truthful, high-principled woman, even in the humbler walks of life, is of far more weight in a community than twenty Z.'s What involuntary respect is called forth when we hear, "Mary R. said so, and of course it is so;" or "Dr. D. never would have reported that had he not known it to be a fact."

The liars I have mentioned are not malicious. They do not *intend* mischief, they are merely careless of truth. Yet the mischief they do is incalculable. It is a mistaken idea that such people injure none but themselves. Were their intercourse confined to those who know them, this might be true; but they constantly come in contact with strangers, who, unsuspicious that such glib stories can be "made of whole cloth," greedily swallow and retail them, often causing mischievous results.

I will end my article (as I commenced it) in the words of the Psalmist, called forth, I presume, by the lies, white and black, with which his righteous soul was vexed from day to day: "What shall be given unto thee, or what shall be done unto thee, *thou false tongued?* Sharp arrows of the mighty, and coals of juniper." Sure I am that *such* justice done in *our* community, would cause smarting anguish to many an "unruly member," that now "walketh through the earth."

B. V.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

A GLIMPSE AT MONTREAL.

The first thing that strikes a traveller from the United States, as he enters Montreal, is the foreign aspect of the city. We asked Madame Feller, of the Mission at Grand Ligne, in whose company we entered the city, when we visited it for the first time, if Montreal very nearly resembled the cities in France. She said she hardly knew how to answer the question. She thought that, perhaps, in the style of the buildings, and the width of the steeets, the city more nearly resembled those of England. The truth is, there is an admixture of English and French in everything you see about Canada, though in the country, and among the peasantry, there is more of the latter than the former. The buildings in the heart of the city are almost exclusively of stone, quarried, as we suppose, in the mountain a mile or two distant. This stone is of a dark, dull color; and this feature gives an air of heaviness and melancholy to the whole city. The style of building, however, has its advantages. The citizens are much more secure from the ravages of fires, and, during their long, severe winters, they are more comfortable.

We have noticed this difference between England and America frequently. When Brother Jonathan invents anything, or constructs anything, be it a steamboat, a dwelling, a railroad, or a coat, he studies beauty, rather than utility and comfort John Bull, on the other hand, goes for good substantial comfort. He cares not so much for elegance, as he does for strength and durability. Brother Jonathan is for going ahead, too. That, in fact, is his motto. And go ahead he must—safely, if he can; but anyhow, he must go ahead. Johnny Bull is content to wait a little. He would not be disturbed, by any means, while he is eating his dinner. He relishes his roast beef and mushroom catsup mightily, and when he visits the "States," and stops in the cars at one of our restorateurs and hears the conductor bawl out "Eight minutes for dinner, ladies and gentlemen!" he is utterly amazed. Eight minutes for dinner! But he soon finds that we do everything on the same scale. We are always in a hurry, while he takes it easy, or is inclined to do so; for where everybody else is running the gauntlet, if you do not run too, you will very likely be run over.

One needs to be in Canada but a short time to perceive that the country is cursed by a false and stupid religion. In the city of Montreal there are several nunneries. We visited two of them—the nunnery of the "Hotel Dieu," and the "Gray Nunnery," so called from the habit of the nuns, which is principally of that color. We were very politely treated in each of these institutions, and were escorted through all the rooms *accessible to strangers;* and though there were probably depths of iniquity which we were not permitted to see, we saw enough of their superstitions to satisfy us. The sacrifices, the images of saints, the rosaries, the madonnas, the beads, the holy water, and we know not what other silly things of that genus, told too plainly how perfectly these poor creatures were under the power of the man of sin. They are very charitable. They open their arms wide, so as to embrace all the sons and daughters of want and wretchedness. No matter how depraved they are, or what are their religious preferences, if they have any, they find a home here. Many are the foundlings which are left at their gates. But they are all welcome—they are all provided for—and it is no fault of theirs if they do not receive the germ of Romanism.

One of the wonders of Montreal, which all strangers are expected to visit, is the French Cathedral. It is a large edifice, constructed of stone, with two lofty towers on either side of the front. It is situated on Notre Dame street, by far the pleasantest part of the city. In front of the church is the *Place d'Armes*, a large public square, appropriated to the military. The cathedral is a splendid building. But we were disappointed in one thing. The paintings which abound in it, and which we had flattered ourselves were in keeping with the magnificence of the edifice itself, were absolutely intolerable. They are mere daubs. The artist has tried, for instance, to represent the twelve apostles; but we should be sorry, if we had a child who had taken a dozen lessons in drawing and painting that could not do better with red chalk and charcoal. Peter, of course, is a prominent figure in this group. He is standing, or sitting, or reclining, one hardly knows which, with a bunch of keys in his hand, and a lusty rooster within a few feet of him, with his mouth open, looking for all the world like the roosters we used to draw on our

slate in school time, when we were a child, though we believe nobody ever gave us credit for over-much ingenuity in that line of business. But, for all that, there was a similarity, we are sure.

Yet there are many things in and about Montreal on which the mind of the true Christian loves to dwell. There are several churches where the truth is preached in its simplicity, unadulterated with the stupid dogmas of men. There are many who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Besides, there are many objects of pleasing interest, both in nature and art. There is one of the finest landscapes from *Mont Real*, (the eminence overlooking the city, and from which the city derives its name,) that our eye ever dwelt upon. It is well worth a journey to Canada to see. The St. Lawrence is a beautiful stream, and it is peculiarly beautiful as it flows past Montreal. Then you have the city in the foreground of the picture, and the blue hills in the dim distance, which form the continuation of the Green Mountain chain, for a background. It is charming in the extreme, and the engraving in the present number is a truthful representation of it.

The publisher has selected for one of the pictorial embellishments of the present number, "The Mother and her Bonnie Bairns." The sketch is an illustration of the Scottish ballad similarly entitled—a ballad which, though it be old, is touching and beautiful and worth reading. We have almost a mind to reproduce it entire, especially as one stanza appears in connection with the illustration, but on the whole we think it will be quite as well to omit it in this place. It is a tragic story, after the fashion of the old ballads, for which we are indebted in the first place to a vulgar legend older still. Who put it into the poetical form it is quite impossible to say. The responsibility of bringing it before the public rests, we believe, with Allan Cunningham, and our opinion is that he is the author himself. The incidents that are woven into the ballad are wild and Bluebeard-like. Reader, did you ever look into the "Songs of Scotland, ancient and modern, by Allan Cunningham?" It is a curious medley, and will well repay your examination. You will find in this medley, among other equally strange and out of the way ballads, this of the "Bonnie Bairns."

One frequently stumbles upon something to laugh at, as well as a good many to weep over, in passing through the lumber-rooms of history. The otherday we felt an uncontrollable disposition to smile, just in a place, too, where others looking through different spectacles from those we use, would perhaps never have thought of such a thing. It was when we came in contact with a chapter in the "Sketches of the Puritans," recently published by Mr. Dodd, in which the "most high and mighty Prince James" is sketched in the act of giving battle to non-conformists of his day. At the conference held at Hampton Court, a conference met to take into consideration the case of those troublers of his majesty's peace, he said, "I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land, or else worse." Everybody knows that he was as good as his word. But the joke of the thing is, that at this Hampton Court meeting, the loyal and pious Bancroft fell down on his knees before the King, and declared, "I protest my heart melteth for joy that Almighty God, of his singular mercy, hath given us such a King as since Christ's time hath not been!"

HANINGTON'S DIORAMAS.—There have been for some weeks past on exhibition in this city a series of Dioramic views, representing the successive epochs in the creation of the world, together with a view of the Deluge. They have been very much praised by a portion of the city press. But we are obliged to say that, though we tried very hard to be pleased, we succeeded but indifferently. The artist is evidently a man of sense, a good deal of ingenuity, and perhaps of some artistic talent. But the theme he has selected for the display of that talent and ingenuity is either too high for him, or he has not bestowed sufficient labor upon it.

PAINTINGS OF THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD.—Very differently executed, and in our opinion far more admirable, is the series of paintings representing scenes in the antediluvian world, now exhibiting in the city. These paintings were designed by John Martin, the celebrated painter of Belshazzor's Feast, and executed in Rome by artists of the first rank. Our friends will be well repaid by a visit to this exhibition.

BANVARD'S PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND MISSOURI RIVERS.—This incomparable work of art—for we deem it incomparable of its kind—after having drawn crowds to witness it for months in Boston and in this city, is now we believe about to be removed to Europe, for exhibition there. We congratulate our transaltantic brethren on the treat they have in anticipation.

THE AMERICAN ART UNION.—This institution seems well deserving of patronage. It is sus-

tained wholly by the payment of a small annual sum from each member. The paintings are exhibited for several months, without charge, and are distributed annually to the members by lot. We have had only a glance at the rooms during the present season, but that glance was sufficient to convince us that a few hours could be spent there very pleasantly and profitably. When we have become better acquainted with the paintings, we may make some particular criticisms.

PARLOR TABLE.

Man and his Motives. By GEORGE MOORE, M. D., member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, author of the "Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Whoever takes up this book with the impression that it is dull and stupid, like a host of metaphysical works that one finds now-a-days quietly sailing down the stream to oblivion, will make up his mind, after reading the first page of Dr. Moore, that he was greatly mistaken. We like the book—not because it is deep, for it is the easiest thing in the world for a man to be deep in metaphysics, so that nobody can understand him, and indeed, so that he cannot understand himself; but because there is in it so much, which, rising far above the hacknied and common, is nevertheless of great practical utility. We sincerely wish this author might be read and studied; for though he may be wrong in some of his theories, we think he is right in most, and in some, too, where the great mass of metaphysical writers are wrong.

Hogarth: His Life and Works. New York: J. S. Redfield.

This publication—so cheap that everybody can possess it—contains a sketch of the life of this fun-loving genius, and some thirty very creditable engravings taken from the artist's best efforts.

Home Influence: A Tale for Mothers and Daughters. By GRACE AGUILAR. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A very pleasantly told tale. The author remarks in her preface that her sole aim, with regard to religion, has been to incite a train of serious and loving thought toward God and man, especially toward those with whom he has linked us in the precious ties of parent and child, brother and sister, master and pupil. She desires, she says—and we agree with her most heartily and cordially—to assist in the education of the heart, believing that of infinitely greater importance than the mere instruction of the mind. Would that all who write for the family circle were impelled by the same spirit. The world would be better, we think.

Spiritual Heroes, or Sketches of the Puritans, their Character and Times. By JOHN STOUGHTON *With an Introductory Letter*, by JOEL HAWES, D. D. New York: M. W. Dodd.

This is a volume of some 230 pages duodecimo, in which the author has, to use his own words, "attempted the painting rather than the sculpture of history, not confining himself to the exhibition of groups in bold relief, or in forms of statuary, but aiming to represent alike the men and the times in which they lived, combining them as in a picture." This form of history, always difficult of execution, is doubly difficult in the case of the Puritans. If there ever were a class of men concerning whose opinions, acts, motives, in an age subsequent to the one in which they flourished, it is almost impossible to get at the truth, that class of men would seem to include the Puritans. But the author of this volume has performed his task judiciously and well. He is at home evidently, in this branch of history; and although he seems to be somewhat more enthusiastic in his eulogies of the Puritans as a sect, than many would deem warrantable, he is in the main impartial and seldom gives way to prejudice. Verily, these Puritans are in a fair way to have justice done them at last.

Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

This serial work has reached its twenty-eighth number. Its interest is still undiminished. We do not think there is a more excellent thing of the kind published. The selections are made with the most studious care and discernment; the em-

bellishments and illustrations—the embellishments, indeed, are all illustrations—are elegant, and the style throughout in which the work is got up is such as to commend it to the patronage of every family. Two numbers more will complete the entire work, which, we do not hesitate to say, will be among the most valuable of the kind to be found in the English language. The popularity of the work in England has been almost unparalleled. Almost *a million and a half* of volumes have been sold! The American publishers now give notice, that when the work is complete, they shall furnish it only in sets of ten volumes, and that it will be necessary for those who have obtained a part and wish to complete the set, to make early application. For sale in this city by H. Long & Brother.

Story of the Peninsular War. By General Charles William Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, Colonel of the Second Regiment of Life Guards. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This history is for the most part the work of one who was himself an active officer in the war of the Peninsula, and who was in the habit of recording the details of the campaign as they occurred. It seems a most excellent and reliable, as it certainly is a most readable and interesting volume.

The American Sunday School Union, have recently issued in their usual neat and pretty style the following little volumes, all of which, judging from the examination we have given them, seem to be admirably well calculated to interest and profit the juvenile reader: 1. Sickness Improved; 2. The Young Jew, a history of Alfred Moritz Myers, by the author of the "Peep of Day;" 3. The Country Schoolhouse, or stories of Every Day Life among Boys and Girls; 4. History of Protestantism in France, from the Earliest Ages to the end of the reign of Charles IX.; 5. Sketches of Home Life; 6. Magic, Pretended Miracles and Remarkable Natural Phenomena.

The School Chorister is the title of a very creditable musical work, cheap and well adapted for instruction in Schools and Academies. It is the production of William C. Webster, a gentleman, if we mistake not, with some experience in musical authorship, and published by Samuel Raynor.

The North British Review comes to us punctually, very neatly and promptly reprinted by Leonard Scott & Co. We regard this as on the whole, one of the most estimable of our transatlantic reviews. It is most creditably conducted, and its articles are from some of the ablest pens in England and Scotland.

FLOWERS.

Here are flowers fresh and fair,
Richly gemmed with pearly dew:
Weave a garland for thy hair,
Like thy hopes, as bright, as new.
May life's joys less transient prove
Than the fragile flowers we love.

Fitly will this half-blown rose
Deck my sister's youthful brow;
Where that straying ringlet flows,
Bind this blue-eyed violet now,
With the honeysuckle sweet,
And thy garland is complete.

Fancy hath the power of speech
To these little flowers consigned;
Happy lessons do they teach
To the pure unsullied mind.
Here is love and modesty,
Twined with sweet fidelity.

Jackson, Michigan.

WALDWICK COTTAGE.

AUNT AMY AND HER STRANGE WAYS.

No. X.

"Well, it does not signify—Aunt Amy *is* a queer woman," exclaimed Mr. Francis Carteret as his cousin, Mrs. Bertie, entered the parlor, where the gentleman had been lounging more than an hour in conversation with Mrs. Amy, who had just quitted the room.

"There is no need of asserting it in such a Stentorian voice," observed the lady, "since there is nobody here to contradict you."

"Why do not you take up the gauntlet in defence of her good name then, Kate? you are mighty fond of her," rejoined Carteret.

"That may be, without desiring to do battle in her cause," said Mrs. Bertie, "and the more especially as I think her quite competent to fighting her own battles."

"And yet she might think herself entitled to some efforts in her behalf, when she is slandered in your presence, my good cousin."

"You admit then that in calling her a *queer woman* you have been guilty of slander, sir," exclaimed the lady.

"I make no such admissions, madam. I say no more than the truth. She *is* a queer woman, mistress Kate," repeated the gentleman. "Did you never think as much yourself?"

"My thoughts do not concern you, cousin Frank."

"Perhaps I should have little reason to be flattered by knowing them, if they did," rejoined her guest; "but your opinion of Aunt Amy was the subject of my inquiries."

The lady made no reply, and after a musing fit of some moments, the lounger burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, sir, do you intend to keep the cause of so much mirth entirely for your own sole divertisement?" asked Mrs. Bertie.

"Do you suppose I will give you a laugh at my own expense, ma'am?" demanded her relative. "But do you know what Travers has nick-named Annt Amy, Kate?"

"I think, cousin Frank, that both Charles Travers aud yourself might find fitter subjects of ridicule than Aunt Amy, who, permit me to say, is the last person on earth whom *you* ought to treat with disrespect," gravely answered the lady.

"Spoken like an oracle, Kate! A good downright Xantippe air you give yourself, upon my word," exclaimed Carteret. "I did not think it was in you! But never mind, you imagined yourself speaking to your husband, I suppose."

"You are a saucy fellow, Frank; but what has Aunt Amy done *now* to divert you so much?"

"Did you ever happen to hear of 'going to get wool and coming back shorn?'" inquired her laughing guest; "because if you have, you may give a pretty good guess at your humble servant's present predicament. I came hither to give Aunt Amy a lecture for one of her misdemeanors, and what do you think I got by it?"

"A good lecture yourself, I suppose, if you had your deserts."

"Nonsense; Aunt Amy never scolds, Kate. I believe she holds that to be the exclusive privilege of *married* ladies, so scrupulously careful is she never to meddle with your vocation."

"And does she confine the same dear privilege to married gentlemen, or allow the exercise of it to your whole sex, sir?"

"Don't be saucy, Kate, and above all, never try to be witty, child. I have often told you that in that line your efforts prove a failure," rejoined the polite visitor. "But I was telling you that Mrs. Strangeways (as Charles Travers calls her) has not only proved herself in the right, but actually brought me to acknowledge that I have been a naughty boy, and am very sorry for it."

"Well, that *is* an achievement! Did you ever in your life acknowledge as much as that before?" exclaimed Mrs. Bertie, laughing.

"Pshaw, child! don't be inquisitive. We were talking of Aunt Amy," persisted Carteret, "and in spite of your expected frowns, I again aver that Mrs. Amy Harleigh is a *queer woman!*"

"I declare, Frank, this is abominable!" ex-

claimed the lady in dudgeon. "It is really too bad that nobody ever mentions dear Aunt Amy without adding that remark to her name. It has really become a habit with you all; and it is so disrespectful, not to say ungrateful and unjust, that I think it is now high time there were an end of it."

"Good that!" exclaimed the provoking Carteret in turn; "good enough from you, madam, who say it so much more frequently than anybody else."

"That I deny," replied the lady with unnecessary warmth, "but you always talk without book, Cousin Frank; it is never worth while to trouble one's self to deny anything that you say."

"Especially when you know that in so doing you will only contradict the truth, madam. However, there is no great harm done, after all."

"Pardon me, Frank, there *is* harm done," interrupted the lady earnestly. "Those who are unacquainted with Aunt Amy, must suppose that the remark which so invariably follows her name has been elicited by some unfortunate obliquity of temper, conduct or manners, when you must allow that she is singular only in her unsuspecting simplicity of heart, her undeviating adherence to rectitude, and a self-sacrificing benevolence that seems to embrace the whole family of man, regardless alike of the distinctions of class or crime."

"Enough in all conscience to damn her in the opinion of this most righteous world we live in," observed Carteret.

"Pshaw, Frank, why could you not as easily have said condemn? I detest vulgarity."

"And so do I, Kate, being, as I hope, a degree above the vulgar, and swearing has been scouted from genteel society along with wigs, knee buckles, and grog-drinking, some time ago. But to return to Aunt Amy—who, according to your own admissions, must be very peculiar indeed."

"How very wrong to persist in speaking of her in that manner, Frank," interrupted the lady.

"Why, it is but the truth, Kate," persisted her cousin; "how very odd she is, when instead of taking her religion easily along with her into the world, as you and your fellow professors do, and wearing it gracefully like a becoming cloak when needed, and then laying it aside again when it becomes uncomfortable, Aunt Amy wraps hers about her as a panoply—never puts it off at home nor goes out without it, cumbrous and uncouth as it appears; and then how fearfully anxious she always is lest there come a stain upon it! If by altering or trimming she would but endeavor to adapt that old-fashioned garment more to the taste of modern times! but no—nothing will suit her antediluvian taste but the stiff and unaccommodating religion of the olden time. Out upon it; there's no use in denying it, Kate, Aunt Amy *is* a very queer woman."

"Well," returned Mrs. Bertie, rather shortly, "well, Aunt Amy is a *queer woman*, and what then?"

"She has *queer ways*," observed Carteret.

"Very well, she *has* queer ways."

"Why, Kate! I am astonished!" exclaimed Carteret; "two concessions in succession, and from you? I should as soon expect candor from the English, cleanliness from the Irish, seriousness from the French, or any other never-to-be-expected commodity from any never-to-be-imagined quarter, as this conceding humor from you. I wonder if the sun rose in the west this morning," he added, glancing at the window, "or whether the moon is at the full?"

"And I wonder if Francis Carteret was ever serious one half hour at a time in his life?" exclaimed the lady.

"Yes, Kate; Aunt Amy made me serious this morning for full three quarters of an hour, by your new Parisian toy there, on the mantel."

"Upon my word! I begin to feel curious," said Mrs. Bertie; "there must be *necromancy* in the matter; prythee, coz, enlighten me a little. I am anxious to ascertain by what means Aunt Amy could accomplish such a feat as that."

"Do you think I can keep *your* counsel, and not my own?" demanded the gentleman in the words of Hamlet. "Never believe it, Kate. But to return to Aunt Amy—she is a queer woman, as you say."

"As *I say?*" interrupted Mrs. Bertie, hastily; "the words were your own, sir; pray recollect yourself."

"Aye, aye, let it go so," returned the provoking guest. "It is not considered polite to contradict, especially the ladies; but as I was saying, Aunt Amy——"

"It is the most singular thing in the world," interrupted the lady once more, "that no two

individuals, of all our kith, kin, and allies, ever meet, but Aunt Amy is as regularly the first subject discussed, as the weather is by all other people."

"You deserve credit for your observation," observed her companion, laughing; "but as I was saying, Aunt Amy——"

"Oh, for pity's sake, say something else," exclaimed Mrs. Bertie, impatiently; "the subject is worn out—threadbare, absolutely!"

"That is a fib, downright, Kate, for Aunt Amy just now left the room in excellent condition, and with respect to her dress, instead of being threadbare, she is arrayed with a taste and elegance 'befitting her fortune and station in life,' as Bell Bendridge would say; and that is more than can always be said of a lady whose inveterate propensity to picking up beggars' brats to clothe and feed, leaves so little time and money for her own behoof—and faugh! what a vulgar taste it is!" continued Carteret, making a hideous face. "She had much better give her money to me, as I have often told her; for she will scarcely find a prettier fellow, though I say it myself."

"Nor one who is better qualified to spend a fortune with greater facility and *éclat*," added the lady.

"Now, Kate, that is 'the unkindest cut of all,'" exclaimed the gentleman, reproachfully, "knowing, as you do, that I shall never have an opportunity to display the qualification you are giving me credit for. However, to return to Aunt Amy——"

"No, no; do not return to Aunt Amy, I beg," exclaimed Mrs. Bertie, in a deprecatory tone. Hark! there is Lucy Belton in the hall. I know her voice."

"Be discreet, then, and hear what *she* will say of Aunt Amy," whispered Carteret.

The door opened as he spoke, and Lucy glided in, looking as lovely as Hebe, and blithe as a summer's morning.

"You ought to be ashamed, Kate, to sit moping here in this *hum-drum* kind of way, on such a morning as this!" were the words with which she accosted Mrs. Bertie. Turning then to her companion—"Cousin Frank, get up this moment, you lazy creature, and take this book for me to Caroline Maudesley. Come, make haste."

"I cry you pardon, *ma belle cousine*," answered the lounger, with a portentous yawn; "Miss Maudesley is a lovely lady, unquestionably, but Waverly Place is a journey."

"And what of that?" demanded Miss Belton; "a pretty speech for such an accomplished squire of dames, to be sure. Get up at once, I say, Frank Carteret, and make yourself useful as well as ornamental, for once in your life."

"Oh, but to Waverly Place! think of it, *ma mignone!*" remonstrated the gentleman, ruefully; "what have I done to incur the penance of such a pilgrimage?"

"A pretty sprig of chivalry you are, Mr. Frank Carteret! Arise, sir, and do my bidding, on pain of being proclaimed from the Battery to Harlem bridge, an errant craven and forsworn knight."

"Ask Aunt Amy," said Carteret. "She is a self-sacrificing benefactress to all the needy, with a largeness of charity that extends even beyond Waverly Place."

"Aunt Amy!" echoed Miss Belton, "Aunt Amy indeed! I protest I will never honor you with my commands again, you disobliging wretch; but Aunt Amy—do you know where she is at present, Cousin Kate?"

"She has just gone off," replied Carteret.

"Gone! let her *go*, then, for the *oddest* of all women!" exclaimed the young lady; but a laugh from her companions interrupted her. "Well she *is* queer, and you both know it," she added.

"Take care, *ma belle*," cried Carteret; "I have just brought all the thunders of Kate's indignation upon my devoted head by applying the same expression to the same person. Take care of yourself."

"But Aunt Amy *is* queer, Kate; it is vain to deny a fact so notorious," persisted Miss Belton.

"Take care, coz, you are risking much, I can tell you," said Carteret, who now informed her of what had passed between himself and Mrs. Bertie, and by way of atoning for his offence, declared his resolution of becoming the avowed champion of Aunt Amy from that day forward.

"Be it therefore known to all whom it may concern," he added, "that I, Francis Carteret of Pine-barren Lodge, North Carolina, do hereby constitute myself Aunt Amy's champion, and will allow no man, woman or child, and no set of men, women or children, to apply to the aforesaid 'worshipful gentlewoman,' Mrs. Amy Harleigh, such offensive epithets as *odd*, *strange* or *droll* or *queer*, with impunity. Every person so offending shall henceforth abide the

utmost rigor of the law, unless such offender shall be able to afford such proofs as shall justify his or her slanderous allegations. And now, Miss Lucy Belton, belle and beauty as you are, what reasons have *you* to render wherefore the sentence of the law should not be executed upon you?"

"Oh, I could render you reasons thick as blackberries," she replied. "The fact of Aunt Amy's oddity is too notorious to be contradicted. I could bring you proofs in any quantity. Don't you think, Kate, pious as she is, and zealous for the missionary cause, and all that sort of thing, that she actually prevented Uncle Henry from sending a donation of five hundred dollars to the Foreign board, no longer since than yesterday."

"Why did she do that?" asked Mrs. Bertie.

"Oh, she said, and even convinced uncle, that it would be wrong for him to do it."

"But why?" asked Mrs. Bertie in surprise.

"Why, only because uncle was once a principal partner of the house of Henry and Thomas, who failed some fifteen or twenty years since, and she said that it was not right for him to make any such donation while there remained one outstanding debt against the firm. Only think, how strange for a Christian to do such a thing."

"Which do you mean?" demanded Carteret, with affected stupidity; "that it was strange for your uncle to propose giving away money which did not belong to him, or for Aunt Amy to prevent his doing it?"

"Why, for Aunt Amy, to be sure," returned the young lady, with great naïveté, "and I do not see how you can call it money that does not belong to him when he had compromised with all his creditors, and paid them sixty cents on every dollar he owed them—besides, had he not paid them at all, the debts are outlawed a long time ago."

"Oh tempora! oh mores!" exclaimed Carteret, rolling up his eyes to the ceiling and uttering an awful groan. "It is an ingenious way of paying old debts, however, ma petite," he almost immediately added, "to make old Father Time pay it off in months and years, instead of shelling out the hard cents and dollars from one's own pocket! However, Brutus is an honorable man."

"And so he is, if you mean my uncle, Frank Carteret," rejoined Lucy indignantly, "and you must permit me to add, that if you would insinuate anything against my uncle's integrity, it would be much more manly to say it to his face than to a niece who loves him, behind his back."

"And so it would, cousin Lucy. Give me Miss Maudesley's book, and to expiate my offence I will even do pilgrimage to Waverly Place."

"Take care, or I'll tell Caroline just all you say," returned Lucy, who, appeased by his acknowledgment, immediately recovered her good humor.

Carteret received the book, but still lingered, amusing himself in imagining the various diverting anecdotes of Mrs. Amy which he hoped to elicit from her numerous relatives in support of their unanimous assertion that Mrs. Amy Harleigh is in deed and in truth a "very queer woman."

He was at length interrupted by Mrs. Bertie's exclamation, "Hark!—there she comes!"

"I am off then, instanter," cried Carteret, seizing his hat, "but I will look in on you this evening, and bring with me such documents in corroboration of Aunt Amy's oddness, as shall forever silence all doubts of my veracity in future. So love to Mrs. Amy, and au revoir, my fair cousins."

With these words he vanished; but scarcely had the sofa been drawn up and the little coterie gathered around the evening fire, when Carteret again burst into the room with a bundle of papers in his hand, exclaiming:

"There, young ladies, I flatter myself there is some diversion for you, for which I hope you will be duly grateful. I have been out all day, like the bee, gathering sweets from every flower, you perceive, though sooth to say, some of those flowers were rather faded ones."

"Sweets," echoed Mrs. Bertie; "say poisons rather, cynic and slanderer that you are! Had you likened yourself to the spider or the asp, there would be rank injustice in denying the similitude—but the bee! Out upon you, Frank, for so gross a calumny on the virtuous denizens of the apiary."

"And is it possible, cousin Frank, that you have seriously set yourself about the business of collecting slanderous anecdotes in proof of dear Aunt Amy's peculiarity?" demanded Lucy Belton.

"Mrs. Amy's peculiarity is established beyond questioning, and I scorn your insinuation, madam. I scorn it with my heels," returned the gentleman. "I am bound to vindicate my own veracity, and if in so doing, any

instances of Mrs. Amy's peculiarity be brought to light, it is no affair of mine—I cannot help it."

"Oh no—you are a very helpless gentleman, we must all admit," said Miss Belton, "but you have been industrious! What a pity that so much zeal had not been exerted in a better cause!"

"And in what better cause could it be exerted than in redressing the wrongs of the injured? Have I not declared myself Aunt Amy's champion, and are not these the proofs of my zeal in avenging such of her injuries as I had no power to redress? And moreover, are not all her enemies at this moment writhing under the infliction of the penalty which I have exacted from them, from old cousin Bridget, up even to the bustling Commodore's lady? But fair and softly, ladies—these treasures are mine and shall be read in order. This first, with your good leave."

"A truce with your old bachelor whims," said Mrs. Bertie. "This is Mrs. Carlton's, you say—how in the world did you manage to extort such a production from her?"

"By the most adroit management only, be sure of that, for I found the Commodore is expected home in the Lexington, and his fussy wife was, of course, in a greater fuss than ever; could think of nothing but her carosposo, and even when asked the news, could hardly spare time and breath enough to tell me that Aunt Amy had succeeded in preventing Bell Bendridge from making a fool of herself."

"Bell Bendridge," exclaimed the company in full chorus. "How? Surely you don't mean that Aunt Amy——"

"Has broken off her intended match with her Italian adorer," interrupted Carteret; "yes, I do mean it. 'And it was well enough for Aunt Amy to interfere,' hurriedly remarked the Commodore's better half, 'for Aunt Amy is such a queer woman that nobody is surprised at anything she does.' This was enough for me, and therefore on this hint I spake, informing her of what had occurred here this morning, and my resolution in consequence of becoming the champion of Mrs. Amy. I then adroitly alluded to the expected return of the 'brave commander' and the multifarious employments and preparations in which her ladyship must be involved in consequence. This put her at once into a fidget beyond my hopes. Throwing myself, therefore, at full length on the sofa, I demanded proofs in support of her calumnious allegations against Aunt Amy, without which I announced my unchangeable resolution never to quit the house. My threat of a prolonged visit in the very midst of her bustling preparations was sufficient, and in order to get rid of me the good lady promised immediate compliance with my whim, as she had the incivility to call it; and there you have it," added Carteret, as he placed the manuscript before them—"the very first literary production of the Commodore's lady, which I shall now read for your edification and amusement;" and taking up the paper, he commenced reading the narrative of Mrs. Carlton, which will be found in the next chapter.

A NUT FOR OLD BACHELORS.

In looking over some extracts from the old Plymouth Colony laws, we met with the following curious statute, enacted in 1669, which we commend to the attention of our bachelor readers:—"Whereas great inconvenience hath arisen by single persons in this Collonie being for themselves and not betaking themselves to live in well gov'ned families; it is enacted by the court that henceforth noe single pson be suffered to live of himselfe, or in any family but such as the Celectmen of the Towne shall approve of; and if any pson or psons shall refuse or neglect to atend such order as shal be given themby the Celectmen, that pson or psons shal be sumoned to the court to be proceeded with as the matter shall require."

SKETCHES OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY MRS. E. MARIA SHELDON.

THE HOME OF THE HURONS.

"I WISH you could go to Dry Prairie and see the Huron Indians," said a beloved cousin, one day during my last last visit to her, before she and her husband went as missionaries to the Northern Indians.

"Where is Dry Praire, coz," I inquired, "and how came the Indians there? I thought they were ordered beyond the Mississippi years ago."

"It is a small prairie in Calhoun county, in this State, and would probably be almost entirely unknown were it not a missionary station. You speak of the Indians being ordered beyond the Mississippi," continued my cousin; "this tribe was not an exception to the general order, and thereon hangs a train of occurrences of no little interest to me."

"And you will repeat the 'ower true tale,' will you not?" I asked with great interest.

"Yes," she replied, "though there are feelings of deep melancholy connected with all Indian reminiscences. 'Twas a sad time for the remnants of the Indian tribes when the Government troops came to conduct them to their new homes. In vain did they now lament the short-sightedness that gave their beloved hunting grounds into the hands of the 'pale faces.' They must go, they must leave the graves of their fathers to be desecrated, and the tall forests of their childhood's home to be despoiled by the unappreciating immigrant.

"Among the many Indians in our Peninsular State, who were then removed, was the small part of the Pottawattamie tribe, called the 'Huron band.' They had long lived on a reservation known as 'Dry Prairie,' and at the time of their removal were ruled by a chief named Mongongon.

"While many of the tribe seemed very reluctant to leave their old home, Mongongon expressed a great anxiety to remove, and used all his influence to get his people together and prepared to go.

"The Hurons consisted then of about one hundred persons. So small a band, with so little preparation as Indians make for removal, one would suppose might be easily managed, but it was far otherwise. Escapes from the Prairie were of daily occurrence, and Mongongon expressed himself as well nigh discouraged. At length he called a council of the tribe, and after a long 'talk,' they decided to follow their chief.

"But after they had started under the escort of the United States troops, in company with the many small bands of Indians from different parts of the State, the Hurons were still refractory. So efficient was Mongongon in bringing back the deserters, and so anxious did he appear to go to his new home, that he gained the entire confidence of the officers, and on pretence of more effectually preventing the escape of his people, he was allowed to take the rear. For a few nights the Hurons encamped with the main body, then they were a mile or two behind, and on inquiring the reason Mongongon replied, that it took so much time to bring back the deserters that he could not move forward as fast as the rest. So completely had the old chief beguiled the officers that they gave no further attention to the Huron band for some days, and when search was finally made they had gone none knew whither."

"What! the old chief too?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," was the reply, "Mongongon and all! '*Est il possible*' had decamped with the rest. Four days the rest of the Indians remained in encampment, while a diligent search was made for the Hurons, but without success."

"Was not Mongongon's anxiety to go with the troops all a mere sham?"

"Undoubtedly. Indeed Mongongon now says, the band had their plans all laid when they held the council, just before expressing their willingness to go."

"Why, then, did they keep trying to escape?"

"To deceive the officers, get into the rear, and thus secure the advantages they finally gained."

"Really, Mongongon proved himself quite a general," said I; "but, coz, where did the Hurons go? I should think they might have been easily overtaken."

"You must remember," replied my cousin with a smile, "that they had some days the start, they were well acquainted with the country, and were fleeing, as it were, for their lives. They went by a circuitous route to Grand Rapids, where they remained a year or more. Then they removed in a body a little nearer their former homes. After some time, one or two families ventured back to Dry Prairie, their old home; then others came, then all. 'Twas some time longer before they ventured to build wigwams on the Prairie; at length finding themselves unmolested, and almost unnoticed, they began to feel quite at home again. During their stay at Grand Rapids they had been under the teaching of a Romish priest, and had embraced his faith, and he now visited them occasionally. About two years since, a young minister of the Methodist denomination, hearing of these isolated Hurons, resolved to visit them. He had a long conversation with the old chief Mongongon, concerning the Protestant faith; and asked permission to have a 'talk' with the assembled band.

"After much persuasion, his request was granted, and he addressed the Indians through an interpreter, telling them the Romish faith was erroneous and urging the claims of one only Mediator. The Indians were pleased with his kind and persuasive manner, and he appointed a day a few weeks distant when he would address them again. A short time after the missionary left them, the Romish priest came, and on learning what had transpired, threatened them with the vengeance of the Great Spirit if they changed their religion. As if the thoughts of their hearts called down the judgments the priest had predicted, Mongongon's wife was taken ill, and for many days her death was hourly expected; when at length she began to recover, Mongongon himself was attacked with the same disease, and then there was no doubt in his mind that these afflictions were sent because he had thought of changing his religion. So strong was this conviction, that he repeatedly declared he would tomahawk the missionary white man if he came to the camp again. The day of the appointment arrived, and punctual to the time came the young teacher of the new religion. The old chief was still sick; for a number of days he had not left his bear-skin couch; but now when he saw before him the white man, the cause of all his afflictions, all the *savage* in his nature was aroused; revenge strengthened his muscles and flashed from his dark eyes. Springing from his couch he seized his tomahawk, and with fearful threats and menacing gestures, ordered the 'white man teacher' to 'begone.' Though the missionary was well aware, from the violent gestures and angry looks of the chief, that all was not right, he took advantage of his ignorance of the Indian language to remain unmoved. Exasperated because he could not make the dull white man understand and obey, Mongongon approached still nearer, and raised his tomahawk to strike the imperturbable missionary, when an Indian woman named Mary, who had spent some months in a Baptist mission school and favored the Protestants, sprang between the infuriated chief and the missionary, exclaiming, 'He is God's man; if you strike you cannot kill him,—he is God's man!'

"The superstitious chief was awe-struck; the weapon fell from his hand, and this sudden reversion of feeling brought back all his physical weakness, and with the docility of a child he suffered himself to be supported to his couch. After lying a few minutes with closed eyes, and an expression of deep thought on his countenance, Mongongon motioned the missionary to his bedside, and extending his hand in token of reconciliation, he wished a farther explanation of the 'new religion,' as he called it. Joyfully did the missionary, aided by Mary, who acted as interpreter, explain to the attentive chief the beautiful simplicity of a pure faith in Christ, and the folly of presenting to a heart-searching God the useless service of mere forms and ceremonies. He also showed Mongongon, from Holy Writ, that his sickness was not an expression of divine disapprobation, but one of those providences which are visited for wise purposes, alike upon the good and evil. So plain and conclusive were the explanations of the missionary, and so evidently heartfelt were all his expressions of interest in the welfare of his red brethren, that the heart of the old chief was completely won, and he ordered the band to be called together to listen to the 'talk' of the 'white teacher.'

"After the religious services closed, the 'head men' of the band held a brief consulta-

tion, when they informed the 'white man teacher, if he would come again next moon, they would tell him whether they would have his religion or not.'

"A few days after this interview, runners were sent to their white neighbors for miles around inviting them to a great council on the Prairie.

"None of the white men knew why they were thus called together, and so great was the curiosity to learn the reason of this strange proceeding, that all the invited were punctual to the appointment.

"I have often thought of that council, how wild and interesting the scene! The shades of night had fallen around; the bright stars that so thickly gemmed the blue canopy above, looked down cheerfully; away in the forest the whip-poor-will poured forth his song, and the cricket's note was a pleasing accompaniment. In the midst of the Prairie was a bright blazing council fire, revealing in the shadowy background the rude wigwams of the Indians, and gathered groups of Indian women awaiting with intense interest the decision which would be, far beyond aught they could comprehend, the sentence of their 'weal or woe.'

"Seated in a circle around the council fire, were white men gathered in from every direction to advise with their red brethren on a subject involving the dearest interests of an unending existence. The pipe of peace went round, and Mongongon, still feeble from his recent illness, stepped into the circle, and opened the council by telling his white brothers that he had sent for them to inquire which religion was true, the religion of the 'white man teacher,' or the Roman Catholic religion?

"Here were Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, and those making no profession of religion, assembled to tell these poor red men what system of faith they should adopt. Thanks to the pure charity which the religion of Christ always imparts, there was no demurring about the shades of difference in the opinions of those called evangelical Christians, but with one voice they advised these sons of the forest to adopt the religion which the missionary taught.

"Their advice was accepted, and the Romish priest was informed on his next visit of their decision.

"The young missionary continued to preach to them, and his labors were, a few months after, rewarded by the conversion to practical Christianity of about twenty of their number, among the first of whom were Mongongon and his wife.

"One of the first fruits of a new life, was the anxiety manifested by the Indians for the education of their children.

"Unable at that time to procure a teacher to come to the Prairie, they obtained permission to send their children to the nearest school among the whites, about two miles distant. Under this new arrangement things moved on very well for a time, but the Indian children had never been accustomed to the restraints of the school-room, and after the novelty had worn off they became restless and sullen; the teacher, fearing the anger of the Indians, dared not punish them, so the rebellion increased till the teacher was obliged to send to the parents requesting them to remove their children.

"The astonished Indians came immediately, and inquired why their children must be removed.

"The teacher very frankly told them their children were not obedient, and she had heard so much of Indian revenge that she dared not punish them.

"They listened attentively while she recounted her silly fears, and when she had finished they indulged in the strangest of all things for an Indian, a hearty laugh!

"They told the teacher they expected of course she would treat their children just as she did those of the white man, and punish them if refractory.

"However, they took the children home and adopted a singular mode of punishment for them. Each unruly child was placed in a small pen built for the purpose, and fed on bread and water for a week, seeing no one but those who supplied their wants. They were then sent back to school, but were more disobedient than before; the groundless fears of the teacher still prevented the administering of salutary discipline, and in a few days the disappointed parents were obliged to take their children from the school altogether."

"Oh, that was too bad!" I exclaimed; "but I hope they did not entirely give up the attempt to educate their children."

"No," replied my cousin, "they were too much in earnest for that. The converted Indians had a great desire to hear their children read the Bible, and they all began to realize that 'knowledge is power.' So, with the ad-

vice of their missionary, Mary, whom I mentioned, taught the children at home the remainder of the summer, and ever since they have had a school on the Prairie."

"What sort of houses do the Indians live in now?" I inquired.

"They have six nice, substantial log-houses on the Prairie, all built exactly alike, with two rooms, a chimney, and glass windows. They cultivate the land, and an effort is being made to purchase the tract where they reside, that they may be permanently settled."

The above account, given two years since, interested me deeply in the welfare of that feeble band struggling to attain to a higher state of being, both in this world and the next, and I was highly gratified by a recent interview with Rev. Mr. F——, Presiding Elder under whose superintendence are the Hurons, and a number of other small bands of Indians who have found their way back to their old homes. He says, "The Hurons are prospering mentally and morally. There has been considerable sickness and quite a number of deaths among them; the band now numbers about sixty, thirty of whom are professors of religion, and most of them very consistent Christians. The Indians now own 160 acres of land just off the Prairie for farming purposes, and 80 acres in the maple tract, as it is called, which they keep for a 'sugar bush.' Their settlement now contains twelve houses besides the mission house, and the Indians manifest a great desire to have their homes neat and comfortable. They have an excellent school taught by the sister of their missionary, and the scholars are making good progress in the attainment of knowledge. The Indians raise the same kind of crops that their white neighbors do; they have sheep and cattle, and are much pleased with their success in their new manner of life. The old chief, Mongongon, is still living, and last year he raised the first wheat that had ever been raised by them. Mongongon is a very devoted Christian, and labors incessantly to promote the best interests of his people."

Thus is Christianity coming with its divine ministering to the remnant of a mighty people. Amid the deep gloom, which the melancholy fate of the missionaries among the Oregon Indians throws over the mind, how cheering is the ray of light gleaming from the home of the Hurons; and eagerly, as food by the famishing, is seized that food of the soul, the blessed promise, that "The Gentiles shall come to the Light," and "So shall they fear the name of the Lord from the west, and his glory from the rising of the sun!"

How cheering the thought that the time is not far distant when hatred and revenge shall have no place in the human bosom, but from the rivers to the ends of the earth,

> He, whose right it is, shall reign
> O'er apostate earth's domain.

Jackson Mich.

APOSTROPHE TO AUTUMN.

Hail! manhood of the year! Welcome again
To thine old northern sceptral halls, where erst
Thy kingly gifts were scattered, in the lap
Of waiting husbandry and anxious toil.
Thou hast a ceaseless ministry of good,
For king and vassal, autocrat and slave.
Thy sister seasons, in their royalty,
Have tinged the wide horizon of our hopes
With bows of promise, bright and beautiful;
But the fruition was all thine to bring.
We love thee for thyself—for thy blue skies,
Lit up with astral lustre, such as showers

Its mellow richness only on thy seat;—
Thy spicy breezes, aromatic gales,
Thy windy murmurs at the eventide,
Thy forest drapery of thousand hues,
And all thy life-inspiring sympathies.

Yet, art thou not, to man's deep thoughtfulness,
A harbinger of sadness and of gloom?
Droop not the flowers, when thy rude, chilly breath
Falls on their wavy tresses, and the touch
Of thy frost fingers fades their petal hues?
Do not the grateful minstrelsy of birds,
The humming melody of insect tongues,
And the glad chirping of earth's tuneful choir,
All cease at thy harsh speech of winds and storms,
And grave-like silence wait upon thy tread?
Is not thy reckless hand laid ruthlessly
On the rich mantle of the deep-aisled woods,
And on the verdant coronet of hills?
Dost thou not strip the gray old monarch trees,
And bare unshamed the towering mountain's brow?
Are not thy dirge-like voices, as they come
All fitfully, upon the cold night air,
Sad requiem chantings o'er the grave of forms,
Which, but for thee, had stayed, all beautiful,
To brighten and to bless our dear earth-home?
And are they not stern Winter's herald tongues,
Sent to announce his coming and his reign?

Yet, still we welcome thee, though all too well
We know thy sadnesses, and see thy work
Of dreary desolations. So we hail
Ours, as *thy* manhood. Though the gushing springs
Of childish merriment, and rich-hued hopes,
Wait on our artless years; though youthful joys
Bloom into beauty while the summer phase
Of life comes on; still we impatient wait
For the stern scenes of manhood, though its cares,
Bitternesses, and strife, come sweeping on,
Bending the spirit 'neath their weary load,
And muttering of the death-bed and the grave.

Come, then, and teach us wisdom. Let our hearts
Be chastened by the lessons of thy work.
Speak to our inward ears, and bid our hopes
Be fixed where desolation enters not. G.

Grafton, Mass.

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

BY MRS. E. DOUGHTY.

"STRAWBERRIES, pie apples, and green peas," bawled out the huckster, from a new blue-painted cart, containing all the luxuries of the season.

"Oh mother," said little Bessy Green, "let me run and buy father a few of those strawberries—he longed so much for some yesterday when the man went by."

"I've not a cent, my child," said her mother; "but stop, I have only a few more pieces to iron, and then you can carry this half dozen home. Perhaps the young lady will give you the money for them. Poor father! I fear it will be the last he will desire. Get a loaf also for supper; your brother may come home tired and hungry. He is so timid the other boys always take advantage of him. I am much afraid he will never make out with his papers. Take the jar also and get a pint of oil. If father should die in the night, we have not a drop of oil in the house."

Bessy did as she was told. She rang at the door of the great house. The young lady was at dinner. "Tell her to wait," was the reply.

The poor child waited patiently for half an hour, but the young lady had forgotten she was there. When she was again reminded, she was quite vexed at being so disturbed, and sauntering into the hall said, "So, child, you have brought my things at last. I hope they are better done up than they were the last time. I shall send them back if they are not." Proceeding to take the clothes out of the basket, "Why, look here, child, there is not half starch enough in this skirt, and your mother ought not to charge for these small pieces."

"Mother says the small pieces will not make up for the starch she has to use, the skirts take so much," said the child humbly.

"Now see how this dress is ironed again," exclaimed the young lady; "I shall send it back."

"Mother took all the money she had to buy soap, and starch, and coals. Father is very sick, ma'am, and——"

"Don't stand talking to me in that manner; if your father is sick I can't help it. They must go back."

"And you won't pay me for them now, ma'am?"

"Certainly not. Let your mother do them properly before I pay for them."

The poor child returned with a sorrowful heart. A little starch and a few coals were borrowed from a poor neighbor, and the little girl was again seen ringing the bell at the great hall door; but the young lady had just gone out to walk, and poor Bessy was again disappointed. As she descended the steps she met young Frank Fairfax, one of the Sunday school teachers. "Well, Bessy," said he, "has your mother got my two new shirts done? I positively haven't a decent bosom to wear: tell her I must have them this evening."

"Father is very ill, sir," said the poor child.

"Indeed, I am very sorry. I hope he is a temperance man, Bessy. Intemperance is a dreadful evil." Bessy was going to reply, but her teacher was rounding the corner, when looking back he said, "Don't forget the shirts, Bessy." Again the poor child returned with a heavy heart. "Mr. Fairfax's shirts are finished," said her mother, "and I have on Saturday a great many clothes to send home—it cannot be possible but I shall have some money before dark—you can boil a few of those potatoes for yourself and brother."

"But they are all rotten, mother."

"Well, cut the best out; they will have to do until I get some money."

Bessy put on the potatoes,—the shirts were put up in a clean handkerchief, and she was once more at the door of one of their employers. The young man was at home, and much pleased with the manner in which they were got up; he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, (poor Bessy's heart dilated with joy,) but there was nothing there,—he put his hand in his pantaloons pocket, there was nothing there. "Zounds," said he, "I have no change;" but now he puts his hand in his coat pocket, and draws forth a large pocket-book half open, and the bills fall on the floor. Bessy humbly picks them up one by one and hands them to him. Looking at each one in turn he puts them carefully back, returns them to his pocket, and sings out to his brother in the next room,

"Edward, can you lend me a half dollar?" "I haven't it," said his brother, entering the room, "but I can get your bill changed in a moment."

"What! change a ten dollar bill for a washerwoman! no; I can't do that;" and turning to the disappointed child, he carelessly said, "Tell your mother I will pay her next time."

"Would you be willing to wait until next week for your shirts?" said his brother as poor Besay descended the stairs.

"Certainly not; why, she's had them now nearly a fortnight."

"And why should she wait for her money, any more than you for your shirts? I doubt not her need is the greatest of the two, and although only a washerwoman, she is as much entitled to justice as yourself."

"Why, really, Edward, you would make an excellent parson, but I want you and Mary to attend the lecture this evening. I am going to hold forth in the temperance cause, and all our young friends have promised to attend and sign the pledge after the lecture. We shall have a glorious time." But Edward was out of hearing. Suddenly starting off he had reached the hall door just as little Bessy was going out. He put a shilling in her hand, for he had scanned her countenance, and sympathized sincerely in her disappointment. She soon reached home with a basket of strawberries for her father, and a small loaf—the only thing they had for supper.

The mother was busily engaged in arranging a large basket in which she deposited the several parcels of her various customers. After attending to her sick husband, she took a few mouthfuls of the loaf to prevent her being faint, and proceeded on her errand. A long walk through crowded streets brought her to a large building in the lower part of the city. It contained an indefinable number of offices, occupied by men of different classes and occupations. On the second floor she knocked at the door of an attorney.

"Who's there?" said the master.

"Only the washerwoman, sir," said the boy.

"What does she want?"

"She's brought your clothes, sir, and wants the pay."

"I cannot attend to it now, I am very busy."

"Must she leave the clothes, sir?"

"Certainly, you numbskull; how can I do without them?"

"The woman says she cannot do without the money, sir."

"If you bother me any more, you rascal, I'll send you headlong down stairs;" and thus ended the argument.

She ascended the next flight, where sat a number of gentlemen at a round table. There were a great many papers on the table and many small heaps of gold coin glittered before her longing eyes. As the door was standing open, the woman had presented herself and made bold to knock gently with her knuckles. It was some time before any one appeared to heed her. At length one of the party raising his eyes to the door, said, "Oh! the washerwoman: have you brought my clothes?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right, just lay them in that corner; I cannot attend any farther to you now, next week perhaps."

"But, sir, my husband is dying; I cannot wait, for I have not a cent in the world."

"Oh yes, I know you folks have always a child, or husband, or mother, at the point of death, but I tell you I am busy, and if you trouble me to pay you now, it will be the last you'll ever receive from me, I assure you." The man had been a good customer, so the poor woman passed on to the next floor, but with no better success. All her clothes were delivered, and she was not one cent richer than when she entered the building.

A short distance from this building stood an omnibus waiting for passengers. In it sat an old gentleman, a young man, and a beautiful young lady. The old man was a hard-looking old fellow, and as the news-boys would present themselves in quick succession, with, "Want a paper, sir? great news, gentlemen, from Mexico," his eyes would flash daggers at them, as though he would annihilate them with a look. At last, when his patience was quite worn out, a poor little fellow ventured quite into the stage, with "Please, gentlemen, buy one paper;" the old man raised his stick in a rage, and would have struck him; but the young man, who had accustomed himself to study human nature in its various forms, discovered in this boy something more than the undaunted assurance that pervaded the countenance of the others. "What's the matter, my poor boy," said he kindly; "have you been unfortunate today?"

"My father is very ill," said he, "and I have not made enough this day to buy us bread, when I thought to have made sufficient to give him something more for his supper;" and the

tears gushed from his eyes. "Poor boy!" said the lady; "suppose we buy all he has left."

"I am quite willing," said the young man.

"But I shall pay for my share," added she; "I'll not give alms at the expense of another."

The boy gazed on them with wonder and gratitude, and was about to express his thanks, when a report reached them that a poor woman had just been killed by falling down six pair of stairs in the large building a few rods off. The boy flew like lightning to the spot, but returned in a very few minutes exclaiming, "It is my mother, my poor mother!" The gentleman and lady alighted immediately. They passed through the crowd with much difficulty, and found it was poor little Bessy's mother, whom they both well knew, for it was none other than Edward Fairfax, and his lovely intended, Mary G——.

"How did it happen? how did it happen?" inquired the gaping multitude.

"Why, Frank Brown, who never shuts a door after him anywhere, left the trap-door open,—the stairs were dark, and as she came down she turned the wrong angle and fell through."

"Poor creature," says one, and walked away. "Poor thing," says another, "what will they do with her?" "Do you think she's dead?" says a third. "Has she any home?" says a fourth;—but they all passed on, lest they might be called on to do that which somebody must do.

That somebody was Edward Fairfax and his beautiful Mary, who, with the assistance of a humane physician, applied the usual restoratives, and discovered that life was not yet extinct. Edward soon procured a carriage, and lifting her in carefully, she was conveyed to her home, where, with the assistance of these kind friends, she was put comfortably to bed. By the assistance of Bessy, Miss G—— procured a person to stay with her through the night; but the husband also required much attention. Edward waited on Mary home, but returning soon with lights and provisions, he remained with this afflicted family until two in the morning, when he returned home. He no sooner rang the bell than his brother Frank appeared.

"A pretty time of night, truly," said he, "for a young man to be out—and Saturday night, too."

"I have been usefully employed, however," said Edward, cheerfully.

"No doubt," tauntingly exclaimed Frank, "but you manage usually to spend your money somewhere, or you would make a more respectable appearance on Sundays. Mother says she really is ashamed of your best suit."

"I make out to pay my washerwoman," said Edward, and passed on to his own room, falling severely under the censures and suspicions of his brother.

Frank had returned from a temperance meeting just four hours before, accompanied by his mother and her niece, to whom he was engaged. He had held forth to the delight of a crowded audience, and numbers had pressed forward to sign the pledge. Congratulations saluted him from every side. "What a fine youth!" said one. "What a happy mother!" exclaims another. "How proud she must feel!" "I could listen to him all night," says a beautiful young girl. "I have determined to sign the pledge," says her companion.

Frank had but one thing to annoy him—that his brother and Mary were not there to witness his triumph; and his pride and self-love had just wrought him up to a fit state to lord it over his brother when he entered. Sunday morning came, bright and fair. Frank put on one of his new shirts, but the poor washerwoman never once crossed his mind. After surveying his dress with much satisfaction, he proceeded to the parlor, where, offering his arm to his cousin, they both sallied forth to the Sunday-school.

No sooner had Edward taken breakfast than he proceeded to the house of the washerwoman, where he found Mary had preceded him. He had no idea of the utter destitution of this poor family. And when the mother in feeble tones related her mournful pilgrimage through those suites of rooms where she delivered the results of her industry, and where she was insulted for merely asking a small pittance, her own just due, his heart swelled within him, and he secretly vowed she should have justice. Mary, with the assistance of her mother, had again replenished their cupboard, and Bessy kept the room so very neat, that although there were two sick persons in the room, there was nothing unpleasant about it. But there were two fond hearts there, which being purified from all selfish influences, mutually delighted in doing good to others. In all that was kind and true, their souls were one, and, like the good angels who continually hovered over them, shed their sweet influence of peace and consolation around. While this poor hut, seemingly

so destitute of every comfort, when freed from all pride and worldly-mindedness, might be compared to a paradise. So thought Edward Fairfax when he saw his loved Mary arranging the couch of the poor invalid. And so thought Mary, when she proposed that they should stay and watch the sick and allow the boy and girl to attend the Sunday-school, to which Edward joyfully consented. The children were soon dispatched—Mary throwing a fine cambric handkerchief over Bessy's neck to keep off the sun, at the same time imprudently allowing her to use her parasol for the same purpose.

But Bessy was not proud. As soon, therefore, as she had met her class, she took off the handkerchief, and carefully folding, laid it in the window, putting the parasol on it to keep it from blowing out. A few moments afterwards Frank's cousin entering, took off a fine lace cape and laid it in the window by the borrowed articles. The school commenced. Poor Bessy did not know her lesson—her little heart was too full to learn; and her trials at home had given her countenance anything but the appearance of cheerfulness or ambition. Her teacher, who was Edward's cousin, was much displeased with her, and pointed her out to him after school, as a sullen, morose thing. "You should take pattern by Ellen," said he, pointing to a fine-looking, bright-eyed girl; "she always knows her lesson." When school was dismissed, Bessy ran quickly home to relieve her patrons.

No sooner had she left than the cape was missing. They were not long in deciding where it had gone. "Did you notice what a fine handkerchief she had?" said one of the girls. "And what a beautiful parasol! where did she get them?" said they all at once. Her fate was decided, and poor innocent little Bessy was branded as a thief. Edward and Mary left as soon as she entered the house. Edward hurried home, and by the time he had made his toilet, the others came in from church. Of course the burthen of the conversation was the theft. Edward listened attentively, but he no sooner found it was his own protégé, than he declaimed boldly against the injustice of charging a child with a theft without sufficient proof. But Frank was obdurate, and would listen to no argument whatever, while Edward, finding he could not be heard, went away. The handkerchief and parasol had been considered positive proofs of her guilt. Not allowed to defend herself, or make any explanation, she was put in confinement until the next morning, without regard to father or mother, or any inquiry into the circumstances of the family. Edward and Mary mourned over their misfortunes as if they had been their own. But what could they do? The thought suddenly struck Edward that the wind might possibly have taken the cape out of the window. He made no delay, but immediately commenced an inquiry, and to his great joy found a person who had been sitting at a window opposite during the Sunday-school, and who saw the cape blown down, and immediately a girl came out and picked it up, and returned in haste. The girl was minutely described, and Edward lost no time in searching her out. The sick mother being now deprived of all the help she had, Mary begged of her own mother to go with her and remain the ensuing night, Edward accompanying them. They found the boy supporting his father in his arms, and he was dying. The anguish of the mother cannot be described. She lay in silent agony without the power to raise a limb, or even to approach her husband in his last moments. They knelt by the bed-side, while Edward put up a prayer for consolation to the bereaved wife—bereaved in a twofold sense—for at ten o'clock her little Bessy was to appear before the police. But Edward had taken care that his prisoner should be there also.

There were some sad faces at Mrs. Fairfax's breakfast-table that morning. Edward had not been at home all night; he had not been at church the day before, and his friends began to think he must be in a very bad way.

"I always thought it would come to this," said Frank. "He always refused to let me know where he went, or how he got rid of his money; but I must see to the little wretch who stole that cape yesterday. It is almost ten now;" and he hurried out of the house full of his own self-importance.

"What a lovely youth," said his grandmother, as he left the room.

"If Edward was only like him," said the mother, "how happy we might all be; but alas! they cannot all be alike."

Ten o'clock came, and poor little Bessy was brought before a court of justice. It was well for her that there was one present who would see justice done her. Her accusers had just given in their deposition when Edward and Mary entered with an officer, escorting the bright-eyed Ellen, whom Frank, the day be-

fore, had pointed out as a pattern for little Bessy.

The case was soon settled. The cape had been found in Ellen's trunk, and Miss G—— had identified it. A full explanation with regard to the handkerchief and parasol took place, and Bessy was once more restored to her mother. The poor father was buried at the public expense; and Edward lost no time in searching out the customers of the washerwoman. He not only forced them to pay up their bills, but as she had suffered so much for their convenience, represented so forcibly their duty in doing something for her comfort, that before he left the building he had collected nearly sixty dollars. This, with an addition from his brother Frank and some other friends, he invested in toys and toy books, and presenting the boy himself a nice glass case, set him, on his own responsibility, outside his mother's door. Bessy kept the house so tidy, nursed her mother so faithfully, and made such good use of the broken provisions with which Miss G—— continually supplied them, that after a long time her mother was enabled to be about again. But there was no further occasion for her taking in washing. Edward had paid her first half year's rent, while through the kind instructions of Miss G—— the economy of the household had been managed so well, that the glass case has at last found its way on a very respectable counter inside the house.

Edward and Mary are now married, as well as Frank and his cousin. Frank resides in a fine house in Broadway—is still the orator of the day at temperance meetings, and superintendent at the Sunday-school. He is an immense favorite with all the old ladies, and exerts himself more than ever to retain their good graces; but his wife being fond of high life, they are seldom seen together, and life drags heavily at their mansion.

Edward and Mary move in a more humble sphere. They live in a retired but delightful spot in the suburbs of the city, not much admired by the great and gay for their extraordinary talents or splendid attainments, but loved by all, both rich and poor, for their justice and benevolence. In doing to others as they would they should do unto them, happy in protecting the rights of such as are not allowed to assert their own rights, and ministering to the wants of the deserving indigent, their days glide on like a peaceful stream, unruffled by storm or tempest, although they never suffer themselves to be influenced by casual circumstances, or pronounce judgment from outward appearances.

I LOVE THEE.

Oh, what care I when others frown,
Or with their smiles approve me,
If but one little star looks down,
And, beaming, says, "I love thee?"

What matters it when others blame,
And with their sneers reprove me;
Upbraid or praise, 'tis all the same,
If one true heart can love me.

How meanless every other word,
Professing friendships breathe me;
How little felt if often heard,
"I love thee—oh, believe me."

It is no little thing to love,
No fancied admiration;
No honied words require to prove,
The heart's deep adoration.

The cord that's made to bind the heart,
Is woven up in heaven,
Though gold may play the baser part,
And bind the hand that's given.

As dreams will canvass realms above,
Then vanish when we waken;
So youth sometimes may think to love,
And age find youth mistaken.

But little matters it to me—
What hidden things are burning
In the hearts' deep treasury—
What voiceless homage spurning—

So long as thou, my love-lit star,
Art beaming bright above me;
And, in thy loveliness, afar,
'Tis joy to read, "I love thee." M. C.

FASHION.

If the ancients had been as much under the influence of Fashion as the moderns, they would have awarded to her ladyship greater powers, and conferred upon her higher honors than upon any of their long list of divinities, not excepting even the Thunderer himself. She would have suffered the honors of deification at once. Mounted on some lofty Atlas, armed with her trident, she would have swayed the sceptre of universal dominion. Unfortunately, they had not discovered her wonderful powers, nor learned the magic of her name. It is certainly to be regretted that in their extensive manufactory of gods and goddesses, and their large assortment constantly on hand, there was no niche left for this modern wonder. The omission, however, proves one thing conclusively, that the world is on the advance, and we are wiser than our fathers. Should we get up a new edition of divinities diligently revised and corrected, we should be compelled to make some serious and important alterations. Among those changes, Mrs. Jove would be obliged to vacate her post instanter, to make room for the heroine of our story, Mrs. Fashion; and old Jove himself, unless he held a tight rein, and kept a sharp look-out, would find his better half stealing his thunder, and running away with his team, and with her digits archly extended from her nose, as she drove off, intimating in the clearest manner that she could take care of her own business and his too, and would dispense with his services hereafter.

With these preliminary remarks, it is scarcely necessary to add that the influence of Fashion is almost omnipotent. The great question now is not, Is this thing right, proper and becoming? The same result is arrived at by a much shorter process. Is it fashionable? An affirmative answer to this question settles all disputes, and this decision, unlike those in our courts of law, is final. There is no disposition to move a new trial and carry the cause to a higher court. The decision is unquestioned and unquestionable.

If a lady goes shopping for a hat, the question is not, Will the color suit my complexion? Is the form adapted to my shape? Is it too large for correct taste? or too small for comfort and propriety? Are the trimmings adapted to the hat and conformable with neatness and simplicity? All these minor questions are summed up in the one—Is it fashionable?

An affirmative answer is satisfactory, although the hat may project over the face from twelve to eighteen inches, as they did a few years since, when looking a lady in the face was much like looking at the moon through a telescope. In selecting a dress, also, the same labor-saving operation cuts short all questions of propriety in pattern, color and figure, and all similar questions. In making up the dress it is not deemed necessary to inquire whether five yards in the sleeves is tasteful and becoming, or whether it would not be more becoming to fit like a stocking. Nor is it necessary to inquire whether ten yards and sundry other light and combustible matter should distend the form to the great inconvenience of others travelling in the same street, while at the same time the waist is kept down, or I should rather say, screwed up to the smallest living size. To suggest questions as to the taste and propriety of such fashions, shows that you have not "been round," and are a little "verdant." It is unnecessary to speak of shoes in this connection, as the Chinese are so far ahead of us, that rivalry is impossible, and they are justly entitled to bear away the palm. They have long since decided that nature is but a cobbler, and that they can make feet much better in every respect, on the uniform cast-iron plan. Nor is it proper for us to ridicule those eastern barbarians for this attempt to invade Nature's rights in putting the feet "on the limits" from early youth, while we practise the same barbarous screwing system upon another and more vital part of the body. In the style and furniture of our houses, the same question is asked. Is it fashionable? Taste and propriety are matters of little importance. Fashion is taste—is propriety—is everything. It even indicates how much money must be paid to support it, and unfortunately, requires more, usually, than can be reasonably and honestly spared for this purpose. The consequence is

a desperate attempt to keep up appearances, and after rendering the party miserable for years, ending at last in a fashionable failure, through which, however, the parties glide so easily, that it is difficult to ascertain that any change has taken place in their circumstances.

To be unfashionable in these days, requires an amount of moral courage that few possess. Occasionally, however, we meet with an instance of the kind, and we are led at once to exclaim, "how odd—how singular he is." If we know him to be a man of strong powers of mind, we put him down as an original—as a "*rara avis*"—a genus nearly extinct; but if there is manifested a shade of anything less than the best sense, we call him a poor, crazy unfortunate, and expend our sympathies upon him. We have such a case in our eye at this time. Almost daily may be seen in the streets of Gotham, a man who cares not a fig for fashion. His clothes are not in the newest style, or any style, and his hat is "shocking bad," in consequence of a habit he has of sleeping in empty lime-barrels. His whole appearance bears unmistakable impress of his lodgings,defying alike a knowledge of the original color or cut of his garments. I have often asked myself whether this man is most a fool or a philosopher. I am inclined, on the whole, to class him as a philosopher of the Diogenes school, though he has not yet provided himself with a "tub," unless his lodging-place may be considered in that light. We are now ready to put on our glasses and examine this subject—to inquire what fashion is, what are its claims to support, and how much we ought to be under its influence; and if there are any limits to its freaks and its barbarity. We assert that there are certain fixed principles of taste and propriety implanted within us by Nature, that fashion has no right to alter or transgress. In the article of dress, it should always follow and adapt itself to the proportions of the human form, and not impiously and wickedly undertake to alter it, or build a new one. It may be considered an axiom, that Nature has a more correct taste, and understands her business better than any milliner or dress-maker in Paris. Any fashion that presumes to alter the human form divine, either by compression or extension, should be scouted from community, as out of taste and out of character. Fashions may vary, but there is a limit beyond which variation becomes ridiculous, and nothing less than fashion's mighty power, and the extreme gullibility of mankind, will tolerate it. There are fashions that are exceedingly inconvenient, and should be discountenanced. Such are dresses trailing in the dirt. The opposite extreme would be still worse, as exhibiting a want of delicacy. There are fashions unnecessarily expensive, using twice as much and as expensive material as is necessary for taste or beauty. There are fashions that are dangerous to health, and should not be tolerated an hour. Such are thin shoes and slippers and cotton stockings and bare arms in mid winter. There are fashions which make some people absolutely ridiculous, while on others they are more tolerable. There are fashions that tend to licentiousness, and almost all fashions tend to pride and consequent poverty. One of the most repulsive features of fashion is, it is an exotic—imported from abroad. Were it a "native American," it would be far less objectionable. Some second-rate dress-maker in Paris or London picks up an old worn-out fashion, and calls it new. Some personage of high birth, perhaps, adopts it, and forthwith it is dispatched to our city, adopted instantaneously, without stopping to inquire whether it is pretty, or tasteful, or appropriate. These questions are not of the least importance. It is the fashion, and each one strives to adopt it as soon as possible, that they may not be behind in the race. Now we assert that this aping foreign fashions is degrading to us as a nation, and as individuals. It shows that we have no taste—no independence of thought or action—no originality or inventive genius of our own in these matters. We are now one of the largest nations on earth. Our flag floats in every sea. Our government is undoubtedly the best, and our people the most intelligent, enterprising and inventive. Why then, we ask, basely and servilely imitate the fashions of Europe, when we have long since rejected her government and institutions? Why are so many of our writers mere imitators of European authors? Why do our people prefer an imported to a native American article of almost any kind? Why have we not a national taste, and literature of our own, standing out like our government in its exalted simplicity and beauty? It is not because we are destitute of ability. Our government is one of our own manufacture, and it has done more to elevate us in the eyes of the world, than anything else. The world respects our independence in adopting as well

as our skill in framing it. Had we adopted some cast-off government of Europe, as servilely as we do their fashions, we should deserve and receive the scorn and detestation of the world. No! If we must have fashions, and keep them changing so rapidly that it is difficult to "keep up" with them, let us manufacture them ourselves. Let us have them adapted to our wants, to our habits, our conveniences and our comforts. Let us have them pure and beautiful as our own glorious constitution, founded in good sense and correct taste, with a due regard and adaptation to our wants, our interests, and our national character.

SELIM.

KATE BLYTHE.

"And spirits light to every joy in tune,
And friendship, ardent as a summer's noon."

It was a chilly night in the month of March; the steeple clock of the old church across the way had told the hour of nine, when an omnibus drew up before the door of a handsome house, in one of those large towns which, without being either city or "country village," combine the advantages of both. The occupant alighted from the vehicle, and ascended the steps to the hall door, with the eager air of one who is prepared to reciprocate a joyous greeting; but, as his hand touched the bell-knob, he paused, for at that instant the sound of merry voices broke on his ear from within. He turned, and motioned to the man who was removing his trunks with all convenient speed from the omnibus.

"Wait," he said, "until I have spoken with some one. If they have much company, I will return to the hotel until morning. I am too much wearied to endure society to-night, other than that of my friends."

He rang the bell, the door was opened, and the light from within revealed the figure of a young gentleman in a travelling cloak and cap, who inquired if Mrs. Austin were at home. He was answered in the affirmative, the noise from the rooms on either side at the same time rendering the second question which he had purposed asking unnecessary.

"She has visitors, I perceive," he remarked; "and I will not intrude myself to-night."

Just then a young lady, with "laughing eyes, and curls of glossy jet," crossed the hall, and glanced, very naturally, at the stranger who was standing in the street door. He raised his cap; she returned his salutation with a rapid, but graceful courtesy, and vanished into one of the parlors. In another moment, an older lady entered the hall by the door through which the young one had disappeared, and advanced, with some agitation of manner, toward the stranger. He rushed forward, apparently forgetful alike of ceremony and fatigue, and clasped her to his breast with the affectionate fervor of a returning son.

"And so you really meant to go away, and not let me see you to-night," said Mrs. Austin, reproachfully; smiling, at the same time, through her tears. "It was fortunate that Kate saw you, and heard what you were saying; she gave me notice, immediately; she knew I was expecting my nephew, and suspected, at once, who you were."

"I am deeply grateful to the young lady; but the truth is, my dear madam, I wished to meet you alone; and, besides, was really so tired, that the prospect of seeing a company of strangers was by no means delightful."

"Then go directly to your own room. George will show it to you. I will send you some refreshments, and you need not see my friends to-night."

"But, perhaps, I fancied myself more wearied than I am; or the pleasure of seeing you, Aunt, has revived me. I shall be happy to meet your visitors; and will only go to my room long enough to make myself presentable."

Half an hour later, Mr. Francis Belden was

seated in his aunt's drawing room, engaged in an animated conversation with the lively girl who had so opportunely made her appearance, in time to prevent his inflicting on himself the unnecessary trial of turning from the house of his relative, after years of absence, with a disappointed and dejected spirit. If her beauty and grace had, at first sight, awakened his admiration, that sentiment was heightened by the good sense, and—notwithstanding a slight disposition to playful raillery—the good feeling, displayed in her conversation. Mr. Belden was delighted, and once or twice asked himself if it were possible that, after all his travels—after years of intercourse with the polished daughters of Europe—a home-educated American girl could, without any apparent effort, appear so charming in his eyes. A trifling circumstance disturbed the current of his agreeable emotions. The sound of music was heard, and several young people left the drawing-room, to join in, or observe the dance that was just commencing. Mr. Belden "ventured to solicit the honor of leading out Miss Blythe." She thanked him, but was "already engaged."

"There will, probably, be more than one dance: I will hope, then, that the pleasure may be mine, by reversion."

"I have danced the greater part of the evening; my father has charged me to dance but once more," she replied, "and here comes my partner."

A young man, with a sickly countenance, a thin, bending figure, and an unsteady step, was advancing towards them, and Miss Blythe arose to meet him: her tall, perfectly proportioned form and elastic motions, making his unsightly peculiarities of person and gait still more striking. As the ill-matched pair moved away, Mr. Belden, whose countenance expressed both surprise and vexation, remarked to the lady on his other side:

"Miss Blythe is, certainly, aware of the effect of contrast."

"She is, probably, not ignorant of it," replied the lady; "but I will answer for her, that she has no such thought at this moment. She is prompted by the kindness of her heart, and by that alone, in what she is doing."

The sincere friendship of this reply caused Mr. Belden to regard the speaker more attentively than he had hitherto done. He had been introduced to Miss Blythe and Miss Harley, at the same time, by Mrs. Austin; but the sparkling witchery of the first-named young lady had so completely enchained him, that he had paid her silent companion little or no attention; he was now surprised to observe that, though not beautiful, she was singularly interesting in appearance. She had not Miss Blythe's brilliancy, either of complexion or expression, for she was pale and pensive; but her features were regular and delicate, and the "soft sadness" of her deep blue eyes seemed appealing for sympathy to the beholder's very heart. Mr. Belden almost reproached himself for having, thoughtlessly, treated her with neglect, and hastened to improve the opportunity now afforded him, of making proper atonement. He continued the conversation by asking:

"Is it usual for young ladies to defend each other's cause so earnestly?"

"I hope so," she replied; "especially, when the cause is so worthy. I only wish my friend had a more eloquent advocate."

"I should think that quite unnecessary," returned the gentleman, politely; "but, pray, explain: I confess I do not see the extraordinary merit of Miss Blythe's conduct. She was engaged to dance, and adhered to her engagement; is not that all?"

"No, sir, it is not all," answered Miss Harley, warmly: "but I cannot explain. I cannot describe the sweetness of her efforts to win the invalid from despondency, and induce him to mingle in society, where his misfortunes draw on him a degree of observation that is very painful to his feelings. Kate endeavors to alleviate the sufferings arising from a morbid sensitiveness of temper, by sharing both the observation and the remarks that frequently accompany it. She probably knows that few will venture a smile of derision at the expense of one who is countenanced by the rich and beautiful Miss Blythe."

"A very comfortable confidence; but I am rather surprised that, with so much sensibility of nerves, the gentleman alluded to does not shrink from exposing his deformity in so public a manner, as by joining a dance in so large a company as this."

"He does shrink from it; but it is important that he conquer his repugnance to being noticed in every possible way. He dances well, and the exercise it affords is more pleasant to him than any other. Kate, who is always ready to do good to every one, assists him by being his partner, very often."

"But, are there no other young ladies as amiably disposed as Miss Blythe? Would not Miss Harley do as much for the unfortunate?"

"I would, indeed; but the effect would not be the same. I, also, am poor and friendless; without standing or influence, to defend either him or myself against 'the proud man's contumely and the rich man's scorn.' I am his sister, and we are alone in the world; we can only pity and love each other."

Francis Belden was deeply touched; he colored with shame at the thought of the weak ill-humor in which he had been indulging, and sincerely entreated Miss Harley to forgive him, if, through a foolish pique at being repulsed in his attentions to Miss Blythe, he had inadvertently wounded her feelings.

"How do you like my favorite, Kate?" asked Mrs. Austin of her nephew, next morning, as they sat at the breakfast table. "I thought, at first, you were pleased with each other, but you seemed, afterward, more occupied with Grace Harley."

"Your observations were quite correct, madam, as regards myself—that is, Miss Blythe is a splendid girl, in appearance; but Miss Harley has a heart—a possession indispensable to the young lady who rivets my esteem."

"And how, pray, have you managed to arrive at the certainty that Kate is deficient in that particular? I have known her through her whole life, without making any such discovery."

"Perhaps she has as much of the article as is required by her position, that of a belle and an heiress. But give me, as a life-long friend, the girl whose heart throbs as warmly in another's cause as in her own, and whose modesty forbids a display of her power to please; rather than one whose smiles are carefully bestowed where, alone, they will be allowed the merit of patronage and condescension."

"Ah, I see how it is, Frank. You asked Kate to dance with you, and she persevered in her engagement with poor Albert Harley. But tell me, was Grace willing to hear you speak so severely of her friend?"

"By no means; her faithfulness in defending Miss Blythe convinced me of the excellence of her own disposition."

"I should have felt disappointed to hear otherwise. She is a good girl, I believe, and worthy *of Kate's kindness.* But I cannot suffe you to be so unjust to my favorite: you must listen to the causes of her conduct. Somewhat more than a year since, an affair of business called Mr. Blythe to Halifax. The vessel in which he embarked on his return, was wrecked, almost within sight of the port of destination. Among the passengers were an English gentleman whose name was Harley, and his son and daughter. While attempting to pass from the stranded vessel to the boat in which several of the crew and passengers effected their escape. Mr. Harley unfortunately fell into the sea. The son immediately plunged in to his father's assistance; but all efforts were fruitless. Mr. Harley sank to rise no more, and Albert was, with difficulty, rescued from the same dreadful fate. In his exertions to save his father, he had, in some way, injured himself so much that, when landed, he was entirely unable to walk. Mr. Blythe, with his usual humanity, gave the hapless brother and sister every aid which the circumstances and the time permitted. He succeeded in procuring them a comfortable shelter for the night, and "looked in," next morning, "to see how they fared." He found the orphan pair earnestly discussing the subject of their forlorn condition. Their father's death was, as may be supposed, their most prominent cause of grief; but, to add to the distress which that awful dispensation occasioned them, they had just now recollected that he had secured nearly all his money, and his papers, which, they had heard him say, were of still greater value, about his own person: of course, all were lost. His children saw themselves destitute in a land of strangers; the painful accident which had befallen the young man, rendering them helpless, as well as poor. Albert, who had ever until now been to his sister as 'the eagle, to shelter the dove with his wing,' was bowed to the earth in view of their deplorable situation; while Grace exhibited a strength of character, not to have been expected in one so young and gentle. Mr. Blythe was struck with the affectionate firmness of her behavior, and her cheerful endeavors to console her brother, and to propose plans of conduct. My worthy neighbor is not only rich, but, when the humor takes him, very generous: he resolved to offer these interesting young people an asylum in his own family. I have sometimes thought Mr. Blythe penurious, but he is never ostentatious; and, with true delicacy, he strove to give his invitation such a form that, in ac-

cepting it, the orphans might not feel oppressed by a sense of obligation. It is unnecessary to tell you that his benevolent purpose was accomplished. His guests were welcomed by his wife and daughter, with cordial kindness; and, in a very short time, secured to themselves the friendship and sympathy of all among whom it had pleased God to cast their lot. Albert's misfortune proved more serious than had been at first apprehended. Weeks, and even months elapsed, before he could walk without assistance; and then it was found that his once handsome figure had become, beyond remedy, crooked and ungainly. He was proud, and keenly sensitive: he refused to go abroad, even when he had recovered sufficient strength to do so,—for he shrank from the glance of a stranger's eye. Deeply grateful for the unpretending and unwearied kindness of his benefactors, he exerted himself to the utmost to serve them; and Mr. Blythe often asserts, that the intelligence and shrewdness of the young Englishman are invaluable to him, in business transactions. But though frequently assured of this, and also that Grace was quite as necessary to Kate, as her brother to Kate's father, Albert was restless and unhappy; grieving continually over the changes which had darkened and obstructed his way in life. He became, daily, more averse to intercourse with strangers, and secluded himself, as far as possible, from all society but that of his sister, and the immediate circle of their excellent friends. It was soon apparent that his melancholy musings, and the want of proper exercise, were performing their natural office of prostrating a constitution already enfeebled by suffering. Dr. Benton counselled a complete change of habits and pursuits; and candidly informed the invalid, that a prompt compliance with this advice was his only chance of escaping the ravages of a rapid consumption.

"'Why should I seek to escape them?' asked Albert, with much bitterness. 'What is life—What can it ever be, but

'——————a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I?'

"'A single glance of his sister's tearful, pleading eyes, rebuked the spirit which had dictated this unworthy response; and the poor young man promised obedience to his physician, in every particular but that of 'going more abroad, and seeking recreation of thought and feeling in cheerful society.' Grace and Kate ventured to hint to the good doctor their opinion that, with skillful management, this point also might be won. They have succeeded—though the ground has been yielded inch by inch. Kate has made her friend's cause her own; and nobly have the affectionate girls vied with each other in overcoming, 'by the patience of hope and the labor of love,' every obstacle that acute sensibility, wounded pride, and, perhaps, a habit of self-indulgence, opposed to their influence."

"And is the young gentleman such a prodigy now that he is resuscitated, as to repay their cares in his behalf?"

"Not a prodigy, perhaps, Frank; but he is the only brother of an orphan sister, whose life appears absorbed in his; a circumstance sufficient, in itself, to awaken every generous sympathy in such a heart as Kate Blythe's. You will be able to judge for yourself of his qualities, for our families are intimate."

KATE BLYTHE TO MARY W——.

April 10th.

Concerning the gentleman of whose name and performances I made, you say, such frequent mention in my last letter, a few sentences will suffice me to tell you all I myself know of him. Mr. Francis Belden is the nephew and adopted son of our good neighbor and friend, Mrs. Austin. He was left an orphan in very early childhood. After the death of his parents, he passed several years with his aunt in this place, then left her to enter college. He completed his course of study at Yale, and returned laden with learning's richest spoils, and decked with the highest honors that are ever awarded to the sons of genius in that venerable institution. His parents had left him a plentiful fortune, of which he was already in possession; besides this he was Mrs. Austin's acknowledged heir. It was not, therefore, necessary that he should choose a profession, and the young gentleman chose to travel; a sojourn of a few weeks with his relative over, he embarked for Europe. He has returned within the last few weeks, having spent more than six years among the historic wonders of nature and art, with which the old world abounds. You will next ask why, since he is so nearly related to Mrs. Austin, you

have not heard of him before, and here is my reply. I have never been acquainted with him before. You will recollect that we have resided in this town only about five years. You hint fears not a few, that my father's plans may be endangered by the foreign fascinations of this transcendent traveller. Now, my dear Mary, you need not expect me to pour a strain of abuse on the graceful head of Mr. Francis Belden, to prove to you, that I do not intend to be ensnared by his many "fascinations." Instead of doing this, I will endeavor to describe him to you as he appears to me.

Has it ever been your fortune to meet with a person in whom the very absence of everything with which you could find fault, amounted of itself to a fault, or at best to a deficiency? I remember standing by your side as we looked at a beautiful statue representing a girl of our own age—then eleven or twelve years. The sculpture was exquisite; the true proportion of every limb and feature, the grace of the attitude, the finish of the surface, were subjects of equal admiration. I gazed with silent delight, but I fully shared the feeling that prompted your exclamation of "How beautiful, how perfect! Oh! father, if we could but take it home with us, how happy I should be to have a thing so pretty always with me."

"It could not add as much to your happiness, my child, as you fancy," replied your father. You looked incredulous, but after a few minutes' silence, remarked:

"It is beautiful, very, very beautiful; but it is too white and smooth. A single spot or blemish, a little, ever so little roughness would have made it seem more like a thing that might be alive. I believe you are right, father. I should love to look at it all day. I should love to come again as often as I choose to see it; but it would be more pleasant to have a real little girl at home with me, if she were not handsome at all, than this pretty statue."

My emotions corresponded with yours; and, Mary, I cannot help likening the accomplished, highly finished Mr. Belden to that block of elaborate marble. Like it, he executes a first impression with remarkable effect; for his face is very handsome, his figure strikingly graceful, and his air indescribable. But, as with the statue and your second thoughts, the lustre of novelty has faded, and with it, the most potent charm of that indescribable polish has departed. I find myself searching, involuntarily, for something that marks a real, a natural character; for I cannot be persuaded that the graceful flexibility which accommodates itself with equal readiness, and, apparently, with equal pleasure, to every variety of manner, humor, and circumstance, is natural. I would not be unjust to Mr. Belden; I do not accuse; I confess a disposition to criticise him, but my most rigid scrutiny has detected nothing faulty, nothing unbecoming, or even disagreeable. It has merely assisted me to the supposition that he has so long and steadily kept in view the one object of self-culture, that education has advanced with him beyond the point of improving,—it has usurped the place of nature. Like the statue, again, he is a finished production of art. Nature, in both instances, prepared the material; genius and labor have effected the rest; and the workmanship is complete. The perfectly chiselled statue bears, I presume, as close a resemblance to the original mass of crude marble, as the perfectly educated, perfectly refined Mr. Francis Belden to the active, ingenuous, warm-hearted boy, to whose sportive pranks I have so often heard Mrs. Austin refer, with motherly delight, and whose return from Europe I was simple enough to anticipate. Yet the gentleman does not appear, and I do not believe he is anxious to display his exotic graces, for the purpose of exciting our rustic admiration. His manners are quite free from ostentation, and appear entirely unstudied, though they are certainly the result of much study.

An untutored human being, like myself, whose knowledge of etiquette is limited to her knowledge of right and wrong, of propriety and impropriety, laughs, weeps, moves or sits still, speaks or remains silent, as thought or feeling inclines. But Mr. Francis Belden has no thought, no feelings, no inclinations; none, I mean, that are exhibited by the ordinary modes of hearty expression. He walks, to be sure, and talks, and both with singular elegance; he often smiles, but seldom laughs—never at anything he himself says or does. Indeed, but for his fastidious neatness, one might almost suppose that self had neither "part nor lot" in his composition. He describes the scenery of the countries he has visited, the governments, appearance, character, and dress of their inhabitants, with the minuteness of a book; but makes no mention of his own adventures, though he frequently

refers to those of other travellers who have visited the same regions; and but for a life-like coloring which he contrives to throw over his pictures, and which interests his auditors extremely, whether they will or not, you would be as likely to fancy that he was reciting something that he had somewhere and sometime read, as that he was speaking of what he had himself seen and experienced. He is, as you will see, no egotist; in truth, I am puzzled to decide what he is. I find it so much easier to say what he is not. Of this I am convinced: though much learning hath not "made him mad," much education has unfitted him to relish the uncultivated, and, as it must almost appear to him, uncivilized society, which alone can be found among the haunts of his earlier life. I think it possible that the same cause may have another effect also, that of making him less useful and agreeable among his neighbors, than his talents and resources would otherwise enable him to be. For myself, I observe and listen with admiration, pleasure, and perhaps with profit, when I am in his company; yet I become every day more sensible of the value of the unsophisticated minds and hearts which compose our own fireside circle; "holy and precious" indeed are "the spells of home." I have now, beyond dispute, filled my letter with matter relating to Mr. Francis Belden. Our worthy Mrs. Austin would, without doubt, were she to read it, pronounce me "causelessly caustic." She loves her nephew, and loves her pet friend, Kate; she sees, of course, no fault in the former, and her kind, affectionate heart excuses all in the latter. She is anxious to see us on the best terms with each other, and I hope nothing may ever occur to disturb our present amicable position.

A moon has "waxed and waned," since Miss Blythe's letter was penned. Mrs. Austin and her nephew are again seated at the breakfast table, as when we last presented them to our reader's fancy. Their conversation refers to the same characters, and we insert a fragment of it, as the most available synopsis we can command of that month's evolutions, as connected with our "dramatis personæ."

Mrs. A.—"You confess, then, that my young friends have achieved a thorough conquest over your uncharitable 'first impressions.'"

"I make the acknowledgment with all candor, madam. Kate is 'a star of the first magnitude;' and the milder radiance of her almost sister, is only less dazzling, hardly less charming."

"And Albert——"

"Is worthy of all their solicitude. The restoration of a mind like his from the shades of despondency, and almost from the deeper gloom of the grave itself, was a work for angels to perform; and he is not insensible of his indebtedness to the seraph pair who undertook and accomplished it. Grace is his 'precious, priceless sister,' and Kate—I am not so certain of the light in which she is regarded."

"In much the same light as Grace, I presume, though you can hardly expect him to speak of her as freely."

"Excuse me, aunt, if I profess myself somewhat incredulous on that head. Albert has been intimately acquainted, for more than a year, with a girl of matchless beauty and worth—a daily observer of her graces and her virtues—himself realizing the value and the benefit of them all. I cannot think it possible that, with such a soul as his, he has not learned to look on her with other eyes than those of a brother—unless, indeed, his warmer affections were pre-occupied."

"Which supposition is probably correct. Grace told me, a few days since, that her brother had been engaged from his boyhood, to a lady of their father's choice. His present situation is likely to delay, if it do not, eventually, preclude the marriage: this disappointment may be one of the causes of his sadness. As to Kate—though not engaged, she is aware that her father has his own schemes relative to her marriage."

"And does this knowledge place her beyond peril? Most young ladies would be falling in love, for the mere romance of it, in such circumstances."

"Kate is not like most young ladies: she has much firmness of purpose, and is devoted to her father; for his sake, she will keep 'watch and ward' over every avenue to her heart."

"'A strong man armed keepeth his palace, until a stronger than he taketh from him his armor.'"

"My sweet friend wears an armor that may defy assault;—her goods are made secure by a sincere affection for her parents, and a high sense of filial reverence and duty."

"Admirable lawgivers, madam—if the heart would be subjected to rules and systems."

[To be continued]

THE COLLEGE SPIRIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE JUBILEE OF THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY, UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY, JULY 25, 1848.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

What Spirit from the sacred realms
Of Learning's sceptred sway,
Comes forth in vigor unimpaired,
While ancient thrones decay?

What whispereth to the man of God,
Who wars with sin and pride,
And brings a sunbeam o'er his thought,
When all is dark beside?

What, like a dovelet's dewy wing,
Doth fan the statesman's brain,
And from the brow of toil and care
Unbind the coiling chain?

What moves the sage of hoary hairs?
The lover in his bowers?
And o'er the prairie's boundless breast,
Sweeps like its breath of flowers?

What beckoneth with a viewless hand,
From homes that seas divide,
Back to the cloister'd halls of yore,
The Alma Mater's side?

Back to the earliest student-cell,
The tomes of lore refined,
Back to the quiet twilight walk,
Where heart with heart was twined?

Back to the fine, old, classic groves,
The haunts that flowers adorn,
Where 'neath the sunset's crimson cloud,
At flush of eve—'twas born?

Oh soul of Friendship! knit to strength,
'Mid youth, and learning's might,
Still strike thy rooted memories deep,
Till Time's receding light.

And link thyself with love divine,
That when life's dream is o'er,
Thou, with a seraph's lyre, may'st stand
Upon the eternal shore.

THE PAST.

BY H. LADD SPENCER.

I.

When Darkness o'er the world has thrown
Her mild, mysterious spell,
'Tis sweet to wander forth alone
By murmuring brooks, through wood-paths strown
With faded leaves,—to list the tone
Of Autumn's winds, whose solemn swell
Of childhood's joys and sorrows tell.

II.

'Tis sweet to watch the stars that light
The heavens so deep and blue;
For childhood's visions, pure and bright,
Return and thrill with calm delight
The saddened heart,—the solemn night
Recalls the Past, and paints, how true,
The scenes which we in childhood knew.

THE OLD MAID.

BY MARY GREY.

I KNEW one exception to the adage respecting a prophet being without honor in his own country, and among his own kin; for though we had all known Edward Clarence from his very infancy, so pure and spotless had his life been, that we felt for him a profound respect—almost a reverence. He had just finished his theological studies, and the village church was crowded when he preached his first sermon for us. But he was too conscious of the dignity of his office, and too much absorbed in the message he delivered, for embarrassment. It seemed almost wrong to think of it then, but oh, there was a heavenly beauty about him, as he stood before us there. You would never have called him handsome, as we generally speak of fine-looking men; still less would you have dreamed of applying to him the puerile epithet, pretty. A glance of his dark eye thrilled you to the soul, and there was that about him which at once impressed you with a sense of his superiority to common men. With what a deep and earnest gaze were Eunice Millmore's eyes fastened upon the preacher's face! It told how well she loved him, and I knew her heart was full of joy and thankfulness in feeling that she was to be the wife of such a man. But Mrs. Millmore was an invalid, and Eunice was the oldest of a large family of children, to whom she supplied, as well as she might do, her mother's place.

She would not leave them until her next younger sister, then about sixteen, and away at boarding-school, should return home, and be able to take charge of the household. And though Edward was about to become pastor of a church at the West, and would gladly have gone accompanied by her, he did not seek to change her resolution. But the ardent desires, and the bright hopes of usefulness which they both indulged, were not to be fulfilled. Edward had inherited from his father a consumptive constitution, and many had prophesied that his life would be but short.

He had the ominous cough, the humid breath, and the flushed cheek which tell of the destroyer's coming. Dr. Millmore, the father of Eunice, had observed these threatening symptoms with much anxiety. To him Edward confessed the torturing pains which he had borne for months without a word, and reluctantly coincided in the opinion that his anticipated labors must be relinquished, and that perfect relaxation from study alone could save his life. The cold bleak winter was coming on, and in the weak state of his lungs he would not be able to endure it. So when Autumn had thrown her Iris-hued mantle over the forest, he bade farewell to Oakville for the sunny South. *Sunny South!* There was no sunshine for him like that he left behind. Dr. Millmore only hoped that thus his life might be prolonged. To save it, he knew to be impossible. The deeply loving spirit of Eunice Millmore was burdened by a weight of anxiety for him, and of grief at her own anticipated loss; yet she bore it all with a "meek and quiet" submission, and, instead of yielding selfishly to the indulgence of her sorrow, exerted herself even more than before to make all around her happy. Her smile was a little saddened now, as her bright hopes of happiness were being clouded over, but it was just as sweet.

Spring had come again—bright, beautiful Spring. The trees were all loaded with blossoms, and the sun was shining gloriously. Alas! how many hearts could not reflect the brightness, or echo back the song. I had gone to Dr. Millmore's to inquire when the invalid was expected to return. Eunice was in the nursery, and I followed her there. "Edward is coming back to-day," shouted Minna, as I entered, "but Eunice is not *very* glad." Eunice looked up, and her eyes were full of tears. "Oh, Mary," she said in a low tone, that the children might not hear, "he is only coming back *to die*." Yes, doubt was changed for certainty. He must die. Even his mother, who had accompanied him to the South, and who would so gladly have disbelieved the truth, had given up the hope of his recovery.

Edward was changed indeed. He was greatly emaciated, and when we saw him, every lingering hope that he might yet be well, was gone. Dr. Millmore entreated Mrs. Clarence to remain at his house with her son, that the invalid might be near both her and Eunice. It was a pleasant arrangement for all of them.

The twilight shadows had stolen into the still room where the sick man sat alone. The door quietly opened, and Eunice, gently and softly, like a shadow, too, glided in, took the seat beside him, and laid her hand in his.

"Eunice," said he, "I have been thinking of you all the afternoon—thinking of you as you will be when I am gone." He paused a moment, and then went on. "You think that you can never love again, that you will never marry; and my selfish heart has, until now, delighted in feeling that it would be so. But *now*, Eunice, I hope that you will hereafter meet some one to whom you can give your heart; some one who will love you as well, yes—for he can do no more—love you as well as I have done. A woman must love to be happy, I think." He looked into her eyes, and read there a love which time nor death could not destroy.

"Yes, Edward," she replied, "a woman must love to be happy. But why should I cease to love you when you are taken away? Will you not be living still, and will not my affection for you be purer and holier when I can think of you as 'made perfect' in Heaven? This affliction has been, will be, I know, blessed to my soul. The earth has lost its power to allure me, and I will no longer look to it for my joy. And will not Heaven appear brighter and more attractive when you are gone before me there?"

During all the summer Edward had been able to walk and ride a little daily, but when autumn came he was closely confined to the house.

On the morning of one bright October day, Eunice answered my inquiries as if afraid to trust her voice. "I have just come from his room. He told me, and my father thinks, that this day may be his last." And when the sun went down that night, a brighter, purer orb went more gloriously to its setting. It was my privilege to stand beside that death-bed. Edward's eyes, now wonderfully bright, were turned to each loved one as he spoke his parting words. Then they were fixed upon the face of Eunice. At length, as if her image were engraven on his soul, and he needed no longer to behold her with the outward eye, he looked upward into Heaven. Yes, into Heaven. An expression of triumphant rapture passed over his face, and then we knew that the spirit had gone from its perishing temple. But that gleam of glory rested still upon the marble face. A placidity and a smile often linger sweetly upon the brow of death, but this was more. All remarked it as most unusual. It told of the opening Heaven. Oh, how the blow was softened to those bereaved ones by the hand of the great Physician! Not one of those whose hearts were fastened upon the lost one with such devoted tenderness, would have called back the glorified spirit to a world of sorrow and of sin.

And the hearts already bleeding were smitten once again. Mrs. Millmore's sufferings were ended at length, and her long tried spirit "entered into rest." And when I saw Eunice, submissive, unrepining, even cheerful, performing all her many duties, striving to console her father, who deeply mourned his loss, seeking in every way to shed sunshine on the lonely way of the widowed and childless mother of her lost lover, and being truly as a mother to the little ones left to her charge, I felt that *she* was indeed but "little lower than the angels."

Ten years rolled away, making many changes. Eunice had stood beside the death-bed of Mrs. Clarence, but she toiled on as cheerfully when another hand that guided and supported her was stilled, and another voice that cheered and encouraged her was hushed.

Her early friends had married long ago, and now, by universal consent, she was *an old maid*. Ten years more had gone, and even the youngest of the household band had left her for another, "a dearer one still, and a nearer one yet than all others." The following is a letter addressed to me by Eunice, on her fortieth birthday:—

Oakville, Oct. 3, 18—.

MY DEAR MARY:—You are thinking of me to-day, I hope, and remembering that this is my birthday. Yes, I am now *forty years old*. Yet it is not a sad thought to me, that of growing old. If I am indeed a child of God, "dying," to me, will be "but going home." Shall I not then rejoice when I am borne one year nearer to my Father's house? I long for the peace of Heaven. I long to meet there "the

loved and lost." And are there not many to welcome me? One, I know, will meet me at the portal, who never, since he went away, has been forgotten for an hour. I would not call him back to me, but oh, I *could* go to him. My work will soon be done, and I, too, shall be there. But I must answer your questions, and "tell you everything," as you requested. Henry Murray, sister Margaret's oldest boy, is with us now, together with two of Lucy's children, and Carie's little girl. We have a merry household, I assure you. Dear father is perfectly happy, and devotes himself entirely to the amusement of his grandchildren. He is seventy now, yet still "his eye is not dim," and he is quite erect. The privilege of making him happy, of "smoothing the pillow of his age," how can I be sufficiently grateful for this? And I do think that I am not unthankful for the temporal prosperity of my dear sisters, and more, for the hope that each one of them is a Christian. It was hard, very hard for us all, to bid our dear, our only brother farewell when he left us and all that he loved on earth, as a missionary to the heathen, but even amid our tears we could bid him "Go." Yes, I rejoice that he has gone. You cannot have four *pages* to-day, Mary.

You inquire about blind Lucy, widow Brown, old Mrs. Milford, and my other protégés. They are all well, and *happy*, I trust. This afternoon we shall ride to W——. I wish to take the children through the asylum. Lucy will be delighted to have us come. She always inquires about your Eunice, as "the dear little girl who gave up her doll that she might help you, Miss Millmore, to send me here." Mary, you must surely let one of your children spend this winter with me. I shall have some of my nephews and nieces, I think. Tell Eunice that Rover and the cats have become good friends, and that they dwell together in harmony. I have all an old maid's passion for *pets*, you know very well.

"I am sorry that I cannot fill my sheet, but Henry and the other children stand at the bottom of the stairs, telling me that the carriage is ready, and urging me to come. So I must *go*, you perceive, from this pleasant tête-à-tête with you, my dear friend.

Yours in love,

EUNICE MILLMORE.

TO ONE BELOVED.

BY MISS. A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

DAYS, weeks have passed since thy last kiss,
Dear Ada, thrill'd mine inmost soul;
Ah! little didst thou know the bliss
It gave this heart, where ever roll
The restless waves of earnest thought,
Unseen for aye, by mortal eye;
The yearnings, which have never brought
That love for which I vainly sigh.

Days, weeks! and yet no word of thine
Hath come this lonely heart to cheer;
No olive leaf, no blessed sign,
From one my spirit holds most dear.
I know full well that thou art blest,
That radiant is Love's altar-flame,
The happy bird hath found its nest—
What marvel that no token came!

Days, weeks! and now between us lie
Broad lands, and mighty rushing streams;
Dark lakes spread far to meet the sky;
The mountain chain a barrier seems;
Yet, dearest, I am at thy side,
To murmur words of love and prayer;
How blest the soul that thus may glide
Far, far away through fields of air!

Days, weeks have brought thy natal day—
It dawneth with the Sabbath light;
Thus, Ada, may thine onward way,
In love divine be ever bright.
God bless and purify thy heart!
Round Him may all thy hopes entwine;
Be thine, of good, a double part!
God bless thee, dearest! thee and thine!

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY ANNA M. HEFFERNAN.

For the last half hour I have been standing at my window, gazing upwards at the quiet loveliness of night. The deep blue sky spangled with sparkling gems; their brightness undimmed, save by those light fleecy clouds that skim along so gracefully, floating isles of loveliness, perchance where rests enshrined some wandering fay, whose airy home hangs like a snow-wreath on the brow of heaven.

I have withdrawn the light, that the moon's silver radiance may wander in. See! how it peers in through every nook and crevice, dancing along the walls in grotesque ray forms; now it lurks behind the picture frames; and anon shines on the canvas, while the faces of the loved and lost grow beneath the witching light more soft and tender. Fancy is busy! It is her hour—with an old familiar grace she unconsciously arranges every object; and I almost expect to see the pictured countenances step from among the shadows, assume the shapes of reality, and resume again their accustomed places. Ah! this witching night is far more dear than the broad glare of waking day,—the heart goes forth with a yearning for sympathy, that will not be stifled, a yearning for the *loved one's* presence, whose remembrance the faithful heart treasures as does the camel the water he has drank in the desert. We would shadow forth from time, from distance, from the grave itself, those we have so fondly cherished, but for these echo alone repeats our vain mourning and lamentation, while the dark silent grave mocks at our grief.

Let us forth, for I know of nothing more delightful and instructive, than a moonlight ramble through the city on such an evening as this. A quiet calm pervades the whole, as though the stillness of heaven had passed into the deep hush of night, while the earth sleeps peacefully, her mighty throes at rest beneath the mantle eve hath flung around. The noise and confusion of day hath ceased as though nature had breathed a charm over all.

A light gleams from every dwelling, each house, however humble, still a *home*, from whose walls breathes forth a blessing of love and truth. Crowds are hastening along, perchance the toil-worn merchant and weary laborer, wending their way *homeward*. to forget, in the fond embrace of wife and child, the cares and labors of the day. Oh! what bright looks and love-lit smiles do each of these countless walls witness, for those who within them have found rest for the "soles of their feet," which the rough cold world refuseth them. "Blessed be home, sweet home," the true sanctuary of the heart. We may search through the wide world, and ne'er find it elsewhere. And what a strange commingling of life is thus thrown together—the sound of music, and the voice of mourning, joy that a being is ushered into the world, and the wailing of grief that another is leaving it, returning to the sleep from whence it first awakened. Perchance beside us is performing some dark and startling crime, which the eye of day would shrink back abashed from viewing. Thus joy and gladness—sorrow and despair—despair, human bliss, and human misery—the living and the dying—the good and the evil—all are mingled together in the crowded city, the mighty human heart on which I gaze.

Contentment is a blessing not to be slighted, and the harbinger of every joy and virtue we possess. It smooths the rough places of earth, and makes the crooked ones easy to walk. Melancholy and gloom breathe an unhappy tone over the mind, which is no more natural to it than that the heavens should be always hung with black.

Silent be the tongue that would echo, There is no joy on earth. Blessed be God, happiness and peace have never forsaken this nether world, created so beautiful and perfect that the inhabitants thereof should be filled with the fullness of joy evermore, praising Him who hath done and "doeth all things well," whose divine mandate proclaimed it was "very good," sin-stained and fallen though it be. Who will contemn our glorious world,—fit work for an all-wise and powerful being, whose unfathomable wisdom decreed that sin and wrong should dwell upon the earth, and for ever contend with the mighty spirit of truth and right, and the spirit of love that rules over all.

The lofty mountains crowned with perpetual verdure, sunny plains, murmuring streamlets, the vast expanse of ocean, the music of birds, the perfume of flowers, and the spirit of beauty whose step lingers among all—prove

to us that joy and gladness are the proper tenants of such a glorious abode; that unhappiness and melancholy should be dethroned, and bright-eyed contentment crowned the chosen queen of all.

"For ever," two small words and easily pronounced, yet far beyond the mind's comprehension. To occurrences and circumstances around us, we can place a beginning and an end, but when we contemplate that mystic shadowing forth of time, "eternity," that which like the Creator of all knew no commencement, and never shall know end, we are utterly lost and confounded. What are days, and weeks, and years? for when millions upon millions of ages have passed away, time will stand forth with unwrinkled front, and brow unfurrowed save with the deep corroding marks of sin and human misery. "For ever," "most infinite eternity," life-time of the Almighty, the soul's existence, whose sun can never set, the dawning and career of which now will mark in future ages its destiny for good or ill. Like the wide-spread ocean, boundless and shoreless, its ebb tide, its ceaseless roll of billows, unwearied and unending, which bears all away, but on whose wave none returns; where upon its dark and bitter waters *all* must embark for that shadowless land, where death and night ever hover with outstretched wings. Poor humanity shrinks from this immensity of thought; weak, powerless and confused, it vainly grasps at shadows, and falls back upon itself, trembling and in tears.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

Rockland Cemetery.—It may seem to those who know our city and its environs but imperfectly, and who have perhaps read a glowing description of Greenwood, that no other general repository for the dead will be needed for a long time to come. But this is a mistake. Such is the rapid growth of our city and Brooklyn, that other cemeteries of the same general character are beginning to be thought of, and two or three are already opened. Among these, Rockland Cemetery seems most desirable. It was a beautiful day in September, when, in company with several ladies and gentlemen, we paid this spot a visit. Nature had just commenced exchanging her summer dress for a gayer one, and the banks of the Hudson, ever crowned with loveliness, seemed more lovely than ever. Less than an hour and a half suffices for the trip to Piermont, in the Steamer Erie, which runs in connection with the Erie railroad, and one who has an eye for the picturesque in nature can hardly help wishing the time longer.

Apropos of this Erie railroad. We are glad to see that the company are pushing forward the work with the utmost rapidity. In two or three months it is to be completed to Binghamton and Owego. That part of the road now in operation is extremely well constructed. We have never travelled on a railroad which, on the whole, we are better pleased with.

From the village of Piermont, the cemetery is situated about half a mile distant. It occupies nearly two hundred acres, and lies on an elevation sloping gently both toward the Hudson on the east, and the gorge through which the railroad passes on the west. The grounds are now almost in their wild and natural state, the project of appropriating them to the purposes of a cemetery being quite a recent one, and the dedication occurring only in May last. But we were convinced that the spot possesses natural features which must render it one of the most desirable cemeteries in the country. A world of beauty, and grandeur, and glory, is open to the eye, as one stands on the summit. For thirty miles in a westward and southward direction the view extends, without interruption, embracing some of the wildest of scenery, as well as farms in the highest state of cultivation. Nor is this landscape deficient in classic interest. On this theatre were enacted scenes which had a vital bearing on our revolutionary struggle, and are the most strangely thrilling of any on the page of our national history. In this now peaceful and always beautiful valley, in distinct view from the eminence occupied by the cemetery, is the building where André, poor André, was tried. There, a little way off, is the field where he fell, ingloriously indeed, according to the conventional notions of men, but as gloriously, according to the

abstract and more correct ideas of heroic bravery as any of the heroes of Bunker Hill or Lexington. There, near the house of God, whose spire glitters above the surrounding trees, was the head-quarters of Washington. On the south and east is the Hudson, its banks crowned with foliage and splendid dwellings, interspersed here and there, half concealed amid the trees: the palisades, the Sound, and even Long Island, bounding the prospect on the south, at the distance of more than thirty miles. On the north and north-east, we have a full view of Tappan Bay, the village of Tarrytown, Nyack and Sing Sing, and the Highlands. The highest point in the grounds of the cemetery is upwards of seven hundred feet above the level of the river.

We were gratified to perceive that the trustees are actively engaged making improvements in the grounds. Already some thirty or forty acres have been opened, and a much larger number of persons have selected lots.

In looking over the history of Mary, Queen of Scots, recently published by the Harpers, we found an incidental thought which struck us as deserving serious attention. "As we are very apt to hate those whom we have injured," says the author, "so we almost instinctively love those who have in any way become the objects of our kindness and care. If any wife, therefore, wishes for the pleasure of loving her husband, or which is, perhaps, a better supposition"—for our part, we see not why either is not good enough—"if any man desires the happiness of loving his wife, conscious that it is a pleasure which he does not now enjoy, let him commence by making her the object of his kind attentions and care, and love will spring up in the heart as a consequence of the kind of action of which it is more commonly the cause." We believe it, and are perfectly sure that if this philosophy were generally practised, the very happiest results would flow from it.

Some people will make a great many shifts to gain a reputation. Well, a good reputation is not to be despised, and no one should be indifferent in respect to it; though it may admit of a question, perhaps, as to the number of crooks and turns a Christian can consistently make from the straight-forward turnpike of a Christian's life, in order to obtain it. We heard a story, the other day, of a clerical gentleman, which is instructive on this point, and which, with our readers' permission, we will relate, for their benefit. This clergyman, who, it may not be amiss to premise, is accounted a man of considerable property, was residing in one of the country villages in some State or another—it matters little which—and being greatly anxious to aid the cause of Christ through one of the prominent charitable institutions of the day, called upon the agent for that district, and very promptly and generously contributed the sum of twenty-five cents. But some weeks after the contribution, he made the agent a second call, remarking that he was about to remove, with his family, to the city, and that, as he was desirous of establishing a reputation for liberality in the new sphere of labor, more than in the old one, he would esteem it a favor if the twenty-five cents could be refunded, so that the sum might be credited to him in the city. Of course his request was complied with, and his reputation was transferred accordingly.

To Correspondents.—"The Emigrant Family," a lay in blank verse, has occasionally a poetical line in it, but the greater part scarcely rises above the level of measured prose—poorly measured, too, some of it. These lines, for example, have a shocking gait. They hobble along like a horse that has the spavin:

"Pure in heart, in mind well cultivated;"
"They were young, and strong, and temperate too;"
"Where now stands a proud and thriving village;"
"Filling the air with delicious fragrance;"
"So rich, so various, so perfuming;"
"Whither did she fly, when the appalling;"
"We could not save her
Life—she came too late—her fever fires had
Burned too long—but her soul was comforted."

There is a great deal of dispute as to what poetry is, now-a-days, and perhaps, among the numerous fashionable schools, one might find a place for "The Emigrant Family." We are not sure about that matter. But we should be puzzled to find a class and order for it in our category of poetical specimens. In other words, in *our* way of thinking, there is little or no poetry about it.

If the "Country Sketches" were of a different character—more adapted for a magazine—we should be happy to publish them, and more like them. As it is, however, we must decline the article already received.

PARLOR TABLE.

Mrs. Markham's History of France. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This history is prepared, or seems to have been, with the greatest care, for the use, especially, of the young. The author has formerly produced several volumes on a similar plan, and embracing the history of other countries, and they have had a wide popularity in England, if not in the United States. The History of France commences with Julius Cæsar and ends with Louis Philippe, and the author has interspersed throughout the volume appropriate questions. Besides this, the work has been prepared for the use of schools, by the addition of a map, notes and questions, and a supplementary chapter, bringing down the history to the present time, by Jacob Abbott, a very distinguished teacher in this city. The work cannot fail to be a valuable and popular one. So it appears to us.

Lady Mary; or, Not of this World. By the Rev. CHARLES B. TAYLOR, M.D., author of the "Records of a Good Man's Life," "Margaret, or the Pearl," &c. Third American edition. New York: Stanford & Swords.

This book has impressed us favorably—quite favorably. It is a tale without any of the high-wrought and thrilling incidents so generously scattered through our modern fashionable novels, but possessing sufficient interest for any reader whose literary taste has not become depraved and cauterized by the stimulants of Eugene Sue or Bulwer. So much for its character as a literary production. It is, in our estimation, valuable in a higher sense—as respects the moral and religious truths it inculcates and exemplifies. The great doctrines of Christianity—those which have reference to the heart as well as the head—are here beautifully and truthfully sketched, and no one can imbibe the spirit that pervades the entire volume without essential benefit.

History of Mary, Queen of Scots. By JACOB ABBOTT. With engravings. New York: Harper & brothers.

A small duodecimo volume, very neatly executed in respect of its mechanical dress, and equally well executed in respect of its literary character as a history. Mr. Abbott, we think, is peculiarly happy in efforts of this kind. His style is simple, though chaste and elegant, and he excels in nothing so much as in his sketches for the young of remarkable persons and memorable scenes. This volume, we think, is one of a series on similar topics of history, by the same author, and issued by the same publishers.

The Person and Work of Christ. By ERNEST SARTORIUS, D.D., General Superintendent and Consistorial Director at Königsberg, Prussia. Translated by Rev. OAKMAN S. STEARNS, A.M. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

A work with this title emanating from such a geographical position, may very naturally be suspected as containing sentiments in regard to the person and atonement of Christ quite at variance with those held by the evangelical portion of the American church. But such is very far from the state of the case. In the main the views of this author are in the highest degree scriptural, and they are expressed in the happiest terms. The work—a small 18mo.—seems admirably adapted for the general reader.

Aids to Reflection. By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited by HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, M.D., with a Preliminary Essay by JOHN McVICKAR, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Columbia College. Sixth edition. New York: Stanford & Swords.

It is perhaps unnecessary to speak in praise of a work which has been so long before the public, and has shared so largely in the esteem of thinking men in England and America. But we can hardly resist an impulse to volunteer a kind word for the work, on the issue of this new edition. The publishers have brought it out in excellent style, and it is by far the best edition we have seen. Such thoughts as those which abound in this volume are in danger, amid the profusion of works of a lighter and more ephemeral class, of being neglected and thrown into the shade. The "Aids to Reflection" are too valuable to be thus overlooked or lightly esteemed. The book should have a place in the library of every student and thinking man.

Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. No. 29. Boston; Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

This number is quite equal in excellence to the previous numbers already noticed. The entire work will be completed with the issue of the next number; and those who have the set entire will possess the best thing of its kind ever published—the best and cheapest.

Wreaths of Friendship: A Gift for the Young. By T. S. Arthur and F. C. Woodworth. New York: Baker & Scribner.

This is a collection of some thirty or forty tales and sketches, in prose and poetry, interspersed with as many very creditable pictorial illustrations. The articles are written in the well-known vein of these authors, and will, we cannot doubt, be acceptable and useful to the young. The exterior of the book is in the highest degree attractive and elegant, comparing favorably with any of the richest of this class of annuals. The following is a specimen, selected more for its brevity than because we think it the best or among the best of the wreaths which are here twined for the young. Through the politeness of the publishers we are also allowed to present in this connection the accompanying illustration.

THE HERONS AND THE HERRINGS.

A FABLE.

A Heron once came—I can scarcely tell why—
To the court of his cousins, the fishes,
With despatches, so heavy he scarcely could fly,
And his bosom brimfull of good wishes.

He wished the poor Herrings no harm, he said,
Though there seemed to be cause for suspicion;
His government wished to convert them, instead,
And this was the end of his mission.

The Herrings replied, and were civil enough,
Though a little inclined to be witty:
"We know we are heathenish, savage, and rough,
And are greatly obliged for your pity.

"But your plan of conversion we beg to decline,
With all due respect for your nation;
No doubt it would tend to exalt and refine,
Yet we fear it would check respiration."

The Heron returned to his peers in disdain,
And told how their love was requited.
"Poor creatures!" they said, "shall we let them remain
So ignorant, blind, and benighted?"

Then soon on a crusade of love and good-will
The Herons in council decided;
And they flew, every one that could boast a long bill,
To the beach where the Herrings resided.

So the tribe were soon converts from ocean to air,
Though liking not much the diversion,
And wishing at least they had time to prepare
For so novel a mode of conversion.

A sensible child will discover with ease
The point of the tale I've related—
A blockhead could not, let me say what I please—
Then why need my MORAL be stated?

The Parlor Book.—Speaking of books in the shape of annuals, of which a variety will soon be in the field, we know of nothing—to be modest, and steering as far as possible from the shore of arrogance—on the whole more attractive and at the same time instructive and useful, than our own Parlor Book. It contains some twenty-four engravings, and is elegantly bound in a style appropriate for the approaching holidays. We are greatly deceived, if it is not one of the finest things in the country for a gift book.

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

ITALIAN VILLA.

SCENES IN A PASTOR'S LIFE

BY REV. SIMON ANDREW.

No. X.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Man is a social being, and in joy or sorrow, feels a yearning of heart after sympathy. His social nature affords a soil for religion to take root in. There are times in the life of every man, when he feels the want of sympathy, not merely from his fellow-man, but from God. The most abandoned feel thus sometimes, and if any obstacle exists to the gratification of the desire, wretchedness beyond description ensues, and not unfrequently despair.

It is this very want which gives the man professing to be God's special messenger, a peculiar hold on the confidence of his fellows. He may be a Brahmin, with his unshorn locks and filthy visage, his misshapen body and relentless austerity, and yet, such as he is, he can reach hearts which are barred against every other approach. He may be a juggling Indian priest, dancing around his mysterious fire, and mumbling his frenzied incantations, and yet even he, in apparent converse with the Great Spirit, will cast his awe, not only on the heart of the timid maiden, but also of the most savage warrior. And thus it is the world over, among the civilized and the barbarous. He who really, or only in pretence, has authority to speak the will of God to man, will have access to hearts which are closed against any other messenger, and will look on the hidden man of the heart as no one else is permitted to look. When such a man comes honestly, in the authority of his God, to give consolation and instruction, the world sees no better blessing; but when as "a wolf in sheep's clothing," he comes, woe, woe to the poor victim rent and killed in God's name.

I know of but one profession which has such facilities to see the human heart, as the ministerial. The physician necessarily has great opportunities, but his business is with the body, and many are the hearts which are closed against him, only to be opened for counsel from Heaven, through its own accredited messenger. Could the pastor take you out with him when he goes, and see what he sees, your eyes would fill with tears, and your ears tingle with amazement. And yet many of these scenes must be buried forever in silence. There are some not destitute of interest, which may be profitable for our readers, and which may be detailed without violating the confidence of those long since passed away. It is my intention to give a few sketches of this kind, for the entertainment and profit of our readers.

Many years ago, when one of our large cities was scarcely larger than a town, there was a family whose history proved to be a strange one indeed. The father was a large, fine-looking man, of more than ordinary talents. His wife was an accomplished and beautiful woman, whose personal accomplishments were only excelled by the amiable excellencies of her character. They had but one child, a daughter, whose uncommon beauty attracted the attention of every one. From early childhood she was a wayward girl, whose want of amiability was overlooked on account of the exceeding beauty of her form and face. It was a family to be noticed, and to a pastor with his heart alive to the good of those committed to his care, there was an interest which frequently drew him to share in the sympathies of this peculiar circle.

Upon a certain bitter cold morning, in the streets of that town, might have been seen a woman, evidently clad too thinly for the season, leading by her side a little girl. The mother occasionally coughed in that way so peculiar to one in settled consumption. And yet she was young. The pair found shelter in a public house, and in a few minutes a messenger was dispatched with a note to Mr. W., the gentleman we have already described. In a very short time he was there, his face ashy pale, and his whole frame trembling as with terror. As

he entered her room, he uttered an exclamation of grief, and covering his face with his hand gave way to tears.

"My sin has at length found me out," he said, with utterance still choked with grief. "Mary, forgive me the wrong I have done you, in a moment of blind infatuation."

The young woman's face was scarcely less indicative of emotion than his own, and yet grief to her had been a school, teaching her to subdue the risings of her heart.

"George, I have not come here to reproach you with my misfortunes, though they have nearly killed me. From the first, my proud spirit scorned to murmur, and I resolved to bury my grief in my own heart, and drag out life supported by my own efforts. I was driven virtually from the door of my home, on which I had brought the first stain, and then among strangers I toiled, subjected to the cold suspicions and sometimes the insults of those among whom I lived."

While she thus spake, her hitherto pallid cheek had become flushed, and she was interrupted by a hard fit of coughing. Mr. W.'s grief became audible as he thus looked on the wreck made by his passion. He was not a heartless man, as his whole life proved, and yet there had been a time when he seemed given up of God to see what he would do when unrestrained by Divine Grace. It was during that miserable portion of his life, that he had overcast with darkness all his prospects and his comfort in the world, by ruining one who had given him confidingly all her heart.

Strange though it may seem, his own folly stung him to madness; and now his victim was loathsome in his eyes. Had he been a king's son, he would have acted the part of Amnon. It was one part of his abandonment, that he had no disposition to do what was in his power to save her he had ruined. It was then he took his resolution, and fled to a distant and secluded place, where he might forget the past. It is needless to say the past was written on his memory as with the point of a diamond, and people often wondered at the deep furrows which were traced already on his brow. While there he resolutely applied himself to business, and soon acquired the confidence of all. He thrived well, but the worm was in his heart. At last, as a sort of desperate resort, he determined to offer his hand to a most amiable and beautiful lady. It was accepted. But wrong had been done, and the memory of wrong cannot die. Forthwith there sprang up a horrible fear of discovery, which might again blast his hopes. His friends knew nothing of him, and his very name he had changed. Yet lest some untoward circumstance should reveal his history, he determined to remove hundreds of miles further from the scene of his crime. It was in that desire he had located himself in the town in which we first saw him. But that sense of wrong to God and a poor fellow worm, could not be eradicated by any removal however distant. He carried his conscience with him, and amply proved

> "'Tis but a poor relief we gain,
> To change the place but keep the pain."

The work of conscience, with unrepented sin to feed on, was gradually undermining his health. It was a sickness of heart, which no medicine could alleviate but the forgiveness of God.

Having thus given the outline of his history for the benefit of the reader, let us proceed with the conversation. As the poor woman thus detailed her suffering, she was startled by his agonized expressions. "Oh, Mary, the wrong I have done you is unpardonable. Why did I not repair it when I could? but now I cannot. Oh, my poor wife, it will kill her, and an eternal stain is brought on my innocent daughter! My way of transgression has been very hard, and I reap now what I have sowed."

Thus he reproached himself unsparingly; but the young sufferer before him seemed to suffer his agony over again in her own person. At length she became composed enough to continue:

"When I came here, it was not to inflict such suffering; and could I have done otherwise, never would I have seen your face again. I was telling you my trials. I was among strangers, and the virtuous shunned all intimacy, and some of the vicious made my misfortunes the apology for their base insults. But God showed me a Saviour, and in his strength I endured for the sake of my child. I worked night and day, and barely gained a subsistence, until grief and labor have crushed me. I saw I could not live long, but what was to become of my child?"

"I will take care of your child and you. I will do anything to repair this dreadful wrong," exclaimed Mr. W., vehemently.

She did not seem to notice his words, but proceeded.

"Beggary and infamy, like horrid phantoms, hungry to devour my daughter, swept across my vision. I loved her, though she was a living monument of my guilt. Yes, I loved her fondly, and to think of her as an outcast wanderer, almost unsettled reason. And then I knelt before God, and agonized for mercy even on a wanderer, and prayed that my sin might not pursue my child."

And as the recollection of that agony was thus recalled, she wept aloud, and it may well be imagined that the emotions of her companion were not less. He seemed heart-broken, and as yet knew nothing of that comfort which a sinner receives from hearing a Saviour say, "Son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee; go, and sin no more." He had attempted to forget his sin by flying away from the place of its commission; a course as absurd as for a leper to fly to some distant spot, instead of seeking some Divine Man who should say with authority, "Be thou clean."

By this time the weeping sufferer had composed herself sufficiently to proceed:

"George, I had never heard of your residence, and yet when God forgave me, I prayed that his forgiveness might be extended to you if living."

"You kill me by this kindness," was the agonized exclamation; "a dagger driven into my heart would be mercy to this. Curse me rather than speak thus! I cannot endure it!"

She regarded him mournfully as she said, "Ah! how could I love that Redeemer who has said, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you,' and yet not pray fervently for the man who cast a shadow darker than death over me? No, no, no; counsel me not thus, but rather teach me more of the blessed spirit of our Divine Saviour. The wrong was ours mutually, and I am not anxious to cast it all on you, or distress you with its remembrance."

"But what can I do?" was the sorrowful question of Mr. W. "Must I kill my wife and child, and thus add more victims to the horrid sacrifice?"

"No," she replied, "I would willingly die, rather than your innocent family should be ruined; but I love my child and tremble for her future. I was speaking of my anguished prayer. I did not dream of any way of deliverance, but felt that God is good, and that he would pity. About that time a way was opened. An acquaintance had, unperceived, seen you here, and divulged the secret to no one but me, thinking I ought to know it."

"I might have known that concealment was impossible! Would I had been wise in time, but I was abandoned to myself!" Such was the exclamation of the convicted man.

"Well, I calmly thought the matter all over. I feared death might overtake me before another spring, and determined forthwith to brave the dangers and see you. I did not come for myself, but my child. Death will soon end my earthly trials, and it matters but little when or how my small remnant of life is spent."

"It does matter much to me," said the repentant man; "you must be provided for at all risk, as well as your little girl. *How* it is to be done, I do not yet know, but it must be done."

She shook her head mournfully; and it is not at all unlikely, that now for the first time, she fully comprehended the probable obloquy which might be brought on a family by any unadvised step on her part. Perhaps she wished, as she saw Mr. W.'s pungent distress, not only on account of his victim, but also his family, she had braved the awful venture of leaving her child without a protector in the world.

She seemed to comprehend the dangerous position to all concerned, and then said calmly, "George, can you provide for my child, so soon to become an orphan? Give me that pledge, and I will leave you for ever, and die alone."

In the greatest agitation he was pacing the room, perplexed with fast-thronging thoughts, and harrowed with remorse. How could he plan? He had property to sustain her and her daughter, but how was he to become their protector, without bringing reproach on his own family? For himself he cared not. There was little difference in the alternatives presented to him. In this tumultuous whirl of thought, he stopped suddenly before her.

"Mary, I cannot think to-day. It has broken suddenly on me, and I know not which way to turn; but on one thing I am resolved, that you shall not suffer for want of anything that I can procure or do. Stay here to-day, and give me time to compose myself sufficiently to devise the best way. I have done a grievous wrong, and my heart assures me that I am suffering a grievous recompense; but, so help me God, I will do what I can to atone for it."

The young woman's eyes were suffused with

tears as hope dawned on her, and she felt she could die in peace, if God would only protect her helpless daughter.

With a hurried farewell, Mr. W. left the room, and who can tell the horrid thoughts which rushed through his mind as he walked toward home? What should he do? What should he say? How could he appear before his wife, on whose innocent head a grievous blow must fall? And yet he must rid his heart of the base secret, and he must confide it to his wife. Perhaps she would spurn him; perhaps she would pity and help him. At any rate, he must tell her, and so he went home like a criminal to the rack. He felt like the "Ancient Mariner:"

> "Forthwith this frame of mind was touched
> With a woful agony,
> *Which forced me to begin my tale,*
> And then it left me free."

When he entered his own house his wife turned pale to see the ghastly hopelessness depicted on his face. Perhaps no face ever was more indicative of despair.

"My husband, what can be the matter?" was her rapid interrogation.

But he was sick at heart, and struggled to speak. His tongue refused its aid, and the strong man swooned away. The house was now a scene of agony. What the cause was no one as yet surmised, except the wife; comparing the look of misery which his face wore at times, with the present scene, she was prepared for any development in bankruptcy or crime. From the latter her mind revolted, so pure and noble had her husband ever appeared in her eyes. But Providence will unravel its own mystery.

In the course of a few hours, Mr. W. was so far restored, as to be able to converse. He seemed like a subdued child, determined at all risk to confess his wrong. All left the room, save his companion, and to her, with sobs and tears, he told it all, and then awaited the contempt and reproaches which he expected.

Mrs. W. was a wise woman, and she truly loved him. Her heart bled at the sad revelation, and yet with a woman's hoping heart, she would not give up to despair.

"Husband," said she, "you say this poor sufferer is at the public house with her child, and that she cannot live long."

"Yes, it is true, my crime has wrought misery I would God I could repair!"

"But you must not despond thus," she replied, for she was a devoted Christian. "There is forgiveness with God that he may be feared. Perhaps this unexpected stroke is designed to lead you back to God as a penitent to seek his forgiveness. This of which you speak has caused heart-breaking anguish to a fellow worm, but then, my dear George, the sin is against God. Oh, let me lead you to your Father, whose Son has died to save even the chief of sinners."

"Yes, yes, I know all this, and thank you for your comfort; but how dare I think of myself while this poor woman is dying of sorrow I brought on her? I dare not go to God until I have done what I can for her."

I think Mr. W.'s heart was already too much subdued with a heart-crushing sense of utter unworthiness to consider his good intentions concerning Mary as meritorious. Perhaps already genuine repentance was producing this good work as its first excellent fruit.

Mrs. W., seeing how strongly his mind was fixed on doing justice so far as he could to Mary, forthwith applied herself to relieve his anxiety. I have said that she was a Christian, and my remark will be amply verified. She saw from her husband's recital, that Mary's heart must be impressed with the image of Christ, and that was an ample reason to give her more than a cup of cold water. Besides, she intuitively saw that in her own family she might conceal a deed, committed in a moment of ill-considered passion, which might affix a terrible stigma to their only child. It might be a trial so severe as to endanger life, if Mary should be exacting and disposed to use her knowledge in terror over them for her own purposes. She did not believe this, but still how could she help fearing it? And then to have her own Anna, her only daughter, associated day by day with the young stranger—her mother's heart was agitated with great anxiety as to the issue of it all. I mention these things to place the nobility of this woman's character in its true light.

The young Roman burning his hand off in the presence of Rome's great enemy, was nothing to this fiery trial, through which she cheerfully resolved to pass. She did not shrink, but seeing the path of duty, she followed it with all its rugged roughness, and prospective trials. These thoughts were trooping through her mind, and her husband was regarding her with intense anxiety. She had spoken to him of the bleeding Saviour, for which he was grate-

ful, but what would she say about Mary, whose sufferings, consequent on his actions, were the very gall and bitterness of remorse. He knew his wife to have great goodness of heart, but would she have such heroism as to relieve him, crushed as he was at her feet by an unexpected revelation of past misconduct? His suspense was short.

"My dear George, we are all frail beings, and God forbid that I should now reproach you. May God forgive you, and give us both grace for a duty which may be very painful. This stranger must come here, because here we can bury the wrong if anywhere, and being an invalid we are bound to take care of her. Come, take courage, and go with me to her. I will treat her as a sister, if Heaven will give me grace sufficient!"

Mr. W. looked bewildered, like one who doubts his senses, and struggles to comprehend the meaning of what he sees and hears. It was no delusion. His noble wife had really said what his ears had heard, and completely overcome, he burst into uncontrollable weeping. It was long before he could compose himself sufficiently to sob forth:

"God bless you, Catharine, for these words. I am unworthy of you, and can only do what I can to undo my crime and die."

"Do not speak so," she replied. "Hope in God rather, and all will be as well as is possible in the case. We cannot undo our actions, but we can repent and do works meet for repentance. But come, now, compose yourself and let us go and bring her here."

It was a painful meeting, but the heroic Christian woman acted so that her husband's heart lost much of its pungent anguish, and Mary, a poor invalid not destined to live long, cheerfully turned aside into the asylum which Providence had pointed out for her to die in.

The whole history was kept a profound secret, and the community only knew that Mary was a friend in whom the family were deeply interested. Mrs. W. placed the orphan, for such I may call her, on an equality of privilege with her own daughter, and gave the invalid the most devoted care. That invalid had already become refined by sorrow, so that she reflected back the Great Refiner's image beautifully, and soon she was to be taken out of the fire. Her sufferings, her piety, and her perfect meekness, drew out the love of Mrs. W., so that what she looked forward to as a trial, became a pleasure; and she verified the saying concerning Mercy:

> "It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed:
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

But I am dwelling too long. From that day Mr. W.'s countenance wore a settled sadness. He had found forgiveness with God, and at the eleventh hour had done all that lay in his power to make comfortable one on whom he had brought so much suffering. And yet the past was recorded in letters of fire, and memory was true to her office. He had sowed and must reap. The Psalmist had wrung from his own anguished heart the *Fifty-first Psalm*, as a kind of atonement to the Holy Being against whom he had sinned. And now again was the scene repeated in the life of this man, whose sick heart and awakened conscience were eliciting from him also a penitential psalm, not expressed in words, but scarcely less touching and mournful.

About six months after the scenes already described, the pastor stood by the bed of Mary to cheer her last hours. She was wasted to a shadow, and yet her face indicated no despondency. To her the "promises were yea, and in Christ amen, to the glory of God the Father." Her words were cheerful, and to hear them was a great privilege. A stranger and an outcast from home, she was dying happily. The goodness of God subdued her as she spake of it. Her cup of blessing was running over, and she felt unutterable comfort at the near prospect of entering the upper sanctuary of joy, whence she should no more go out.

"As you look back on your life, how does it now appear?" asked the pastor.

"Full of sorrow," she replied; "but goodness and mercy infinitely overbalance the sorrow."

"Full of sorrow, do you say? Does it seem to you that you have suffered enough to *deserve* mercy?"

"Oh, no," she replied, turning her expressive eyes up to her pastor with a look of pain. "I have no deserts but those of ill; I am a wonder to myself, that God could stoop to rescue me, the chief of sinners. I can speak only of grace, and yet it is the sweetest of words, imparting a comfort more than I can describe. I would not change that word, sir, for any other if I could for it is full of the love of Jesus, and of the hope of heaven for one who has sinned."

"But do you not feel an inclination to mur-

mur when you think of yourself as driven away from home to die among strangers?"

Her eyes filled with tears as she was led to speak of the unnatural pride which was thus leaving a daughter and sister to die among strangers, for a single act, long since repented of, and forgiven by the Searcher of hearts.

"Sir," said she, "that has been a trial which has cost me hours of agony; but I do not reproach my friends. I leave them the blessing of a wandering daughter and sister dying in exile. It has been a trial, but dear Mrs. W. has been a sister, the reward of whose kindness will not be forgotten by our blessed Saviour."

"But your little daughter—do you feel no fear in leaving her in the world in which you have suffered so much?"

"Not now," she replied; "I did fear once, but not now. My own experience in the Divine goodness is an ample assurance that my child will be taken care of also. I commit her as my last earthly treasure to a God who keeps covenant with his children."

Mr. and Mrs. W. were standing by, overwhelmed by the singular solemnity of the scene, but when allusion was made to the orphan, they both exclaimed: "God forbid that we should forsake her now."

And then they promised the dying woman to be parents to the child, as their own, bringing her up for heaven. The last wish for earth seemed gratified, and turning to the weeping pair at her bedside, she said, with gratitude and blessings beaming from her eyes,

"My dear friends, should I be so happy as to reach heaven, I believe that you both will find your reward in the salutation of Jesus Christ: 'I was a *stranger*, and ye took me in.' 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the *least of these*, ye did it unto *me*.' May God bless you for your love to me and my child."

Mr. W. was too much overcome to reply; but doubtless he felt himself the most unworthy in the whole world to receive such a blessing from a dying saint, of the chief sorrow of whose life he himself had been the guilty cause.

And thus she died in hope, and her poor body rests in a quiet graveyard far from her native home. It has not been unwatered with tears. Repentance came too late to her friends, and yet they have wept at her grave. She had sinned, and proved the way of the transgressor to be hard, yet the depth of her fall adds glory to her salvation.

As for Mr. W., his grief consumed him, and scarce two years passed away before he died also, a penitent, and in confident hope. I will not describe the scene. Suffice to say it was one of the most solemn ever wituessed. His sin had found him out, and he had proved that God does not promise to stay all the results even of a sin which he has forgiven. Nay, Mary had died a victim to a sin bitterly repented of, and now he was following. Nor did the plague cease there. His own noble wife was left a widow, with a cloud of sorrow on her heart, as she thought of him and his crime, and his daughter was left fatherless at a time when she most needed a protector and guide.

Sin is a sad thing, and, associated with this sad tale, I would that all might consider these words: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; *for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap*."

I have not yet said all I wish concerning this family, but reserve the remainder for another number.

LIFE.—Does life afford us more than a prosaic, unmetrical, unrhyming translation of our hopes and desires?

GOD.—God is a light which, though itself unseen, makes all things visible, and disguises itself in many-colored robes. Thine eye perceives not its beams, but thy heart feels their warmth.

SLEEP.—Holy Sleep! For this reason they liken thee to Death—because in one moment thou shroudest the memory-tablets of distracted men with a thicker veil of forgetfulness than the waking hours of the longest day. Besides, thou coolest the swelling, inflamed breast, and man arises from his couch worthy of the morning sun. Receive my welcome always, till thy dreamless brother comes, who gives a calm much better and longer than thou.—*Jean Paul.*

LET THE MONUMENTS DECAY.

BY J. HAGEN.

Let the monuments decay
Of the ages dark and old;
They and theirs have had their day,
And their history have told.

Crumble tower and moulder urn,
Statue break and tablet rust—
Dust ye are, and shall return
Unregarded to the dust.

Ye were but the records proud
Of some hated tyrant's sway,
Or some feeble monarch's shroud,
Hoping thus to mock decay.

All the falsehoods ye record
Perish with you when ye fall,
While of truth, a single word
Spoken, would outlive ye all.

Would we render homage due
To the loved and mighty dead,
Let us heed their teachings true—
In their hallowed footsteps tread.

Towers cannot hallow crime,
Though they pierce the very skies,
And the lofty soul sublime
Would such monuments despise.

They who wish undying fame,
Must not trust to sculptur'd stone;
He who wins a deathless name,
Builds his monument alone!

Noble deeds their doers give
Fame that sculpture never did,
And a name that will outlive
Obelisk or pyramid.

Crumble tower and moulder urn:
In you glimmers not a spark
Of the knowledge we would learn,
Lighting up the ages dark.

We are in the morning dawn
Of a glorious day of light!
Ours the task to speed it on,
Toiling ever, toiling right.

Earth from woe and crime to free,
Will let each one play his part:
Action let the watch-word be,
Deeply graven on each heart.

Tarry not upon the way—
Slumber not while others wake—
Life is but a summer's day—
We have more than life at stake.

Let none deem that he is weak—
All in such a cause are strong—
Hope the feeblest tongue can speak!
Hope that may a life prolong.

Fear not death, it only gives
To the true, immortal life:
He may breathe, but never lives,
Who shrinks meanly from the strife.

Noble souls, who for their race
Toil with love sincere and pure,
Find in grateful hearts a place,
That forever shall endure.

Heave not then a single sigh
O'er the trophies of the past;
Let your works their place supply,
Works that shall forever last.

THE FATALIST.

A TRUE SKETCH.

ALTHOUGH not considered as one of the sects or denominations of our land, the number of fatalists among us is by no means small. Perhaps the type of their belief is a little different from that of the Turk, who, when warned to remove from under a shaking wall, during an earthquake, coolly replied, "No, if Allah wills that I shall be destroyed, I shall be, and vain are my efforts to counteract his will." Doubtless the fatalists of the present day would remove from bodily danger, on the principle of self-preservation, but when warned by the preacher to escape the pains of the second death, then fatalism assumes a most fearful importance. It is one of the strong arguments that Satan uses to blind the souls of men, and retain them in his grasp. To parry the claims of conviction, and excuse his love of sin, the preacher is told that "effort is of no use." "If he is to be saved, he will be saved; and if he is to be lost, he will be lost." If pressed farther, he will drag in the Bible to his aid as he supposes, and talk largely of the decrees of God, of man's inability, and ask in a tone of triumph, "If the Ethiopian can change his skin, or the leopard his spots." There is no doubt that some of the preaching of the day tends to generate and encourage this belief. When the decrees are made to assume an undue importance, and are held up to the exclusion of free agency and works, or when the claims of man's ability are preached in a cold and lifeless manner, the mind of the sinner is exceedingly prone to take refuge in fatalism, and seek to screen itself from the fires of the last day by this spider's web.

In one of the hilliest towns of hilly New England, there once lived a family by the name of S———. They were considered one of the first families of the place, in point of intelligence, property, and respectability, and enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of the community. The family consisted of the father, mother, three sons and four daughters, at my earliest recollection. It seems that the germs of fatalism were very early developed in the different members of this family. The father, though somewhat stern, was social and kind in his disposition, and highly esteemed by all who knew him. One of the earliest incidents that I remember, and it is as vivid as an occurrence of yesterday, was the exciting report that this man had hung himself in his barn. Never shall I forget the thrill of horror that ran through this peaceful community on the announcement of this fearful deed. Self-murder is sufficiently awful under any circumstances, even when some unimportant member of the community commits the fatal act. But when such a man, the head of a large family so respected and so honorable, assumes the prerogative of his God, and dares to take his own life in so awful a manner, it is enough to send a thrill of horror to the stoutest heart. How much fatalism had to do with his death is not so clear, but it is doubtless true that it had no small share. The loss of property by a supposed friend, was the alleged cause. Indeed he wrote to that friend before his death calling him his murderer. But had he not been misled with the idea of destiny—that what is to be will be—that we are passive instruments of a higher power and cannot control it—I say if he had not been a believer in these sentiments, it is not probable he would have dared to cut the thread of his existence.

Years passed, and his family grew up, retrieved in a great measure their previous losses, and became easy in their circumstances. The eldest son assumed the control of affairs, and managed them with great prudence and ability, and from his boyhood was looked upon as the oracle of his neighborhood. He was plain and unassuming in dress and manners. His mind was of that superior order to which inferiors love to cling. He was regarded as decidedly the most able man in the community, and might look forward to, and did, I believe, receive the honors of a legislator from his native town. Full of wit, good sense and good spirits, he was the delight of every circle. No social party was complete without his pres-

ence. On every public occasion he was naturally regarded as the leader. Even age and experience yielded the palm without question. But there was one fault in his character, and it seemed a single one, and was scarcely regarded as a fault at that time, and in that place. He was a fatalist. From his youth he had embraced this sentiment and adhered to it, and defended it on all occasions. Constant at church, he went there not so much to get good, and lay his heart open to good impressions, as to obtain material to strengthen his own belief. It must be confessed that the cold, heartless manner of holding up the doctrine of man's ability and free agency by the preacher, may have furnished material for this unholy purpose. The truth, when he heard it, made no impression. He professed to believe the decrees fully, and so fully as to preclude the necessity or utility of any action on his part to secure his salvation. He professed to believe that his destiny was written in heaven; that his path was distinctly traced from all eternity; that he was a mere machine, subject to be led whichever way the Divinity pleased. The doctrine of faith he did not believe, because it did not seem to him reasonable that a man's mere belief should exert so important a change in his whole character and future condition. He professed to believe nothing which did not appear to his own mind reasonable, and for which he could not account. He saw no reason why a particle of vaccine matter inserted in the flesh should affect the whole body and keep off disease; and scouted the idea as fit only for the credulous or weak-minded. Such was his influence in the community, that several of his neighbors neglected to use what experience has proved an almost sure preventive against a terrible and fatal disease; and among them one of his own brothers. Another brother was vaccinated by a school-boy, by way of amusement.

Time passed on, leaving its impress upon all things. The boys became men, and the young men became middle-aged. The cold mantle of fatalism lay like a pall upon society, stifling every indication of good; paralyzing the efforts of pastor and people; and throwing a chill upon all.

Suddenly the community were excited by the breaking out of a strange disease among them. None knew what it was, or whence it came. It was the more fearful because unknown and contagious. The brother of E., the hero of our story, was the first attacked. One or two others were soon laid upon their beds. The disease soon gained the mastery of them, and death claimed them as his victims. So fearful were the people of contagion, that it was with difficulty that any could be found to bury the dead, or care for the sick and dying. The excitement was most intense. Fear and horror sat on every countenance. None knew who would be the next victim. Each was ready to ask: "Is it I?" Friend E. was unable, with all his wisdom, to account for such a strange malady. At length he began to feel the effects of the awful disease upon his own system.

It was now ascertained that the terrible visitant was the small-pox. Now he began to realize that we must believe some things that we do not fully understand. He saw that those who had scoffed with him at the preventive were the victims, while those who had been weak-minded enough to use it escaped, and among them one of his brothers who had submitted to the remedy in sport. He saw that his influence was sending wretchedness, despair, and death, all around him. He felt the disease gnawing upon his own vitals, and no earthly power could save him. In that hour what could fatalism do to ease his torments and smooth his pathway to the tomb? Alas! he had leaned upon a broken reed which was piercing him when most needed. It afforded him no solace. On the contrary it added, a thousand fold, to the horrors of that hour. It was the scorpion's sting and the gnawing worm to his soul. He had no faith. He could see no reason in faith. Not a ray of light divine illumed the darkness of his soul. Death, cold and fearful, was advancing. Pain, the most most severe, racked his body, and the pains of the second death seized upon his soul. Where now his fatalism? his pride of heart and understanding? where the solace in this hour of fearful trial? where the Christian's hope? It is impossible to do justice to that scene. Long did his iron frame struggle with the destroyer. He could not endure his sufferings. So great was his agony, he sought to hasten his end—to strangle himself—to dash the golden bowl to atoms, that would not break—to hasten to meet Him who has said: "He that believeth not shall be damned." Thus passed from the world one whom it delighted to honor, and whose only error was that he was a fatalist.

BEAUTY.

BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

It is a strange notion, yet one that prevails to some extent, that beauty as a fixed principle has no existence; or rather, that there is no well-defined rule by which we can with any degree of certainty determine what constitutes beauty, but that the laws which govern it are arbitrary and uncertain. From this opinion we beg leave to dissent. We believe the laws of beauty to be as fixed and immutable as the laws of truth; that if beauty be not only another name for truth, truth and beauty are so intimately connected that the one cannot exist in the absence of the other; certainly that there cannot be any real beauty where truth is wanting. That falsehood may sometimes *seem* beautiful must be admitted, but it is only when it wears the semblance of truth. The moment the falsehood is made to appear, the *beauty* immediately vanishes.

A few examples will perhaps make us better understood. Two individuals we will suppose are looking at a work of art, a statue if you please. The one is a man of correct taste, the other is not. The latter pronounces the figure to be perfectly beautiful, believing it to be so; the other dissents and commences pointing out faults, which, when his friend sees, he must admit to be faults. He shows him, for example, that the artist has given the figure an attitude which the living subject could not assume, or he directs his attention to a disproportion of parts which in nature would be a deformity. He certainly can no longer consider the statue perfectly beautiful. And why? Because it is not perfectly *true*.

But it may be asked, if an artist produce ever so correct a portrait of an ill-looking individual, will not the picture, with all its truth, be wanting in beauty? In reply to this we would simply remark, that the picture, notwithstanding the deformity of the subject, would be beautiful as a work of art, beautiful on account of its truthfulness and strict conformity to the rules of art, which are founded on truth, on nature. But were the same picture presented as a representation of the human form as we see it when in its most perfect state, we would then judge it by another standard; we would compare it with nature as she exists in that state, and we would condemn it as wanting in beauty because wanting in *truth*.

We are too apt to look upon the ideal beauty so much talked about by artists, as something above or beyond nature, when it is in reality only an attempt to represent nature as she appears when in her most perfect form, freed from the contaminating influences by which she is surrounded and controlled. The only safe guide for the artist is Nature. The moment he steps beyond her precincts, he enters a wilderness inhabited but by monsters.

Nor is the rule which we have been endeavouring to show is the only one by which we can correctly judge of the beautiful in art, less applicable to other things. To say that a sentiment is beautiful, is only another way of saying that it is true. A good sentiment, to be sure, may be badly expressed, so much so as almost to obscure its beauty. In that case the want of beauty in the manner of expressing it, will be owing to a want of truth in the manner, a want of conformity to the true in language, in harmony. On the other hand, a false sentiment may be so expressed as to strike us at first sight as being perfectly beautiful. In that case the article, although conveying a false sentiment, may be true and consequently beautiful as a piece of composition. Take for instance the following from Moore:

> "Fill the bumper fair;
> Every drop we sprinkle
> On the brow of care,
> Smooths away a wrinkle."

Now any good Washingtonian could prove to you that this in sentiment is false, but he

must be a very dull-eared Washingtonian indeed, who did not perceive the beauty and harmony of the numbers.

Longfellow, in one of his short poems, has this verse:

"Trust no future howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead,
Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead."

This, however true it may be in sentiment, strikes us as being false, and consequently wanting in beauty as a piece of versification, from its want of harmony. The second line is particularly faulty. In view, however, of the rare beauty of the poem taken as a whole, this is but a slight blemish, and is only noticed here for the sake of illustration.

There is a beauty in condensation which all do not appreciate, yet which, as much as any other, shows the hand of a master. Few understood this better than Byron, though wordy enough at times. Take for instance this line:

"O! man, thou pend'lum 'twixt a smile and tear."

How much is comprised in this single line.

Pope furnishes some capital specimens of this kind of beauty, as this epitaph of two lines on a lady, and for which he is said to have received twenty guineas, will show:

"She was—but words are wanting to say what!
Think what a wife should be, and she was that!"

This train of thought might be extended to any length, and proof added to proof in support of our position, but we trust that enough has been said to satisfy any one who will carefully examine the subject, that whatever is beautiful must be true, and it is beautiful simply because it is *true*.

SONG.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Now awakes the evening star;
From its pleasant home afar
It is looking through the blue,
With an eye so bright and true,
Adalie.

See the clouds, like pillows white,
On a couch of azure light,
Where the sleeping angels lie,
In the chambers of the sky,
Adalie.

Now the silvery crescent shines
Through the tresses of the vines,
And the woven shadows fall
From the turrets dark and tall,
Adalie.

While the dews a freshness fling,
Weary Zephyr rests his wing;
He is listening to the trees,
As they whisper in the breeze,
Adalie.

O'er the mind a quickening thought
Ever with this hour is wrought;
And we soar beyond the sense,
With a thrill of joy intense,
Adalie.

Spirit wings are hovering round;
Spirit voices fill each sound;
And the soul's expanding power
Feels the universe its dower,
Adalie.

POETRY AND POETS.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

POETRY has been defined to be *the language of the imagination*. This is but a partial definition, though good as far as it goes. Poetry has as much to do with real as with imaginary things. If it soar to the highest empyrean of thought, it is also conversant about the visible and material here below. If the poet's eye glanceth to heaven, it must come back to earth, and search among mortal things. The literal meaning of the word *poet* (from ποιεω, poieo, to make) is *maker*, but then he is a *finder*, too, and a *combiner*, for he by no means makes all his materials.

"A poet," saith Dryden, "is a maker, as the word signifieth, and he who cannot make, that is invent, hath his name for nothing." But it is not alone invention that entitles to this name. It is invention of a particular kind and character. A tawdry or even a brilliant imagination does not constitute the true and complete poet. The muse demands something more. There must be strength of intellect—acuteness of moral perception—delicacy of moral feeling—a comprehensive view of the works of God—a lively apprehension of the invisible through the medium of the visible. It was by reason of the perfection of these qualities in Milton, that according to the idea of Wordsworth, he "dwelt apart," like some solitary star. God be thanked for such an intellect to live in the world long after the dissolution of the dust that once enshrined it. Scenes of tender moral beauty he describes with a masterly hand, but the grand, the imperial, the sublime, the all-powerful, seem to be the most natural emanations of his genius, while the purest philosophy of morals and of life springs from it as from an immortal fountain. Even amid the bloom and ardor of youth—at the age of 23, when imagination and passion are so prone to lord it over judgment and reason, and the soul is apt to surrender itself to the brilliant dreams and splendid visions of he future—he, like one of many and mature years, reviews the past with a feeling of regret "that I to manhood am arrived so near," and that he had so poorly improved his time. Then looking into the future, he adds:

> "Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
> It shall be still in strictest measure even
> To that same lot, however mean or high,
> Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
> All is, if I have grace to use it so,
> As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

How different all this from the bold, dashing, impetuous, scornful muse of Byron, the element of whose life and existence is dire commotion of some sort. It may be the storm of passion, the delirium of the imagination, the fever of lust, the troubled dream of ambition, or the impending ruin of states and empires. The poet must be in the midst of it, and be the hero of the scene; the impersonation of the leading idea that for the time fills his mind, and fires his imagination. Giaour, Conrad, Manifred, Cain, Childe Harold, Don Juan, each means Byron in some period of his brief, busy, dizzy life. This is contemplating one's self, not for the laudable purpose of self-humiliation, but for that of self-glorification. If by chance some picture of nature in all her loveliness, or of moral virtue in all her transcendent beauty is drawn—a tribute which genius is compelled to pay to its author—he quickly drops the pencil, and flies to his lurid lights and dismal shades. If he contemplates a cataract, it is not so much to be enamored of its beauty or awed with its sublimity, as to excite himself with its horrors.

> "The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
> And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
> Of their great agony, wrung out from this
> Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet."

Yet Velino is a mere infant to Niagara.

If there be music in the deep sea, he cannot linger to listen to it, but dwells on the wrecks and ravages with which old Ocean has

strown her far-reaching shores, or peopled her mysterious depths. One line describes the poor, shipwrecked, drowning mariner, who sinks into those depths,

"With bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

If he stand in the midst of beautiful, classic Rome, he commences chanting a dirge over the "lone mother of dead empires," and the strains thereof fill the soul with the deepest emotions of sadness. This is appropriate. Would that every stroke of his powerful genius were equally so. But when he dared the impious work of setting up a Corsair for public admiration, of marrying poesy to piracy, and dignifying profligate principles and cruel practices with the honors of exalted verse, then he compelled that genius to descend to an abasement, from which were not many steps to its ignominious prostitution in Don Juan. And yet the exploits of sea-robbers and land-robbers are fashionable themes at the piano and on the guitar in our winter parlors. It is delightful to turn to the fresh pictures of Thomson, and the domestic paintings of Cowper. We behold as in a mirror the reflection of Nature's bright and lovely face, unwrinkled with sorrow, undistorted with a frown. We hear her voice, not stifled with pain, nor hoarse with rage; not uttering itself in bitter and misanthropic tones, but in gentle and genial accents, inviting the children of immortality to a participation in the blessings prepared by Infinite Benevolence. In them the spirit of poetry harmonizes with the inspiration of the sacred oracles, and sound instruction is combined with a requisite delight. Even where they profess not to be directly didactic, they become so by the beauty of moral sentiment, and the force of unadulterated truth. Nor does their genius delight in brooding over moral ruin; still less in pointing the arrow of calumny or of malice against the fair, the good, and the virtuous, least of all in questioning the wisdom and defying the power of the Supreme.

How important, then, to cultivate a pure and chaste imagination; to pass through this peculiar world at least innocent of augmenting its sin and increasing its sorrow, if we add nothing to the amount of its holiness and happiness. In proportion to the gifts of men are their responsibilities. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required; and to whom men have committed much, of him will they ask more." Such is the unalterable law of the government of God.

A BENEDICTION.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

God be with thee! gentle being,
May thy path with flowers be spread;
May He who is all, all-seeing,
Shower his blessings on thy head.

God be with thee! lightly, lightly
May life's rosy hours depart;
May those eyes e'er beam as brightly,—
E'er as gladly beat thy heart.

God be with thee! may Hope ever
Shed his brightness round thy way;
From the paths of virtue, never
May thy footsteps idly stray.

God be with thee! gentle being,
When the day of death is come!
May He who is all, all-seeing,
Take thee to His heavenly home.

KATE BLYTHE.

(CONTINUED.)

KATE TO MARY.

June 1st.

You smile then to see how thoroughly I am revolutionized. I confess having been compelled to resign a few cherished prejudices, not the least active of which were my opinions with regard to Frank Belden. These notions, for they should be called by no more dignified name, were founded on a certain languor of manner, resulting, as I have since learned, from great physical prostration, (he had just completed a stormy voyage across the Atlantic, during the greater part of which he had been very sick,) but which I persisted for some time in attributing wholly to his artistic education. I am happy to acknowledge my error, and wish I could atone for it by describing the manly friendliness of his real character, as truthfully as I fear I presented him to your imagination according to my former unjust ideas. My improved opinions were not wrought out in a moment, or effected by a single circumstance, but a detail of their various causes would occupy more time and space than I am willing just now to devote to such a purpose: the truth as it stands must suffice you. I will, however, mention his kind attention to Grace and her brother, as one talisman by which Frank has operated on all our hearts. To Albert he has been of essential service: the invalid no longer objects to going abroad, for his confidence in his fellow-men is revived; his horror of "the world's dread laugh" has vanished before the power of cordial sympathy. He has to-day rode out with my father, and we are waiting their return with some anxiety, for the clouds look threatening.

8th.—I was interrupted in my writing last week by the commencement of a violent shower, during which my father drove to the door. Both he and Albert were completely drenched; and the consequence to Albert was a severe cold, which has nearly reduced him to his former helplessness. To our surprise and pleasure, he has not yielded to his former despondency, but appears submissive to the lot which Heaven has decreed him. Grace, poor girl, weeps in secret over this renewal of sorrows; but her brother sees none of her tears: her soothing, encouraging smile alone is visible to him. Frank has called to mind since this unfortunate occurrence, a physician whose establishment he visited somewhere in Europe—in Germany, I believe, who cures cases of the most obstinate character by a mode of treatment peculiar to himself, and which is practised by no other of his profession. He named this to my father, and they have actually concerted a plan for sending Albert away. My father is acquainted with a gentleman in the city who goes every year to Europe, and will, he is sure, cheerfully give every requisite assistance. Albert objected on account of the expense, but my father insists that he is his debtor to the full amount of what it will cost, and will hear of no hesitation on that ground. Grace speaks only of her gratitude and her hopes; but when we are alone together, our tears flow freely at the thought of our separation.

19th.—My father has received a reply from his city friend, who informs him that he purposes sailing for Europe about the first of September, and will gladly oblige him by taking his young friends under his especial charge. How shall we bring ourselves to part with them! Dear, dear Grace—and she will be left alone, in that distant and strange land, with no companion, no protector, no friend but her feeble and helpless brother. Yet she does not shrink from the trial,—the orphan's God, she is sure, "will never leave nor forsake her."

30th.—My letter is assuming the form of a diary, but no matter, if you do not find it tiresome. We have been very busy to-day, Grace and I, exercising our ingenuity in making a pair of work-baskets. The idea originated with Albert, who sketched the pattern for both.

They are imitations of a casket in which the elder Mr. Harley used to keep his money and papers, and which he had fastened to his arm before leaving the ship at whose side he met his fearful fate. Grace made the one intended for me, I that which she is to take with her. We shall prize them for each other's sake.

July 15th.—Mrs. Austin and her nephew sat with us until ten o'clock last night. Frank exerts himself with unwearied kindness to give Albert and Grace all the information in his power, to impart which will probably be of service to them in the country to which they are going. Once during the evening my father was called out to speak with some one at the door; in leaving the room he accidentally struck Albert's chair with such force as to jar it violently. My father was in haste, and did not notice what he had done; indeed, I was glad he did not see the look of keen suffering that crossed the brow of the poor young man. But Grace saw and felt it. With instinctive solicitude she moved quickly to her brother's side, threw her arm lightly over his shoulder and drew his head to her bosom. The action was becoming as it was simple and natural; she remained some moments in the same touching attitude, her graceful figure bending until her soft curls mingled with her brother's dark hair, and her sweet sad face expressing all the anxious tenderness of her heart. I gazed on her with melancholy delight, and owned within myself the power of the loveliness "that charms much more than beauty." I fancy that Frank's thoughts must have been similar to mine, for after a moment's silence, he asked in a low voice—

"Who would not submit even to his burthen, if assured that such a guardian angel would watch over and help you to bear it?"

"She is indeed an angel," I replied, in the same low tone; "and one, too, of whose love and care few of the children of earth are worthy."

"I bow to the truth of both your remarks," he responded with a smile; after which he was silent until my father returned.

17th.—I scarcely know whether I am most inclined to laugh or to weep this evening. Of this, however, I am sure, my feelings partake quite as much of joy as of sorrow. I was busy in the dining-room this morning when Frank came in; being in haste to finish what I was about, I merely told him that I thought he would find Albert and Grace in the piazza, and proceeded with my work. He left the room immediately, and was gone perhaps an hour, when he made his appearance again, saying that Grace had sent him to bring me to the piazza. I went with him, and to my surprise and alarm found the brother and sister weeping in each other's arms. I looked at Frank for an explanation, and then I saw that there had been tears in his eyes also.

"I have proposed accompanying them to Germany," he said, "and Albert is willing that I should go as his brother."

"And Grace?" I asked, awaiting his reply with suspended breath.

"If your parents and you approve the arrangement, she will not object."

"Dear girl," said I, embracing her heartily, "your trust in the orphan's God has not been a vain one. He has provided the very protector whom your best friends would have chosen for you."

When I turned to speak again to Frank he was gone. He proceeded at once to find my father, who heard his proposal with pleasure hardly inferior to mine. The kind, excellent Mrs. Austin has been here, and embraced and blessed Grace as her niece. She consents without hesitation to part with her nephew in such a cause, and the "preliminaries" are nearly all agreed on. I cannot imagine anything within the round of possibilities, that would have given me greater pleasure than this denouement. Grace, I am confident, will be as good a wife as sister, and Frank—shall I ever again be so silly as to suppose an accomplished mind and elegant manners inconsistent with a warm and friendly heart?

Aug. 25th.—They are gone, Mary. I am sitting alone in the room which Grace and I have so long occupied together. How drear and chill is the sense of solitude at my heart,—but I will endeavor to banish it, or at least to contemplate the brighter side of the picture. I look around me and my eye meets at every point some testimonial of my sweet friend's taste or industry; before me on the table is the casket which she made for me, and on it hangs her bridal wreath. With her own hands she removed it from her beautiful hair, and with her own sweet smile charged me to keep the casket sacred to Albert and the wreath to her, until they both returned. How pure and snow-white are its petals, but not purer than the gentle brow on which they rested this morning, and which seemed for the time not to borrow

sation, but I could do so no longer. I became silent, but though I could not be said to listen, it was impossible to avoid hearing, and the stranger's low, musical tones fell on my ear with a power which I cannot easily describe. A voice from the past seemed blended with their melodious cadence, and a thousand memories awoke at its thrilling sound. I struggled to be calm, but my perturbed feelings rebelled against my will, and my fear of betraying heightened my disquiet. Music was spoken of, and my father asked me for his favorite song. I moved to the piano, secretly hoping that the harmony of the prelude might inspire me with sufficient self-possession to command my voice.

"You sing, I hope," said my father, as his guest placed himself near me.

"Indifferently," replied Mr. Howard; "I am not one 'who is not moved with concord of sweet sounds.'"

I ran over the prelude and began the song. As I did so, my thoughts reverted to the many times when Grace, her brother and myself, had mingled our voices in singing those very words —"Long, long ago." The idea was an unfortunate one, for, under its influence, I trembled and my tones became unsteady. A finely modulated voice, as if to assist me, "took up the burthen of the song," at my side; its rich, full notes sustained mine for a few moments, but the fancies I was striving to dispel appeared to gather strength from those swelling accents. I felt that I was losing my self-control, and gave up the effort to sing, though I played on a few more bars; then yielding entirely to my feelings, I burst into tears, rose from the instrument, and with a face burning with mortification, left the room by the nearest door. My mother soon followed, full of anxiety. I pleaded a violent headache, which by this time I was really suffering; and you may be sure, did not return to the parlor. My father came to my room early this morning, and kindly and affectionately entreated me to tell him the real cause of my emotion. This I could not do, as I scarcely knew it myself; but I confessed more to him than I have ever before acknowledged, even to my own heart. He kissed me tenderly, and bade me rest satisfied that no tyrannical constraint would be imposed on my inclinations.

"Mr. Howard will leave us this morning," he proceeded, "his arrangements admitting only of a brief stay at this time; but in a few days he will visit us again. It may be that a better acquaintance with him will lessen your reluctance to comply with my plan; if not, your own wishes shall direct your conduct."

The breakfast bell rang; I entreated so earnestly to be excused from going down, that my father consented to my request, but expressed his sorrow that I could not so much as take a kind leave of his young friend. He does not bear in mind as vividly as I do, the thought that, after last night's exhibition of weakness, I must appear to his guest only as a silly affected girl, whose friendly notice is very little worth caring for. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and have cried with vexation, when reflecting on my behavior. I am now weeping over my father's kindness to his rebellious child. Nor are these my only causes for tears: my father also informed me that he yesterday received a letter from Frank. They have all reached the United States in safety, and are now in New York, where they are detained a short time—my father did not say by what—but hope to see this town in another week. Am I unreasonable in thinking that if their recollections of by-gone days correspond with mine, either Grace or Albert would have written a line to me? But Grace has become unmindful of her friend.

"The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,"

are remembered no longer; secure in her present happiness, the troubled past is forgotten, and with it, the luckless Kate.

This circumstance has given me a more correct idea of my position than I have ever before obtained. I now see clearly that I am defeating a favorite and long-cherished project of the best of parents, through a foolish sentiment in favor of one who seldom thinks of me, and who, if he knew all, would probably despise me. Shall I descend to this? I am resolved that I will not. As my father suggested, I will respect myself too much. I will resist every impulse of a preference that has never been sought, and, whatever it may cost me, study only to gratify my parents.

25th.—You must come to us, Mary. I will hear of no refusal. The distance, I know, is great, but it has been traversed, and it may be again. You have sympathized in all the trials of your friend—come, now, and see and share her—— but you must listen to the prelude—the gushing tide must not be so abruptly poured out. When I last held my pen, my head was bowed with

humiliation; now my heart overflows with grateful happiness; and the same source whence originated the grief of yesterday, supplies the joy of to-day.

"Thus, thoughts that frown upon our mirth,
May smile upon our sorrow;
And many dark fears of to-day,
May be bright hopes to-morrow."

Frank and Grace arrived last night. Mrs. Austin was here to meet them. Their first greeting convinced me that I had accused them unjustly. Albert was not with them; and my father, after conversing a moment apart with Frank, quietly left the room. The wearied travellers were seated on the sofa. I drew my chair before them, and I looked and listened with indescribable delight; but the flutterer in my bosom seemed ready to burst from its confinement when I heard the door open behind me, and my father's step on the carpet. Grace looked up with a smile, half amused, half sad, and Frank broke into a downright laugh. My mother rose; I instinctively followed her example, and turned toward those who entered. My father was there, and with him Mr. Howard, wearing the coat and some of the other habiliments which Albert had on when he went away, though their narrow and ill-proportioned limits afforded scanty accommodation to the well-developed figure over which they were drawn. I stood motionless and bewildered, suspecting, yet not daring to believe the truth. Imagine, if you can—I cannot describe my feelings when my father joined our hands in his, and with a voice whose tones were tremulous with deep emotion, implored God's blessing on his children. It was Albert—so changed for the better, in every particular, that even I had not known him. My friends had united in an artifice—first to elicit my real sentiments, and then to prepare for me a joyful surprise. But the full explanation was yet to be given, and here it is.

Mr. Edward Harley Howard, the father of Albert and Grace, was reared and educated in the city of Boston. He was a member of the same school with my father, and an intimacy commenced in their childhood, which endured until within a few months of Mr. Howard's untimely death. My father's parents were respectable, but poor. When he began his business career, the Howards, who were both rich and liberal, encouraged their son's chosen friend in the most generous manner. He was prospered in his undertakings, and during several years his only important cause of regret was, the return of his patrons to their native country, England. The friendship of the young men continued unabated, as years rolled away. They both married, and became heads of families. They had each a son and daughter, and a scheme, half playful, half serious, was agreed on by the young parents, that their children should perpetuate the memory of their early friendship, by a double marriage. My brother died when a few years old, but the plan, as it regarded Albert and myself, remained in full force. We were both informed of this, as we grew older. The wheel of fortune is ever revolving, and it fell, at length, to Mr. Howard's turn to take a lower place. The failure of a house in which nearly his whole available fortune was invested, reduced him from affluence to comparative poverty. He wrote an account of his reverses to my father, expecting, of course, the prompt sympathy which, in former times, he had so freely extended. That letter my father never received. As nothing had ever been lost between them before, Mr. Howard, grieved and angry, took no such possibility into consideration, but decided hastily that his friend had wilfully abandoned him. But something must be done, and that speedily. His parents had left property in Boston, which, for some reason or other, had been long involved in litigation. He gathered together the wreck of his fortune, and with his children, whose mother had been some time dead, sailed for the United State. He determined not to apply to my father, or even to let him know of his return, so long as that could be avoided. Accordingly, he proposed to drop, for a time, the name of Howard. His children consented, and they all embarked under the name of Harley.

When my father came on board their vessel at Halifax, he was known by Mr. Howard, but did not, himself, recognize his former friend. Mr. Howard suspected that he did not wish to do so, and coldly kept aloof from the companion of his boyhood. You have heard of the shipwreck and its consequences. Albert and Grace saw, with mingled feelings, into whose hands they had fallen; they felt that their situation was providentially ordered, though they often wondered at the discrepance between their benefactor's conduct toward themselves, and that toward their father. They hoped that

some circumstance might yet explain this, and remained silent, waiting the event of time. Shortly after their coming among us, my father received a letter which he had written to Mr. Howard. It was returned in an envelope, which simply informed him that the gentleman to whom that letter was addressed, was dead. He, rationally enough, I think, concluded that the scheme once drawn out by the parents, was distasteful to the son; who, for that reason, had neglected to inform him of his father's death. It was this thought that kept him silent on the subject so long, that his well known plans had nearly lost their influence on my actions. A year or two since, while on a visit to Boston, he made some inquiries relative to the property of Mr. Howard, in that city. He was told that if the heirs did not appear, and satisfy the demands of the creditors, the whole estate would soon be absorbed by the expenses which were constantly accumulating. My father examined into the matter, and finding the property too valuable to be so sacrificed, paid the debts and terminated the lawsuit. He had always an idea that light might some time be thrown on what was now so dark, and held the estate in reserve for the children of his friend, should they ever present themselves before him. The papers found with the casket revealed an important part of the truth; and his emotion, on opening them, is now easily understood.

"Do you find Albert so unmercifully improved, as to be hardly distinguishable from a graceful automaton?" asked Frank, this morning.

"Grace has betrayed me, I see," replied I; "but she should have borne in mind that I saw and retracted my error."

"The error was not so great as you, perhaps, imagine. I had grown fastidious—or rather, to own the truth, indolent. I had been so long accustomed to consider only my own gratification, and that, too, among strangers, in whose affections, interests and pleasures, I had no share, that the animated spirit which can only be preserved by sympathy, had become torpid. A motive to action was wanting, and by reason of that want, my energies slumbered. The requisite motive presented itself, soon after my arrival at home," (here Frank looked at Grace with a smile that must have fallen like sunshine on her heart,) "and, though it did not immediately overcome the habits of years, its effect on my life and character has been most happy. Albert never lacked a motive to give vigor to his exertions; his object was to qualify himself to aspire to the hand of Miss Kate Blythe. He had, I suspect, the vanity to fancy that the lady for whose hand he was willing to serve did not regard him with indifference; so you see, love gave the impulse, while hope cheered him in his efforts. Moved by such influences, how could he faint or even get weary by the way? he did not, but toiled manfully onward. Your father's letter, which met us in New York, prepared the way for an earlier declaration of his sentiments than, I believe, he contemplated when we left Europe. We found it impossible to detain him with us, so much as one day. Grace wrote all that he would allow her time for, but her letter, I presume, was withheld from you, that it might not spoil the plot of the drama which approaches so proper a denouement."

"Then the criticism, of which I have so sincerely repented, was not, after all, so very unjust."

"As it respected me, I admit that it was not. Your error lay in condemning, so sweepingly, the idea of a thorough education. Every human being has an innate 'respect to the recompense of reward.' In the acquirement of education, the pleasure to be found in the pursuit of knowledge is, to some, a sufficient recompense. Others, like myself, need a different incentive—some profit accruing to ourselves or to those we love, as we proceed, or some prize to be possessed when a specified goal has been reached. The young person who enters upon the voyage of life with every wave of fortune in his favor, but so circumstanced as not to be impelled in his course by some such motive as I have described, will not, necessarily, lose the whole advantage of favoring tides—for contact with the world may, at last, 'rub off the rust' of nature, though the recipient of those polishing 'rubs' may be sinking into the more baneful 'rust' of supineness; while his fellow voyager, whose facilities do not, perhaps, equal his, but whose powers are stimulated, whose energies are kept alive by hope, will be very likely to prove, even to my friend Kate's satisfaction, that the most profound knowledge, the highest mental and personal graces, may be attained without the sacrifice of a single quality that is truly useful or valuable in the human character."

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY ANNA M. HEFFERNAN.

It is requisite that the mind and its various functions should be properly exercised, as much so as the body, where strength becomes developed in the parts most used. The memory either expands, retains vividly impressions that it has received, or becomes feeble and imbecile from disuse; thus the mind and intellect literally starve for want of proper nourishment whose cravings are unnoticed, while we are so intent on satisfying the various appetites of the body. Thoughts, ideas, the glorious creations that Fancy pencils forth from her mystic land, lightnings of the mind, glimpses of our brighter, better being, of what we might have been, that like wild, sweet, uncultivated flowers, ever spring up from the stony heart to gladden, though it be but for a moment, the bleak and dreary pathways of life—are they to flash forth meteorlike and disappear forever, from a weak indolence to note them down?

Perhaps we feel the want of expression: within, is the longing to pour forth those idol creations, that spring life-like into existence, as Athenæ did from the brain of Jove, and yet we lack the power, as though our soul were wrapt in the grandeur of some lofty, inspiring strain, and still fearful, unable to communicate the rapturous ideas inspired to another, oft-times hindered and checked by the want of sympathy evinced by the world, its ridicule of those warm sensitive feelings that prove in many cases a fatal dower to the truthful, confiding heart that would fain behold itself reflected on whomsoever it looked; and like the flower laden with its own richness and fulness of beauty, it shrinks instinctively within itself, from the coldness and repulse it is doomed to meet at every turn.

Common sense.—Aye, that is the term for which the world slights the true and beautiful, and the ever-springing joyous influences of the heart—the beaten pathway all must tread, traced out and levelled by the wise ones of earth; where long habit, and so called "worldly experience," or the discovering other men's faults and frailties, to the utter forgetfulness of our own, has trodden down and crushed the blooming flowers that sprung up at every step in the pleasant valleys of youth, by its gushing fountains, and sweet flowers ere their perfume departed or their beauty ceased to delight, and the tangled brier and thorn displaced them, and the pleasant water grew troubled and bitter, wherein no lovely thing might now dwell. Ah! are we the happier for all this?

Where is the heart, panting in the noon-day sun, but would gladly turn aside from the dusty road, worn and travel-stained, to some sheltered nook, where he might lay himself down among its clustering blossoms, its pleasant memories, and find a rest which the cold, wide, weary world outside had all along denied him?

The poet sways a sceptre over all, and is truly termed the brother of mankind; belonging to no one party or creed, professing no harsh doctrines, but ever speaking to us in the language of poetry of the good and beautiful—in a spirit-breathing strain, which clothes the ideas in a garb exalted above the common-place phrases of every day life, of our duties now, our future destiny, of eternity. Religion boasts the noblest charms of poetry. In grandeur of conception and beauties of imagery, the sacred pages stand first, and its most bitter enemies cannot deny this claim—jewels of surpassing purity and beauty, which form the brightest diadem that crowns the brow of poetry or the muse. It is after all delightful to see our thoughts, feelings, and sympathies delineated, traced out by another, and that other a stranger to us, thus creating a bond of sympathy by appealing to the overflowing fullness of the heart. *He* has sorrowed over the same griefs, bewailed the same weaknesses, and lamented over the same disappointed hopes, telling us, in language not to be misunderstood, of sufferings and frailties not confined to *one*, but the common lot of *all;* and this pictured and shadowed forth by a hand we never grasped, by one we may never meet! Thus ever are the fairest flow-

ers of poesy wreathed to adorn the living and the dead! whose beauty and fragrance give to life its all of *life* and freshness, and to death immortality.

My heart never prays more fervently than when it responds to that touching portion of the church service, where to the almighty goodness are commended "All those who are any ways afflicted in mind, body or estate." And many there be who stand in need of, who desire this blessing, upon whose mourning hearts, like healing balm, fall those beautiful and consoling words, so proportioned to man's various estate. There kneels a way-worn, weary man, his silvered head bowed o'er his trembling hands; years on his withered brow have left the furrows of strifes, disappointments, hopings, and endurings, which in the human heart are forever contending. The bright prospect of youth, the maddening passions of noon, life, love, and hate, plotting ambition and revenge, like slimy serpents, crawled their way among the fair flowers, and poisoned the springs of life. There knelt he, when the golden curls of childhood clustered on his fair young brow, smoothed by a mother's hand, moist with her kisses, which she bestowed in her love and pride; when the glad heart looked out laughing from the summer eyes, and the tiny voice went up to heaven as precious incense before the throne of the Most High, ere manhood and sin came to steep his soul in wo and misery. Childless and forsaken, his feeble steps were toiling along, when the voice of prayer and praise stole upon his ear, and stayed his feet.

The old man wept; he remembered him; there was a God of great mercy. And conscience awoke within him, that long had slumbered; and the memory of other days was upon him for a blessing, and not a curse.

Oh! if there be a time when the blessed ones of heaven weep o'er the children of men, it must be when for them there is no more hope; when love and pity, with outstretched wings, have fled before the darkness and the tempest; when the soul, once pure and lovely, hath become the abode of every vile thing, and the likeness of God and angels, stamped with the hideous deformity of sin and madness, straying farther and farther from the light and truth, despairing and fearing, having forsaken their original purity and the fountain of life, approach nearer and nearer to the huge shadow of gloom and eternal despair, where no winged hope, or bright one of heaven, however strong or beautiful, may enter the black gulf, o'er which forever hovers the darkness of sin and the shadow of eternal death. And oh! if it be that millions and millions thus wander on forever lost, well may angels weep and heaven be hung in mourning; well may the strong heart grow weak and trembling, and in the waillings of grief and tears bow before the altar, whose God has been despised, seize the departing moments, grasp the spirit of mercy, as Jacob did the pitying angel, and not let go his hand or withdraw his hold until he was blessed.

Futurity.—What a wise ordination of Providence that we cannot raise aside the veil that conceals from us the future, to gaze upon those *features*, even though we know not whether it be in joy or sorrow. Oh! well it is so! For evils themselves are more easily endured than the anticipation of them—those darksome shadows that cloud the mind by its dwelling on coming ills; and happiness is always more enjoyed by coming when least expected. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

PLACABILITY.—When one wounds your heart and you forgive him, he is like the sea-worm which perforates the muscle-shell. The openings which he makes are closed up with *pearls*.

THE CATARACT AND RAINBOW.—How firmly is suspended the bow of peace over the angry rushing of waters? So, God abides in heaven and the streams of time tumble and sweep on; and over every billow is suspended the bow of His peace.

MEMORY.—Memory is the only Paradise from which we may not be expelled. Even our first parents could not be driven from it.—*Jean Paul.*

AUNT AMY AND HER STRANGE WAYS.

No. II.

It is a strange whim of yours, Cousin Frank, but an old bachelor's whims and ways are always unaccountable; and having been silly enough to promise compliance, I must fulfil the promise, I suppose, at whatever risk or inconvenience. I dare say the great cake will be overbaked, and the pastry taken out half done; for unless the mistress's eye be upon them, neither housekeeper, cook, nor maid servants are good for anything, but it can't be helped; I've promised to send you proofs of Aunt Amy's oddity, and such proofs are plenty enough, if the thought of my dear husband's return did not put everything else out of my head; it seems as if I could recollect nothing of anybody else. Mrs. Amy and I had a few words the other day, however, about one of her unpleasant habits; for she certainly has some, the abandonment of which would render her a much more agreeable companion. It is useless to tell her so, however, for whether convinced or not, on she goes through thick and thin in the performance of whatever she conceives to be her duty, unflinchingly following out her conviction of right, "as under her great taskmaster's eye," with a disregard of consequences that proves her disinterestedness, if it proves nothing else.

The most disagreeable, not to say annoying of Aunt Amy's habits, however, is in my opinion that of reproving the faults of others. I have often felt myself aggrieved by the freedom with which she has pointed out my errors, which, strange to say, I do not love to hear spoken of, though they are my own; and not unfrequently have I been rendered uncomfortable by her plain dealing with others. Last Friday, for instance, she displeased me so much, that I could not forbear expressing my annoyance the moment that some of my visitors had taken leave.

"Dear Aunt Amy, I shall never cease to regret that this has occurred in my house. Had you spoken to him anywhere else," I said——

"You would be glad that an erring brother had been warned of his sin and danger, I suppose," interrupted Aunt Amy.

"Just so, Aunt; I only regret that it happened here."

"If it would have been right elsewhere, my dear, it could not be wrong here. Duty is alike imperative at all times and places," replied Aunt Amy.

"But you forgot the awkward position in which you placed me, Aunt Amy."

"By no means, my dear. I was aware of the awkwardness of your position, but I trembled for the danger of his, and could not hesitate."

"But you surely forgot his high station, his great popularity, his immense fortune and high family, Aunt?"

"I was not oblivious on any of these points, niece, and have known him too long to be ignorant of them; but Mr. B. has far higher claims than these to my regard. I remembered the 'high and holy calling' wherewith he is called —the high degree of holiness to which he is bound to aspire—his high profession before many witnesses, and the high destiny that awaits him as an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ Jesus, in that glorious inheritance which is to be the reward of all who are 'faithful unto death;' all which he is perilling for the 'pleasures of sin for a season,' Cornelia."

"But recollect, Aunt Amy, he was once the Governor of the State, and now holds a still higher station under government."

"The greater then his need of circumspection, and the more powerful likewise the influence of his example. I had not forgotten his high station, Cornelia," repeated Aunt Amy emphatically; "but were he the 'Autocrat of all the Russias,' he is also a brother in the church—a fellow citizen of the saints, which is the highest and noblest title that any man can boast."

"He will surely be offended, Aunt."

"He will as surely get over it again, niece."

"I do not believe it, Aunt Amy."

"And I cannot help it if he don't, Cornelia."

"I do not believe that any one ever dared to speak to him in such a manner before," persisted I.

"The greater then was his need of a friendly warning, and I thank God that he enabled me to give it! After placing himself under the care and discipline of the church, he has no right to be offended at the admonition of a fellow Christian, nor will he, I think."

"Then, dear Aunt, he must love reproof better than other people," I replied; "and I tell you frankly, Aunt Amy, that I do not think it polite to take such liberties with other people's faults."

"I know that very well, my dear," said Aunt Amy quietly.

"But of what use is it to offend people in this way?"

"None in offending them, my dear. My object is to convince a friend of his error, not to offend him."

"But it does offend, Aunt Amy; and when reproof excites anger, it does more hurt than good," I remarked.

"I am not so sure of that, child," returned the unruffled Mrs. Amy. "The anger will abate in time, but the recollection of the fault, on account of which one's self-love has been so sorely wounded, will not pass away so easily; and a consciousness of one's errors is the first step towards amendment, you know."

"There may be some truth in that," replied I ungraciously; "but reflect, Aunt Amy, how unpleasant it is to be told of one's own faults."

"True, my dear; the most needful and salutary medicines are often the most nauseous."

"And think of it, Aunt Amy! who can bear to be giving medicine to other people all the time?"

"I have often thought I should greatly prefer taking them myself," replied Mrs. Amy, smiling. "People do make such hideous faces at all kinds of medicines, whether for soul or body, that I would gladly avoid the unpleasant necessity of administering them if I could."

"If you could?" repeated I, staring in her face. "Don't you know, Aunt, that the poor patient who is often compelled to take the bitter dose from the same hand, is very apt to associate the person who gives it with the bitter potion he swallows, until at length——"

"He loathes them both alike," interrupted Aunt Amy. "Well, my dear, I know that, but what of it?"

"What of it?" repeated I, provoked at her stupidity or calmness, whichever it might be. "Of course you become as disagreeable as the nostrums you administer, and why should you do it, Aunt Amy? Duty does not require it."

"No, my dear, we are nowhere enjoined to make ourselves disagreeable, I believe," she said with a quiet smile.

"Then why can't you leave people to cure their own faults? why will you meddle with what concerns you not?" said I warmly. "There is no excuse for it, Aunt Amy; nothing in the world can warrant us in thus offending and paining others."

"Very true, my dear niece, nothing *in the world* can do it; but you and I have renounced the world, Cornelia, and must look for the direction and warranty of our conduct to higher authority than that of the world. The warrant of our actions must be a 'Thus saith the Lord.'"

"And where will you find it, pray?" demanded I brusquely; "when did the Lord bid you go and tell Tom Carteret that he is a spendthrift, and will soon be a cheat if he goes on as he has begun? When did he bid you tell Lucy Belton that she is a liar? and Archy Murray that if he does not join the Temperance Society he will die a drunkard? and me——"

"My dear Cornelia! you have worked yourself into a passion and know not what you say, nor 'whereof you affirm,'" said poor Aunt Amy in a subdued tone, and gazing in my face with an expression made up of mild rebuke, astonishment, and pity, as she gently added, "My dear child, you are unconsciously 'bearing false witness against your neighbor.'"

Conscience-struck I turned from her in silence to conceal the tears that sprang as much, I fear, from resentment as contrition, and covering my burning face with both hands, I sobbed aloud in spite of myself. Mrs. Amy suffered me to weep uninterruptedly until the paroxysm subsided, and then after a brief silence, said gently,

"Permit me to ask you one question, my dear niece. Supposing that some one of your servants had heard, and should publish literally, what you just now said? what would the world think of me, Cornelia? And why should not your servant tell what my own niece has

so openly accused me of? and that niece, too, a member of the same church to which (however unworthily) I myself belong? Think of it when your anger has subsided; think of it, my child, and may God enable you to guard your tongue and temper better." With these words she rose and took up her work.

"Don't go yet," cried I, seizing her gown to detain her. "You must not leave me yet, Aunt Amy."

"It will be better that I should—better for me, my child, and you will be yourself again the sooner."

"No, no, at least not until I have made my acknowledgment."

"There is no need of apology or explanation; we have only been a little vexed at each other, that is all," observed Aunt Amy.

"No, no, Aunt Amy, you have not uttered an angry word in reply to my wilful misrepresentation of a course of conduct, which I know must have cost a painful effort and sacrifice of your own feelings."

"Thank you for the recantation, my dear; I hardly expected it so soon, and therein I wronged you," said Aunt Amy. "So let me go now."

"No, no, Aunt Amy. To get rid of this vexed subject once and forever, let us talk it out now; I want to finish the discussion of it at once."

"But why discuss it at all?" demanded Mrs. Amy. "The safer course would be to drop it altogether. My visit has nearly reached its prescribed period, and I trust, for the few days that remain, I shall have no occasion to exercise the annoying office of fault-finder," she added laughingly.

"Oh, Aunt Amy! how every word you utter so gently, adds to my shame and self-condemnation! That was a cutting reply!" I exclaimed.

"Which I assure you was not intended to be such," she replied; "but if there is no escape, I suppose I must resume my seat; and now, my dear, what is it you would say further?"

"Only the old theme again, Aunt Amy, for really I have long wished that I could understand you."

Receiving no answer, I raised my eye to her face, and perceived that she was occupied with some thought far foreign to my question. Drawing my chair nearer to her own in order to attract her attention, I abruptly asked,

"Do you like to be told your faults, Aunt Amy? Is it agreeable to you to hear the truth of yourself?"

"In other words, you would ask if I find it agreeable to hear disagreeable things?" observed Aunt Amy.

"Nay, how should I know that any truth of yourself could be disagreeable? You ought to be a very faultless person yourself, one would think——"

"Since I am so apt to reprove the faults of others," said Mrs. Amy, finishing the sentence for me as I checked myself, and almost bit off my tongue to restrain it. "Take care, niece! I told you it was not safe to resume the subject yet," she added, raising her finger in admonition.

"Forgive me, Aunt Amy. If you knew half my faults, you would not wonder that I am a little sore on this subject; but do tell me, is it agreeable to you to hear your own faults or weaknesses discussed?"

"Certainly not. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Does any person ever seem the more agreeable for telling you of them?" persisted I.

"No, for the time being I have often thought a friend decidedly disagreeable, however my opinion may have changed afterwards," replied Mrs. Amy.

"Then you did not expect to render yourself more agreeable or beloved, by anything you have said to me this morning?" I inquired.

"My dear child, you cannot think me so absurd!"

"Then I really do wish I could understand the motive which has induced you to spend so much time in telling me of my faults to-day," exclaimed I peevishly.

"Telling you of what, my dear?" cried Mrs. Amy in the most naïve perplexity.

"Of my faults and follies, to be sure!"

"What do you mean, my dear Cornelia? whither are your wits wandering?" exclaimed Aunt Amy. "Reflect a moment: nd you will recollect that so far have I been from pointing out your faults, that I have spent the last hour in listening to your animadversions on my own."

"Why, Aunt Amy! how you talk!" cried I; "who in the world has been setting all my sins in array against me this morning but yourself?"

"Nay, it must have been a more intimate friend and monitor than I am, my dear," replied

Aunt Amy. "Recollect, who has been taking me so roundly to task for my ugly habit of telling people their faults, beginning with Governor B."

"But—but, surely, Aunt Amy—you—you—at least I——"

"It won't do, my dear—it will not do," said Aunt Amy, laughing at my embarrassment; "you have spent the last hour in doing the very thing of which you are now accusing me."

"But surely, Aunt Amy," I began.

"Yes, surely, my dear, I checked you once when in your excitement you were saying what you have since acknowledged to have been a misrepresentation; but otherwise, I have not told you of a fault to-day. You have kept me too well employed in endeavoring to defend myself, Cornelia."

"Well, that is true, I believe, now I think of it; but how droll! I have been feeling all the time as if you were accusing me! How strange!"

"Not very strange, I think," rejoined Mrs. Amy; "conscience is very apt to annoy us with a troublesome reminder now and then; and believe me, Corney, you would never be displeased at being told your faults, if this same conscience did not always uplift her saucy voice to confirm the charge."

"Well, I suppose it is all as you say, Aunt. But to return from this long digression. You can't help knowing, Aunt Amy, how very much beloved you are; but I have often thought and sometimes said, how much more agreeable and beloved you would become, if you could once get the better of this habit——"

"And hold my tongue, I suppose," said Mrs. Amy, as I hesitated.

"Why, yes, Aunt Amy; I was saying how very popular you would become, how universal a favorite you might render yourself, if you you would only let other people and their sins alone."

"Very probably, my dear, but popularity is not the 'prize' to which a Christian is exhorted to 'press forward,' and I have professed myself a Christian. We are not commanded to make ourselves beloved and honored on earth. On the contrary, we are forbidden to seek the honor that cometh from men," returned Mrs. Amy quietly.

"But we are not commanded to throw it away either."

"Are you quite sure of that, my dear? 'Counting all things but loss and dross' seems something like it in my opinion," observed Mrs. Amy.

"Aye, but it must be 'for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, you know,'" cried I triumphantly.

"But what is that 'excellency of the knowledge of Christ,' my dear? Is it to be found anywhere but in the path of obedience?" asked Mrs. Amy.

"But surely it is not in obedience to His command that any person runs about telling one and another all the evil that he or she has ever done in life; and what do you get by it, Aunt Amy? I would only ask you if, as a means of doing good, you are not wrong in throwing away the influence you might possess over others by winning their affections?"

"Supposing I possessed influence, my dear, in what manner should I employ it for the purpose of doing good?" she asked.

"Oh, in a thousand ways, Aunt Amy."

"Name some of them if you please, my dear. Point out some ways in particular by which we may employ our influence in doing good to others."

"Why, by example to be sure, and—and by precept, too."

"That might not be agreeable," remarked Mrs. Amy, slily.

"In short, by 'all holy conversation and godliness,'" I added.

"Still you speak only in general. In what does 'all holy conversation and godliness' consist?" asked Aunt Amy. "Are we to make no personal appeal, no direct effort to save sinners from destruction and turn souls to Jesus? To reprove, to exhort and to warn, are become less incumbent duties perhaps, than in the apostle's days."

"Of course all that is very right and proper at proper times, no doubt," said I. "We must labor as well as pray."

"But in what manner, my dear, and what times and places do you esteem proper for administering this very nauseous medicine of Christian reproof? Should we warn sinners when we first discover their danger, or wait until they have advanced a little farther before we call out to arrest them, or defer our efforts until they are actually in the fire before we attempt to pull them out?" inquired Aunt Amy ironically.

"Well, Aunt Amy, I am a poor casuist—and am sure to come by the worst when I attempt to argue."

"People are apt to do so when they enlist on the wrong side of an argument, my dear."

"Well, Aunt Amy, I am good at *asking questions* at least. And since you acknowledge that a person is liked the less for telling others of their errors, I wish you would tell me what is to be the reward of your self-sacrifice?"

"A *clear conscience* and the *approbation of my God*, I hope, my dear," replied Mrs. Amy, and after a pause added, "You cannot have forgotten, my child, the solemn covenant into which you entered on becoming a professor. These words are a part of it: 'You do also bind yourself by covenant to this church, to watch over us in the Lord—to seek our purity, peace, and edification.'"

"But it is not the members of the church only that you venture to tell their sins," said I.

"God forbid that charity should be confined within the pale of the church, my child; others sin sometimes, as well as professors, and all have souls to save," said Mrs. Amy.

"But the Bible says that charity is kind, hopeth all things, believeth all things, and thinketh no evil," said I eagerly.

"Aye, my dear, but it is also written that 'charity seeketh not her own,' as you would have me do," rejoined Mrs. Amy. "But let us suppose a case, Cornelia: If I were sure that yonder Irishman was going to walk off from the Battery and drown himself, and I should sit still without lifting my voice to warn, or my finger to save him, would you hold me innocent of his destruction?"

"Certainly not, if you had the power to save him."

"That I could not know, until the attempt had been made. 'Tis not in mortals to command success, you know; but the uncertainty of success would not excuse the omission of effort, Cornelia," rejoined my aunt.

"True, dear aunt; but telling a person his sins, is quite a different affair from saving a man from drowning."

"True; inasmuch as the life of the soul is of infinitely more value than that of the body, and the horrors of the 'second death' inconceivably more awful than the agony of the first," was the solemn rejoinder.

"Well, Aunt Amy, I suppose you are right," said I, "but I think you are making a great sacrifice with a very little prospect of doing much good by it."

"It may be so, Cornelia, but having done our duty, we are not answerable for consequences," replied Mrs. Amy. "Believe me, my dear, there is not a duty enjoined us, but involves some sacrifice; but that does not render the duty less imperative. We are bound to obedience even at the sacrifice of a right hand or a right eye."

"But then to think of the ridicule, the contempt, the hatred, which is the sole reward of all your self-sacrifice!"

"Not exactly, my dear. We are called to endure such things with patience 'as seeing Him who is invisible,' and His approbation is reward enough. 'It is sufficient for the servant to be as his master,' and if the world ridicule and hate us, we know that it hath hated Him before us. We look for no reward from men. Our object is only to save them from destruction."

"Well, well, well, Aunt Amy," said I, impatiently, "you are right, no doubt, and I all in the wrong; but if I had Scripture at my fingers' ends, as you have, I think I should not have been so easily vanquished."

"Never think to shelter yourself under so paltry a plea as that, Cornelia. You do know the Scriptures—and if they contained a passage that seemed to warrant a neglect of this duty of Christian admonition, your memory would be quick enough in supplying it," answered Aunt Amy.

"But is there one positive injunction, Aunt Amy?"

"I should think the 'eleventh commandment,' if properly understood, were injunction sufficient."

"The eleventh commandment, Aunt Amy!"

"This affectation of ignorance is precisely what old Pompey calls 'playing 'possum,' Cornelia. You know the 'eleventh commandment' as well as I do," said Mrs. Amy, gravely.

"I have heard two different versions of it, Aunt Amy," said I, laughing, "neither of which admits of your construction—nay, both of which might be turned against you. Mr. D——— told that meddling old man, Deacon B., that the eleventh commandment is "Thou shalt mind thine own business,' and you would hardly plead that as the injunction you speak of; and the other day I heard little Fred Travers tell my Robert that the 'eleventh commandment' is, 'Thou shalt tell no tales,' which I suspect would afford you little better assistance."

My effort at pleasantry called up no answering smile to the face of Mrs. Amy, though few people have a keener relish for a harmless sally

than herself. On the contrary, it was with unwonted seriousness that, after a momentary pause, she answered:

"The 'eleventh commandment' is holy, my dear niece, and ought to be considered as sacred and solemnly binding upon us as any in the Decalogue—not one of which you would have dared to make the subject of light jesting. Do you not remember who has promulged it, Cornelia? He who is God our Saviour, has said, 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye love one another;' and to save our souls He laid down his own life," added Mrs. Amy. We gazed at each other for some moments in silence, when Mrs. Amy at length resumed:

"If this fails to silence your objections, and convince you of the imperative duty of Christian reproof and admonition, Cornelia, there is yet one more text which I would recommend to your solemn consideration. It is written, Ezekiel iii. and 18th—'When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his way to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand."

An involuntary shudder was my only reply to an injunction enforced by so awful a denunciation.

"Aunt Amy, it is tremendous!" I exclaimed, as Mrs. Amy laid aside the Bible she had referred to, and rose from her chair.

"In that text, and others of a like nature, my dear, you have the explanation of my conduct in this matter," observed my Aunt; "and if an injunction so solemn, and a threat so awful, is not a sufficient warrant and apology for endeavoring to keep myself free from the blood of souls, I freely acknowledge that I have none to offer;" and taking up her work, Mrs. Amy quitted the room without further effort on my part to detain her. My reader may be assured that I never again endeavored to convince Mrs. Amy of the impropriety or incivility of administering Christian admonition.

Should any of our readers desire a farther acquaintance with so odd a person as Mrs. Amy Harleigh, they may obtain it by a perusal of Mrs. Travers' manuscript, as contained in the next chapter.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

A Glimpse at Boston.—Crossing Long Island Sound now-a-days is a very trivial affair. Some ten years since, it was an event to be thought of and dreaded for weeks before one attempted it. Now, if we should chance to awake in the night, while on our way, we can scarcely convince ourselves that we are not in some pleasant hotel on *terra firma*. One night while on board the steamer Vanderbilt a few weeks since, we had to reason with ourself for some minutes before we could believe we were in a veritable state-room. There was so little motion, so little noise from the machinery, and withal the state-room was so spacious and so comfortable, that it seemed impossible for us to be steaming along at the rate of twenty miles the hour. There are three routes to Boston by the way of the Sound, of which this, via Stonington and Providence, is on the whole, perhaps, the most preferable. At any rate, one who finds fault with this method of passing between New-York and Boston must be difficult to please.

We stopped at Providence a day or two, enjoying the hospitality and agreeable society of the family of our friend and correspondent Mrs. Brooks, and proceeded to Boston. Were you ever in that city of notions, friend reader? If so, did you not carry away with you a host of pleasant associations? Perhaps not. We, of this metropolis of the Knickerbockers, are a little in the habit of looking upon our city with an air of self-satisfaction very much as Nebuchadnezzar is represented as looking upon Babylon, and our natural and almost excusable prejudices render it quite difficult sometimes to perceive the attractions which really exist in our neighboring sisters. These prejudices, we opine, form an atmosphere so densely foggy, when we go abroad, that it is almost impossible to see clearly. The objects we see at all appear misshapen and deformed. There is a sort of intellectual *mirage*—an unequal, and consequently deceptive, refraction, that plays all sorts of tricks with our perception. Is it not so? How otherwise can we account for the fact, that a Yew-Yorker—a gentleman of good taste and excellent discrimination in the

main—can visit the New-England metropolis and not discover that her *Common* is the most magnificent and glorious thing of the kind on this continent, in comparison with which everything in the shape of a public square in our city is scarcely deserving the name? And yet we have seen such people. The truth is—and we might as well own it at once—ever since the Yankees made those warlike inroads upon the peace and tranquillity of the good people of New Amsterdam, an event so graphically described by our old friend and incomparable historian, Knickerbocker—ever since that time there has been some coldness on the part of the New msterdam folks. They have not forgotten the old feud. Well, it *was* rather unkind in those Eastern Vandals to overrun this quiet Dutch settlement in that style. But we cannot help it now; and there is no use, that we can see, in crying about it now, and emptying our vials of spleen on the heads of the Yankees of the present generation. Let that be as it may, however, we always enjoy a visit to Boston. True, the streets are somewhat crooked, and we make it a point to get lost there half a dozen times a day, and twice as often at night. But we like to go there for all that; and when we come to the matter of crooked streets, the Philadelphians insist pretty strongly that we have nothing to boast of on that score.

The largest hotel in the city—probably the largest in the Union—and the one where the traveller, notwithstanding the immense number of guests which one always finds there, can enjoy most of the quiet of home, so much to be coveted when one is abroad, is the United States. It is situated somewhat apart from the centre of business, but to our mind it is far more desirable on that account; and in other respects, it combines all the excellencies of a good hotel of the first class.

Until recently, it is true, Boston was greatly behind us in one respect. We have been for years enjoying the luxury of the water of Croton river, while the Bostonians were for the most part supplied from wells of very inferior water. But a week or two before our visit to the city this want had been bountifully supplied. Lake Cochituate, or Long Pond, as it used to be called—the source of the water recently introduced—is situated some twenty miles from the city. The cost of the work, when completed, will amount to about four millions of dollars.

Washington's Monument.—The view, reader, which we give you this month, of Washington's monument, is not the monument erected or to be erected in this city. It is no more nor less than the column which has stood for some years in the city of Baltimore, a tasteful specimen of art, and an honor to the city. It strikes a stranger as rather odd, however, and slightly ludicrous—at all events it struck us so, when we were first shown the lions of Baltimore, that an ambitious and aspiring *shot tower*, in the exercise of its vocation, *shoots* upward toward the clouds higher than this monument to the father of his country. We did not like that, very well.

By the way, what has become of the project for a monument to Washington in our own city? Can anybody tell? Are all the speeches which have been made, the dinners which have been eaten, the toasts which have been drank—drunken, if the reader prefers that inflection for the participle—to go for nothing? We believe the gentlemen who have the thing in charge, have not yet decided upon a plan. Our great-grandchildren will hardly live to see the structure completed, at this rate. What are the committee thinking about? Do they mean to act over the farce of Knickerbocker's maternal grandfather, in building the church at Rotterdam?

TO A FRIEND WHO SOLICITED AN ACROSTIC.

Could we discern the scenes of future days,
As Memory's eye looks back upon the past,
The spirit oft would shudder at the gaze—
Hope is a castle-builder to the last;
And though her castles, one by one, may fall,
Right earnestly she spends her wit again,
In building others, just as fair and tall,
Nor deems her magic architecture vain.—
"Enough!" says Kate, my *protege* of yore,
"This is a strange acrostic on my name!"—
Alas! my muse, I told you o'er and o'er,
Cannot, with all her skill, acrostics frame.
Enough! well, if I choose another strain,
Perhaps I might as well begin anew,
And write the whole acrostic o'er again;
The thing would jingle quite as well, 'tis true.
To say, moreover, all I would append
On these three lines, 'twere vain my time to spend.
Nay, here I am, already at the end.

Woman's Destiny—Audi alteram partem.—Some little time since, it will be recollected, a poetical fugitive appeared in our Miscellany—we didn't write it ourself, please to recollect that, too, fair reader—with the above title, in which the writer, in a very sympathizing and lachrymose manner, details the woes under which the better half of creation are represented as groaning from the tyranny of the other and sterner half. Now we would have thrust our hand into a hornet's nest as soon as we would have written any such thing. We thought the poor fellow would get

stung, when we saw what he was about, and have only marvelled that he escaped so long. Well, his little fugitive found its way into Arkansas, and came under the eye of a lady there, who sends us the following reply:—

"A friend with whom I recently passed an evening, loaned me, very kindly, her September number of the Parlor Magazine to take home. So I replenished the dying embers, drew my chair and table to that quiet and privileged spot, the corner; dismissed all intruders from the mind—what a delicious hour for such companionship is the silent time that ushers in the dark-robed queen—and introduced myself to the ladies and gentlemen and anonymous Editor of its pages. I read and admired several of its articles, congratulated myself and my country, as well as the cause of morality and literature, that so fascinating a work is destined to supplant, gradually, but in many quarters effectually, a literature too light and dissipating to satisfy the irresistible cravings of the immortal spirit—and turned, as I am wont, to the Editorial corner. As the laws of etiquette excuse from the *expression* of opinion of the merits of 'present company,' I must *beg the privilege* of saying that the reason assigned for declining an article alluded to, speaks volumes to some of us, and we hail the moral courage that spoke out so frankly, in this age of tales of Romance and Fiction, as a pledge that the high ground assumed by the Magazine will be maintained. Of course we assume nothing—but this is a free country, and those sentiments are essentially our own. Still further on we saw something which hit ourself, as one of that acknowledged majority who 'rule the world,' (and, in parenthesis, we have had once or twice a passing view of the 'bears' who can refuse a favor—but we leave them out of the category—they are only *bears*,) and we felt ourself invited, in common with a host of others, by the gallant and chivalrous Editor, to speak out. We did so then and there, in our book of 'odds and ends;' if we fail in transcribing intelligibly, the fault belongs to Mr. Paul, who, by driving sleep from our eyelids till an *early* hour, has abstracted something from the life of to-day.

"And besides his sentiments, I have some fault to find with that gentleman's grammar. What authority can that bard possibly have for expressing himself thus:

'O destiny, if *ye designed* I'

In accepting the invitation alluded to, I consulted the power thus singularly (and plurally) invoked, and though late, I will tell you what said

"WOMAN'S DESTINY."

I asked the dame of brow severe,
If *woman* were her fated child;
She bade me to her throne draw near—
She moved her wand and sternly smiled.

A girl before her father kneeled,
As bows the rose-cup filled with dew;
And o'er his spirit for a shield,
The mantle of her love he threw.

Upon her brother's lofty brow
She fondly gazed, as sisters may—
To his behest she loved to bow,
While his proud nature owned her sway.

The wand moved on—and lo! a chain
Round her confiding heart was thrown:
She bound the silken cord again—
Her heart was never more her own.

Said Destiny—"Both good and ill,
I in her checkered life-web wove,
That, trial-taught, she may fulfil
Her ministry of Faith and Love."

Occident. FILIA FATORUM.

ARCHITECTURE.—We continue in the present number our illustrations of tasteful country residences. In our last, we presented a view of "Waldwic Cottage," which deserves a passing remark. This edifice was built before the revolutionary war. During the war, it was at different times the stopping place or headquarters of Washington, and the residence of the beautiful Theodozia Prevost, who afterward became renowned as the wife of Aaron Burr. At that time it was called the "Little Hermitage." It was while residing here that this lady first became acquainted with Burr, who was stationed at Ramapo, not far distant. But the cottage has other recommendations besides these old associations connected with it. It is situated in one of the loveliest and most fertile spots in New Jersey, about thirty miles from New York. Only a very small part of the original building now remains. The present owner of Waldwic Cottage, for whom it was designed anew and rebuilt, is Elijah Rosencrantz, Esq. The design is one of Mr. Ranlett's, as is also the *Italian Villa*, a view of which is given in this number. The style is chaste, and admirably adapted, in our estimation, for the residence of a small family in the country. Mr. Ranlett, who originated these designs, is doing much to improve the American taste in architecture, by a monthly publication of great merit and of wide popularity, called the "Architect," each number of which contains several different plans of residences, with an estimate of the cost of constructing each edifice respectively.

To Correspondents.—Fanny Florine is more than welcome. We should delight to hear frequently from her, if the muses continue to whisper such sweet numbers in her ears as those she has so kindly placed at our disposal.

Filia Fatorum is equally welcome. Indeed if we do not greatly misguess, the two signatures have but one owner.

"The Vigil of a College Senior," is on file for early publication.

The Choctaw Telegraph.—We have received from a valued friend engaged as a missionary among the Choctaws in Arkansas, a prospectus of a new paper with the above title to be issued in Doaksville, one half in the Choctaw, and the other in the English language. It is to be edited by D. Falsom, and is to appear weekly. We cordially wish this enterprise success. There is the utmost need of such a paper in this section of the country, and we trust the friends of the Indian, and the friends of the Indian's friends residing in the Northern and Eastern States, will encourage the effort by forwarding their subscriptions.

PARLOR TABLE.

The American Arithmetic, in which the principles of numbers are explained and illustrated by a great variety of practical questions. By James Robinson, Principal of the Mathematical Department of the Bowdoin School, Boston. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

We are of the opinion that changes in school books ought to be made but seldom, and with great care. We may be unnecessarily scrupulous in this matter; but we would sustain the existing order of things, by all means, unless there is some palpable and peremptory reason for a new order. We are highly conservative, we confess it. But we have scarcely kept up with the spirit of the age, so far as the teaching of the science of arithmetic is concerned, so that we can hardly tell what verdict to render upon the question whether this book of Mr. Robinson's ought to supersede those now in use, though the author has had great experience in teaching, and has certainly succeeded well in his attempt to produce a good book.

The Church in Earnest. By John Angell James, author of the "Church Member's Guide," &c. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln.

It is scarcely necessary to commend to the attention of the Christian reader the works of this heavenly-minded, active, practical servant of Christ. He is emphatically the man for the times. All he has written shows this clearly, and nothing among the efforts of his pen which we have read is better and more to the purpose than the one with the above title.

Sermons. By Henry Edward Manning, M.A., Archdeacon of Chichester. First American, from the fourth London edition. New York: Stanford & Swords.

In this volume are twenty sermons from one of the ablest divines of the Church of England, upon the following topics: Holiness in Childhood; Holy Obedience; Fasting a means of Christian Perfection; Nature and Limits of Temptation; Worldly Cares; Spiritual Presumption; Worldly Ambition; Right Use of Rest after Trial; Sympathy of Christ; Sympathy a Note of the Church; Holiness of Common Life; the World we have Renounced; Mixing with the World, and its Safeguards; Poverty a Holy State; Devotion Possible, in the Busiest Life; Prayer a Mark of True Holiness; Short Devotions a Hindrance to Prayer; the Long-Suffering of Christ; the Gentleness of Christ. In all these discourses, occasion is taken from incidents in the history of Christ, to explain and illustrate some one or more of the Christian graces. The plan is a good one, and well executed.

Two Hundred Stories for Children. Compiled by a Minister of the Gospel. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

A small volume containing tales and anecdotes, original and selected, with which little children cannot fail to be pleased. But we are a little disposed to find fault with the reverend compiler for one thing. We think his neglect to give any kind of credit for the articles he has gleaned from various sources, little short of unpardonable.

The Old Stone House; or, the Patriot's Fireside. By JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D. New York: M. W. Dodd.

The object of this little volume, as the author informs us in his preface, is to inspire the young reader with the spirit of patriotism, to render him familiar with some of the clementary principles of the science of government, and to acquaint him with the origin and formation of the Constitution of the United States. This object is attempted in the form of a tale, which is characterized by the interest which so uniformly attends the efforts of Professor Alden, and which renders him so acceptable to the juvenile reader. The book contains, in language adapted to the capacity of children, and in a form calculated to command their attention, a fund of knowledge respecting our civil institutions of the utmost importance to every one.

The American Vetcrinarian, or Diseases of Domestic Animals. By S. W. COLE, Editor of the Agricultural Department of the Boston Cultivator. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

An excellent work, as proved by the testimony of farmers in every section of the country.

Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Part 30. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. New York: Sold by Long & Brother.

This incomparable work is now completed, and the publishers have prepared for it a tasteful and elegant style of binding. The price of binding to subscribers is twenty-five cents a volume. Parents will find in this Miscellany one of the most valuable works, conveying information on general subjects with which every one ought to be acquainted, ever published in this country or in England. One of its prominent features of excellence—and indeed this feature is more or less prominent in all works published for the young, according to their merits *as* juvenile works—is its adaptation to interest the parent as well as his child. We have nothing of a similar character in our library which we value so highly for our own reading.

The Thousand and One Nights. Harpers' Illustrated edition. Part 11.

One number more completes the work. Whoever wants this renowned collection of Eastern tales, with six hundred beautiful pictures, can soon have an opportunity of possessing it—that is, if he has the money to pay for it.

The National Psalmist; a collection of the most popular and useful Psalm and Hymn Tunes, &c. By LOWELL MASON and GEORGE JAMES WEBB. Boston: Tappan, Whittemore & Mason.

We believe this book will be found to contain more *available* church music than either of its predecessors. It contains a richer selection from the old standard tunes than we have ever seen in any book before; and its original tunes, many of which are by English and German composers, possess much variety and beauty. One of the most important features in this book, and one which we have never seen in any other book published in America, is the clear line which it has drawn between Congregational and Choir Tunes. This principle is not understood by teachers or leaders of music, or by pastors or by people. The most horrid work is everywhere made by the common yet absurd blunder of trying to sing congregationally in the use of Choir Tunes. This book points out the difference clearly. We are happy to learn that the best tunes in this work designed for congregational use have been published in a little volume by themselves entitled "The Congregational Tune Book." This will be found a very convenient manual for families to have in their pews.

Sacred Meditations. By P. L. U. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A pretty little miniature book, containing gems for the devout and contemplative mind, designed for secret and family devotions.

NEW MUSIC.—We are indebted to Oliver Ditson, Boston, for several beautiful pieces of music, which he has recently published in sheet form, adapted to the Piano Forte. Among them are the following: 1. *The Juvenile Waltz*, by Richard B. Taylor; 2. "*I lay on the Battle Field*," words and melody by N. Derring, arranged with accompaniments, by Edward Howe, Jr.; 3. *The Cottage of my Mother*, written by Jesse Hutchinson, music by Judson Hutchinson, a very pretty thing, one of the best of the songs of those celebrated minstrels of the old Granite State; 4. "*We are almost there*," answer to the popular ballad, "*Are we almost there?*" poetry by James H. Brown, music by I. B. Woodbury; 5. "*A Little Cot beside the Sea*," sung in the opera of the "Forest Maiden," music by J. H. Tully; 6. *Old Zack's Quickstep*, arranged from the popular melody of "Rosa Lee," by Edward L. White; 7. *The Imprisoned*, a ballad by Alfred Wheeler, music by Dempster.

J. Gurdan Sc

THE HERMIT.

Painted by the Wild

WE ONLY KNOW WHAT WE HAVE LIVED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"We only *know* what we have *lived*." Many years ago we were struck by this remark, made by a writer of close observation. At the time, we but partially understood its meaning. It seemed to us, that we knew a great deal which had not been acquired by actual experience; that by virtue of the imaginative faculty of the mind, we could fully realize the states through which many had passed, notwithstanding we had not felt in our own hearts the actual suffering. In proof of this, we appealed to poetry, and the appeal seemed, at first, triumphant. But we learned, as time went on, that there was often in poetic portraitures, more of the artist's skill than of exact truth to nature; that it was one thing to imagine a certain set of circumstances and feel in them, and quite another thing to encounter the circumstances themselves.

An illustration of what is here set forth, will be seen in the following sketch, the main features of which are taken from life.

A preacher named W——, of rather a quiet and reserved turn of mind, had the misfortune to lose his wife, with whom he had lived for the space of twenty-five years. No one but himself knew the greatness of the loss, for no one knew so well the heart that had grown cold in death. She had been to him a second self; and there was a short period, after the freed spirit had gone home, during which it seemed to him as if the cords that bound them together would not unloose themselves. But W—— knew in whom he had trusted; and even with the tears upon his cheeks, blessed the hand by which he had been chastened.

It happened, a few days after the dust of the dear departed one had been consigned to its kindred dust, that a young preacher named D——, who knew W—— very well, came into the town where he was stationed.

"How is brother W——?" he asked of the sister at whose house he was sojourning, soon after his arrival.

"As well as could be expected," was replied. "You have heard of his loss?"

"No!"

"Sister W—— is dead."

"Sister W——!" exclaimed the young preacher.

"Yes. She was buried only three days ago. Ah me! It is a sad loss to poor brother W——. I cannot tell you how my heart aches for him."

"Sister W—— dead!" And as the preacher said this, in a tone of deep commiseration, he arose, adding as he did so, "I must go at once and see brother W——."

"Yes, do see him," returned the lady, "and say what you can in the way of comfort. You may be sure he needs it. I am glad you have come. No one can talk to him as you can."

The preacher, full of kind intentions, called upon his afflicted brother. He found him engaged in writing. As he looked up and recognized him, brother D—— saw that over his usually grave face was thrown a deeper shade of sobriety, and that his thoughtful eye had a dreamier aspect.

"Brother W——!" he said, in a tone of sympathy, grasping his hand with more than his wonted earnestness.

"I am glad to see you, brother D——," returned the other in a slightly quivering voice; and he squeezed firmly and steadily the hand of his spiritual brother.

"And I am both glad and sorry," said D——. "Glad to meet you, but grieved at heart for the deep affliction you have suffered."

The eyes of W—— fell to the floor. There was a pause, in which he said, "Sit down, brother D——."

Both seated themselves. As they did so, D—— went on:

"But I need not tell *you* that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I need not tell *you* that in

this deep darkness God will bring a light; and in the silence of your unutterable grief, his voice will be heard in words of comfort."

The eyes of W—— remained cast down. He did not speak, nor even show a sign.

"Ah, my brother!" continued D——, "I know the bitterness of this cup you have been called to drink. I know that you have been called to pass through the darkest place in the valley of affliction. I know that the floods have arisen on your soul, and threaten to overwhelm you. But fear not, the bitter potion shall be sweet; light will break upon you; the waters will be staid. God is purifying you, my brother. He sits as the refiner of silvers. He is proving you in the furnace of affliction."

W—— seemed to listen attentively, and the young preacher, warming with his theme, continued:

"I know, my dear brother, how dreadfully your heart has been riven. To lose her, who has been your pleasant companion for so many years, is, indeed, a terrible affliction. But I know that your heart will find consolation in the sweet reflection that she has gone home first—that she has passed the stormy Jordan, and is safe on the other side—

> 'Her languishing head is at rest,
> Its aching and thinking are o'er;
> Her quiet, immovable breast
> Is heaved by affliction no more.'

Consoling thoughts! Oh! let it sink deep, like a healing balm, into your heart. A few years, and your work will be done. A few years more of labor and toil in your Master's vineyard, and you, too, will be called home. What a blessed meeting is in store for you!"

Still there was no response. W—— sat, as at first, with his eyes upon the floor, his brow knit, and his lips compressed. D—— paused to reflect a moment, and then began again.

"I know——"

"*You don't know anything about it!*" replied W—— in a quick, sharp voice, and rising as he spoke, he strode from the room. Shutting the door after him he left the young preacher fairly aghast with astonishment.

For full fifteen minutes was heard the heavy, measured tread of W—— on the floor above, and for the whole of that time D—— sat below, feeling deeply hurt, and wondering at the strange spirit displayed by his brother. He was about rising to retire, when he heard W—— descending the stairs. In a moment after he opened the door and re-entered. As he did so, he extended his hand, and said in a humble voice:

"Forgive me, my brother! Poor human nature is weak, and it suffers, sometimes, too deep for even sympathy. The day may come when you will understand me; though I pray Heaven, in mercy, to spare you that knowledge."

D—— went away, still wondering. He could not comprehend, fully, the strange scene he had witnessed. Nature had spoken so strongly in brother W——, that the voice rather stunned his ears than came to him with an intelligible sound. But he said nothing to any one of what had occurred, partly because he did not wish to expose his brother's weakness, and partly in consequence of a certain light flowing into his mind, which gave him to see that he had been, perhaps, too forward and wordy in his efforts to bring consolation to an afflicted heart.

Years passed. But D—— never lost a vivid recollection of the scene between him and brother W——. As he grew older, and something of the ardor and presumptuousness of youth and early manhood receded, he saw more and more clearly the mistake he had made in brother W——'s case, and comprehended more and more clearly the state of mind he had produced, and which manifested itself in such an abrupt and startling manner. But "we only know what we have lived;" and this truth D—— fully realized in the end.

Not long after W——'s painful bereavement, D—— took to himself a wife, with whom he lived in the tenderest conjugal relation for many years. Children were born to them—goodly sons and daughters—and they grew up and gathered around like pleasant olive branches. Then as they attained, one after another, the estate of men and women, they passed forth into the world, and left the watchful guardians and supporters of their youth to stand once more alone. As if conscious of weakness, the old couple shrunk closer together, and leaned more heavily against each other for mutual support.

A few years more, and the wife of D—— began to decline. For a time she drooped; but scarcely had her husband awakened with a trembling fear to the danger that was hovering over his head, ere the summons for her de-

parture came. Dying in the sweet hope of a blessed immortality, Mrs. D—— tenderly conjured her husband to take up his cross and bear it in patient hope a little longer. Pointing upward, she said, almost with her latest breath—

"To patient faith, the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown."

Though nearly sixty years had laid their burdens upon him, D—— was still actively engaged in the duties of his ministerial office, when this heaviest blow he had yet received fell upon him. For a time he staggered under the concussion. But he trusted not in human strength; he looked to the Strong for aid; and when his weak heart gave way, he felt that the arms of Divine love were thrown around to sustain him.

None but he who has himself passed through the trial, knows what is suffered by one who looks for the last time upon the face of her who has lain for years in his bosom. None but he can have any realizing sense of that hopeless chill which goes electrically to the heart, when the lips are pressed for the last time upon the marble forehead of the beloved departed. With forced composure, and with something of Christian stoicism, so to speak, D—— gave to the death-veiled face of her he had so loved in life, a last look, and touched her forehead with his lips, feeling, as he did so, as if an icy finger were laid upon his heart. A moment his eyes lingered, but the tears blinded them, and hid the face for ever. Those who were looking at him saw his knees tremble. But there escaped no moan from his suffering spirit—no sob from his oppressed bosom. Slowly he moved in the little company that followed a beloved sister to the spot where her earthly remains were given to repose; and slowly he returned to the place from whence they had borne her, after the clods of the valley had been thrown upon her sounding coffin. And in all this time, no one ventured to speak to him of his loss, or to offer a word of consolation; for all felt that words would be but a mockery of his woe.

The first night that D—— passed alone after the grave had received its tenant—ah! who that has passed such a night can ever forget it?—was spent in humble, tearful prayer for strength to bear his affliction. Morning found him sleeping calmly, and with a smile upon his face. He was dreaming of Heaven. He saw the departed one in the midst of an angelic company, and she beckoned him away. But, when the vision faded, and he awoke to the sad consciousness of his bereavement, his stricken heart sunk trembling and faint in his bosom. But D—— knew in whom he had trusted, and he looked up and received strength.

The day following was the Sabbath. He had an appointment to preach, and he kept it. In the faithful discharge of his duty, he knew would come sustaining power; and he walked on in the path that was before him, without pausing or turning to the right or the left. But ah! how lonely and desolate he felt at all times. Everywhere he missed the old, familiar, loving face—everywhere he listened for the voice that had grown silent—everywhere he waited for the ministering hand that had been so quick to anticipate his wants. None but himself knew the loss he had sustained, for none knew or could know what the absent one had been to him.

Weeks and months went by, and the old minister, though he never missed an appointment, nor lingered when duty called, was evidently failing. His head whitened more rapidly; his form drooped, and there was an absent, abstracted air about him, that was noticed particularly by his old friends.

One day a young preacher, who had heard of his bereavement, but who had not met him since the painful event, happened to be passing through the town where D—— was stationed. He called upon him as a thing of course, and, on meeting him, deemed it but a part of his duty to refer to the afflictive dispensation, and improve it to the spiritual edification and comfort of his aged brother. His reference to the subject was very much after the style that had been adopted by D—— himself on the occasion we have noticed; and it brought to the latter a most vivid recollection of that circumstance.

The words of the well-meaning young preacher, that flowed from no accurate appreciation of his state of mind, jarred harshly on the feelings of D——. Instead of bringing comfort, they fretted him. Nothing was said that his own mind had not over and over again suggested; yet much of it was conveyed in a manner, and by language, that made what was uttered painful rather than consoling.

At last D—— could bear it no longer. Laying his hand upon the arm of the young man,

and interrupting him in the midst of a sentence, he said,

"Do you remember old brother W—— ?"

"Very well," replied the young preacher. "He often staid at my father's house when I was a boy."

"I was but little older than you are now," added D——, "when brother W—— lost his wife. They had lived together for twenty-five years, and during all that time, there had been no discord between them. I felt deeply for brother W—— in his loss, and thought I could do no less than offer him some words of consolation. So I went and talked to him, and he seemed to listen with much attention. This encouraged me to go on. But all at once he started up, with the words, 'You don't know anything about it!' and left the room. And, my young brother, he was right. I didn't know anything about it."

D—— said no more. There was an embarrassing pause, and the young preacher changed the subject.

"We only know what we have lived."

THREE SCENES OF DEATH.

BY KATE CLEVELAND.

Sweet the smile upon that brow,
With the life-tint breathing through,
Though the light has fled ere now,
From those eyes of deepest blue.
Quenched and gone that light for ever,
Even as the moonbeams part
From the darkly-flowing river,
Taking light from its lone heart.
Picture sweet of childhood's sleep,
Though that sleep is now for ever;
Angels round thee kind watch keep—
Thou hast passed the silent river,
Which is ever flowing on.
Dark and deep its waters roll—
They, when mortal life is done,
Give new life unto the soul.

Bud of promise bright and cheering,
Thine is now the better soil;
And thy leaves a brightness wearing,
Bloom where naught can e'er despoil.
Even as the mother gazes,
Though a pearly tear-drop stealing,
Silent grief and deep revealing—
As the snowy cloth she raises,
For one long, last kiss of love,
Joy comes borne upon her sorrow,
Hope points to the realms above;
Where a bright and glorious morrow,
With the darkest day is wove.

Hark the slow and cautious tread,
In that dark and silent room;
Mourners gather round the bed—
Here is death in youth and bloom.
Still those lips of breathing love—
Cold the brow with dews of death;
While the clustering locks above
Stir not with the sleeper's breath.
Here no trace of slow decay
Tells of pain and suffering long—
Like a dream thou'st passed away,
Borne from out the busy throng,
Like a floweret in its bloom,
Culled to grace the darksome tomb.

Tread gently—let thy voice be low—
A hushed, sweet calm is stealing on
The senses, as thou gazest now;
The end—the goal of life is won!
The silver hair that shades the brow,
Tells of the long and weary years,
That as the seasons come and go,
Leave harrowing cares and bitter tears.
But round the mouth the same sweet smile
Plays, as on childhood's laughing brow—
When as an infant free from guile,
Comes back the old expression now,
No bitter tears shall friendship shed,
So sweetly sleep the aged dead!

MARRIAGE SONG.

BY MISS S. H. BROWNE.

In Cana was a banquet spread,
And Hebrew youths and virgins gay
Thither with joyous footsteps sped,
To share the nuptial holiday.
But darkly drag the weary hours,
The grape no generous tribute pours!
And friends deplore, and guests repine,
That water must be quaffed for wine.

They whisper of a joyless life
Which glooms before the wedded pair,
And sorrow, wretchedness and strife
Foretokened by a scene so rare!
The bride was sad, the bridegroom frowned,
And dashed his goblet on the ground!
When, lo! there came a Guest Divine,
And turned the water into wine!

And thus it is that they are blest,
Who would their troth in wedlock plight—
They bid the self-same Heavenly Guest
They ask his presence, power and light!
Then, though the storms of grief may lower,
And sorrows darken many an hour,
That ever-tarrying Guest Divine
Shall turn life's water into wine.

But they who rush profanely on,
Who lightly speak the solemn vow,
Nor ask nor wish that Living One
Their homes with blessings to endow,
Though Pleasure's torch a moment stream,
'Tis but an ignis fatuus gleam!
Their lamp of joy shall darkly burn,
Their wine shall into water turn!

Then fill the sparkling goblet high,
And drain it quick, and drain it deep!
No "serpent-stings" within it lie,
No adder's fangs beneath it sleep!
The sweet, the cold, the crystal *well*
Can many a blessed omen tell,
While many a heavenly smile shall shine,
To turn our Water into Wine!

AUNT AMY AND HER STRANGE WAYS.

No. XXX.

THE SHIRT COLLARS.—MRS. TRAVERS' MANUSCRIPT.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Frank Carteret, to insist upon the performance of a promise which was won from me in an unguarded moment, knowing, as you do know, that the relation of any disagreement between Aunt Amy and myself, is little likely to tell to my own advantage. It is rather impolitic, however, to make an admission of that kind, since it is very certain that your eagerness to obtain this important document will be only increased by that circumstance. I shall therefore proceed at once to the performance of my task, since it must be performed, notwithstanding my repugnance. The circumstance I am about to relate occurred about a week since, while Aunt Amy was our inmate. I shall spare myself the trouble of relating all the little domestic vexations which had fretted my usually serene temper, and skip at one bound from the breakfast parlor to my dressing-room, whither Mrs. Amy and I had retired at the conclusion of our morning meal to chat together over our 'stitchery.'

"Oh yes, Aunt Amy, it is very easy indeed to be calm and cheerful when we have nothing to vex us," cried I, peevishly, as bending forward to reach the door through which my 'better half' had just passed, and closing it with a violence that shook the house, I angrily continued: "He cannot even shut the door after him like other people. I'm sure he's the last man on earth who ought to complain of the expense and trouble of keeping servants; for nobody living makes half so much work or requires half so much attendance."

Mrs. Amy said nothing, not thinking herself called on either to make excuses for my husband, or efforts to soothe my ill-humor.

"I'll warrant now," said I with increased peevishness, "that he has left his slippers in the breakfast parlor, his dressing-gown on the stairs balustrade, and half his wardrobe scattered over the chairs and tables, if not the floor of his dressing-room, where it is his custom to throw his cravats and collars, of which he regularly tries on and curses twenty, before he condescends to be suited with one."

"Do you always count them as you pick them up, my dear?" asked Aunt Amy, looking calmly up from her work.

"Count them!" I repeated; "one has no time to count where there are so many to be picked up; besides, it is no business of mine to do either."

"How, then, can you so boldly assert that he always tries on twenty before he is suited, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Amy.

"La! Aunt Amy, how very matter-of-fact you are."

"Well, my dear, is it not better always to be accurate?" she asked, and then added laughingly, "If your husband should bring you to trial for defamation, such a *lapsus linguæ* might cost you something. It is always best to adhere strictly to the truth, my dear."

"Why, Aunt Amy, you do not mean to accuse me seriously of a falsehood, surely," I exclaimed.

"I was warning, not accusing you, my child, though I believe any one would find it difficult to prove that an untruth is not a lie," answered Mrs. Amy, gravely.

"A lie!" cried I, in a tone of horror. "Why, Aunt!"

"Why, niece!" responded the immovable Mrs. Amy.

"A lie! Aunt Amy!" I repeated.

"You recoil at the name, my dear; but you should much more dread the thing," observed Mrs. Amy.

"Nay, aunt, if it comes to this," said I, indignantly, "I challenge you to the proof! How do you know that there are not twenty there this minute?"

"I do not know it, my dear, and would therefore be unwilling to assert it. But you said that he always tries on twenty before he is suited, which to me seems rather improbable."

"Well, I dare say he does, and sometimes more than twenty, if the truth were known," said I, sullenly.

"But the truth ought to be known, my dear, before you dare to say any such thing," returned Mrs. Amy. "It is daring too much, Susan."

"Dear me, Aunt Amy," cried I, "if you call that lying, I wonder who does not lie every day?"

"Many are guilty of it, I fear; but the sin is not diminished in turpitude by the number of those who commit it, my dear," observed Aunt Amy. "You know we are warned against 'following the multitude to do evil.'"

"My dear Aunt, how very seriously you treat the matter," cried I.

"It is no light matter, my dear," responded Mrs. Amy, gravely. "There is no sin more frequently and thoughtlessly committed, and not one more pointedly denounced by the Word of God. There is too much of this extravagant manner of speaking among us all, niece."

"Well, Aunt Amy, I confess I ought to have left out the always," said I, laughing in spite of myself. "But I won't give up the 'twenty,' Aunt Amy; I'll stand to that, positively."

"You had better not, Susan," replied Mrs. Amy, shaking her head; "you had much better not."

"You don't believe me, Aunt Amy!" said I with an offended air. "I declare, madam, that I feel myself almost insulted. I'll ring for Bridget."

"Better not, my dear," repeated Aunt Amy, laughing provokingly as I seized the bell-rope. "Be advised, my dear. You had much better send Bridget somewhere else!"

"Positively, Aunt Amy, this is too bad!" cried I, pettishly, "and now I will know the truth."

"You should have done that, dear Sue, before you ventured on the assertion," observed the downright Mrs. Amy, notwithstanding the displeasure betrayed by my look and manner; and at this moment Bridget made her appearance in obedience to my impatient summons.

"Biddy, go directly to Mr. Travers' room, and bring hither every collar and cravat that you find outside the drawers, whether clean or dirty," commanded I.

"Poor Mr. Travers!" exclaimed Aunt Amy, with a shrug, "little dreams he what strict note we are taking here of all his misdemeanors; but a penny for your thoughts at this moment, Susan," she added, as she caught the expression of my countenance.

"No matter for my thoughts, madam. You are bringing my word to the proof," replied I, testily.

"I had an object in asking to know it," said Aunt Amy, "but I think I can guess it without assistance. Will you confess it truly if I guess rightly, Sue?"

"Certainly; though I think there is little danger of it."

"Well, then, as Bridget left the room, was it not your thought, or your wish rather, that she might gather a harvest of forty instead of twenty collars; come, confess, dear Sue, was it not so?"

"Something like it, perhaps," said I, coloring, as much with displeasure as consciousness.

"That should teach you the danger of speaking evil of another, even when you speak thoughtlessly, Susan," observed Mrs. Amy; "for after having done so, our next wish is to prove him wrong in order to justify our own assertions. Do think seriously of this, whether the collars number twenty or not."

"Do you suppose, Aunt Amy, that I wish my husband to be in the wrong?" demanded I, indignantly.

"It is only too natural to wish to prove ourselves in the right, my dear, which often leads us to endeavor to substantiate a charge, however lightly made, against even our own best friends. The best of us have reason to distrust ourselves, dear Susan," added Mrs. Amy, "for our hearts are very deceitful. Nor is that the least wise of the wise man's proverbs that warns us to 'let contention alone, before it be meddled with.'"

I evaded a reply by seizing a handful of collars and cravats, with which Bridget just then entered.

"There, Aunt Amy, is a fine assortment of crushed collars and cravats; count them yourself, madam, and then you will know that they are accurately numbered," said I, as I threw the whole assortment into her lap.

"A comfortable supply, upon my word," exclaimed Aunt Amy, laughing, as she laid aside her work, and commenced counting, while I watched her with a smile of anticipated triumph.

"Well, my dear, here are five cravats and only nine collars," said Aunt Amy, after counting them thrice.

"Only nine! quite moderate, upon my word! and all so twisted and crushed that they must be done over again before they can be worn. Only nine collars and five cravats, Aunt Amy!" I repeated.

"Well, my dear, nine and five do not make twenty," rejoined Aunt Amy, with provoking coolness, as she deliberately folded and laid them away; "at least we reckoned differently when I was young."

"Of course, then, I am proved guilty of falsehood, madam, which I suppose you are not sorry for," said I, spitefully, "as you had charged me with it, and we all love to prove ourselves in the right even by proving our best friends guilty. Of course you must be glad to prove your niece a liar."

"No, my dear, I should not be glad my niece were proved a liar. I have never slandered you with such an epithet, and should not take it as patiently as I ought, perhaps, if I heard it applied to you by another. Of one thing I am glad, however, Susan," added Aunt Amy, lowering her voice; "I am very glad to find that my young friend Charles has not sworn so outrageously to-day."

"Why, who said he had?" demanded I in a tone of defiance, while all the blood in my veins mustered in my face.

"I heard it asserted, (no matter by whom,) that he regularly cursed twenty collars for every one he wore," said Aunt Amy, fastening her searching eyes on my face, as she asked, "Was it not so? or did my ears deceive me?"

"Aunt Amy, you are the most provoking woman on the face of the earth!" I exclaimed in uncontrollable anger.

"Thank you, my dear niece," responded Mrs. Amy with imperturbable mildness. "Had I called your husband a profane swearer, you would not be offended without reason."

"You have misunderstood me, Aunt Amy; I surely did not say that," I replied in no little confusion.

"You did not use the words 'profane swearer,' certainly, Susan; but you accused him of uttering twenty curses a day—a pretty large allowance, I think," returned Aunt Amy. "Oh beware of giving utterance to such unfounded accusations, Susan, no good can come of it!"

"Unfounded, Aunt Amy!" cried I, forgetting her late admonition in the eagerness of self-vindication; "nay, Aunt Amy, that at least is no unfounded allegation. I say it with sorrow."

"But why say it at all, dear child? why speak evil of your own husband?" expostulated Mrs. Amy.

"To be convicted of one lie is enough for one day methinks," said I, angrily, "and you warned me of accusing him falsely—of that at least I am innocent."

"Oh Susan, my dear Susan! how you suffer yourself to be blinded and misled by passion," exclaimed Aunt Amy in earnest remonstrance. "Here are you again publishing the faults of your husband, in order to justify yourself."

"Good gracious, Aunt Amy! you are enough to drive one distracted!" cried I, resentment again getting the better of my politeness. "What on earth have I said wrong now?"

"Only vindicating yourself at the expense of another, Susan, and that other your own husband!" repeated Mrs. Amy reproachfully. "Learn from this, dear Sue, how wrong it is to give utterance to angry feelings! Had any one else said this of Charles Travers, I should have contradicted it flatly; for I never heard before that your husband was a swearer, and you, Susan, his own wife, are my informer."

Unable alike to deny the truth of her charge, or to allege anything in my own excuse, I covered my face with my hands, and burst into a hysterical passion of tears, which Mrs. Amy witnessed without a word, either of rebuke or sympathy, until having sobbed to my heart's content, her unfeeling immobility, as I thought it, roused my resentment, and wiping away my tears, I had just resumed my work, when a violent ringing at the door caused my heart to leap to my throat, and springing from my chair—"Mercy on me!" I exclaimed, "there is my husband! What shall I do, Aunt Amy, for I am ashamed to meet him?"

"Ashamed to meet him!" repeated Mrs. Amy reproachfully; "ashamed to meet the dearest friend you have on earth, Susan!" she repeated. "Surely, surely, my dear child, this is the work of conscience, and must make you feel that you have wronged him. But step into my chamber where he will not seek you, and try to recover yourself. I will detain him here meantime."

"No, madam, no. I will meet him myself and tell him all," I replied. "Dear, generous, unsuspecting Charles! how little does he imagine me capable of so magnifying his little failings, and so basely slandering him in his absence," continued I, bursting into tears of self-reproach and contrition. "Oh shame! shame! what evil spirit has had possession of me this morning!"

"The evil spirit which we have most reason to dread, my dear child, is that which dwells in our own deceitful hearts," observed Mrs. Amy, as she rose and walked to the door, adding, "But compose yourself, Susan, I will go myself to meet Mr. Travers."

She quitted the room, but returned almost immediately with several cards which she had received from the servant.

"Be tranquil, Susan," she said, "it is only a messenger of Hymen come to claim due honors from you on his approaching festival at Colonel Lutterel's; there are your cards."

I received them, and untying the silken knot, sat gazing on the name of my most intimate friend, without the slightest emotion of interest, until, as I sat nipping and pinching the cards into all imaginable shapes, Mrs. Amy accidentally observed and interrupted my employment, by exclaiming,

"My dear! what in the world are you doing with that very beautiful card? Surely it deserves more delicate treatment, considering whose name it bears! What are you thinking of, Susan?"

"Neither of Louisa Lutterel nor her marriage, an eligible one as it is, and much as I love her," was my reply. "But, Aunt Amy, I really do not think myself the most blamable in this morning's little matrimonial squabble," I added, forcing a smile.

"Little matrimonial squabble!" repeated Aunt Amy in a tone of mingled astonishment and rebuke. "Oh Susan! how can you speak of it so lightly. No 'squabble,' as you call it, can be trifling, my dear child, especially between a married couple. You do not think yourself most blamable! But which of you is the professing Christian, Susan? Which of you has 'been with Jesus and learned of him' to return good for evil, and to be meek and lowly of heart?"

"Enough, Aunt Amy, enough," cried I, conscience-stricken; "I stand convicted a liar and a slanderer, and that, too, of my own husband. I have 'sinned against heaven, and in your sight,' and I acknowledge that you have acted a faithful Christian part, which I trust I shall one day thank you for; and I, oh how have I forgotten the solemn vows that are upon me, and instead of winning poor Charles to Jesus by my own blameless walk and conversation, my whole conduct has been calculated to disgust him, and render repulsive the religion I profess to love."

"No, no, Susan, not so bad as that, I hope," interposed Mrs. Amy; "your temper is naturally quick and irritable, and I have perceived that ill-health and household cares have increased the malady. Indeed, indeed, dear Sue, you are not conscious how petulantly and capriciously you frequently behave towards your husband. I have observed this to be a growing evil, and have trembled in view of the consequences to which it might lead. It is from such petty jarrings as these that all family discords proceed. Alas! alas! how much of guilt and misery might be traced to a trifling quarrel such as this on the argument of shirt collars."

The solemn tone in which the peroration of her speech was uttered struck me so ludicrously, that in my April humor I was unable to suppress my risibility.

"Aunt Amy, you are the strangest woman I ever heard of!" I exclaimed. "All this about a shirt collar!"

"Aye, Susan, 'Such dire effects from little causes spring,'" rejoined Aunt Amy seriously. "I have known divorces and death to proceed from causes as trifling so often, that I cannot join you in your merriment on this occasion. But to be accurate, there were nine collars instead of one," she added. "You are now for diminishing, as you were at first for increasing the number."

"How very precise you are, Aunt Amy."

"Well, my dear, I think what has now occurred should make us more careful than ever what and whereof we affirm," rejoined Mrs. Amy. "Let us both lay the lesson to heart, Susan, and beware of speaking passionately, lest we accuse falsely, and then are tempted to wish the accused one guilty in order to vindicate ourselves. In short, dear child, strive to govern your tongue and temper better, and may God help me to do likewise. Certain it is," she continued, "that no one can quarrel and be blameless, since it takes two at least to

make a quarrel. Believe me, child, there must be faults on both sides; and let me whisper this piece of advice into your connubial ear, Mrs. Susan. Whatever be the faults of your husband, let it not be your tongue that proclaims them—however just be the charges, let it not be his own wife who brings the accusation against him," she added in an impressive whisper.

"Let me do him justice *now*, then, Aunt Amy. Let me do poor Charles one little piece of justice," cried I, blushing with shame and contrition. "If he *did* swear about his shirt collars this morning, it was only after great provocation from me. I awoke sick and sad, and felt displeased, I believe, with Charles, for being so well and happy, for I am sure he did nothing else to vex me; and I must do him the justice to say that never but once before in my life, have I ever heard an oath escape him, and I acknowledge with shame and sorrow, that in both instances I was the cause of it."

"And you have reason for shame and sorrow, Susan," replied the straight-forward Mrs. Amy, looking at me reproachfully; "and those two unguarded expressions, which he was irritated into uttering, were multiplied into twenty curses a day! Oh, Susan, may Heaven forgive you for 'bearing false witness against your neighbor.'"

"Oh, Aunt Amy, how have you shown me to myself this day!—how little have I been aware of the 'spirit that dwelt within me!'" I exclaimed. "Pray for me, dear Aunt, that I may be more faithful to my vows, and that God will enable me 'to walk in mine house with a perfect heart!' Oh that you could be always near to warn and reprove me whenever you see my temper rise. It is hard, Aunt Amy, you know not how hard it is to hold such a spirit as mine in subjection—and I have many vexations——"

"Beware, Susan—beware of this self-excusing propensity. Remember it was the first evil inclination which manifested itself in our fallen nature after the fall—'The woman that thou gavest me, she tempted me,' was the cowardly excuse of our first father," said Mrs. Amy, earnestly. "You have no more vexations than other people, my child—nay, you have fewer than most, and none from your husband. I never heard him utter an unkind or sneering word to you, or of you, and I regret, dear Sue, that I cannot say as much of his wife; but never yet have I heard you disagree, when the fault was not wholly your own. This is plain speaking, my dear child, but severe diseases require severe remedies, and however unpleasant it may be to me, duty requires that I should speak the truth and the whole truth; and I am sure your own conscience will acquit me of having uttered a word more than truth."

"It does, Aunt Amy; you have dealt faithfully with me, and kindly too, for it is with a view to my own welfare that you have spoken," I replied, "and so may God reward you and help me!"

"He will help you, dear Sue. Go to him with your trials and troubles, and he will be your helper. Watch your own temper narrowly, and remember, my dear child, that it is only 'he that overcometh who obtaineth the crown,' and 'he that governeth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city.'"

"If mine is ever subdued, Aunt Amy, I shall owe it to you, under God, for never before did I suspect half the evil that dwelleth within me. Oh, I no longer wonder at what Cousin Tom said of you," I added.

"Never mind what Tom said of me," returned Mrs. Amy, hastily. "It was no more than I deserve, I dare say, be it what it may; but unless it has reference to some of my faults which ought to be corrected, and of which I am ignorant, we will let it pass, and put away these shirt collars."

"Nay, Tom said nothing disrespectful of you, if he said nothing very flattering to me. He only said, 'Well, Sue, you've coaxed Aunt Amy away from me in your selfishness, but you will not want her long—you will find her a *second conscience* to you, and as I rather suspect that *one* is more than you can manage to keep the peace with, you will soon be glad to let her go again.' So you see he said no ill of you."

"And you see how I shrink from hearing my faults spoken of by those I love. But for a consciousness of my own ill deserts, I should not shrink from hearing anything that could be said of me," observed Mrs. Amy.

"Well, Aunt, if you are always as quick in detecting your own faults, you are a fortunate woman," I replied.

"Which unfortunately is not the case," answered Aunt Amy, "some of them having grown with me from youth to age, of which I am undoubtedly yet living in profound ignorance. I am sure, at least, that not a night

comes in which, on reviewing the actions of the day, I have not something to confess and repent of, and not a day passes in which I do not discover the workings of a deceitful heart in some hitherto unsuspected form."

"What then must you think of me, Aunt Amy, whose faults are so glaring as to have called down upon me such solemn admonitions and reproofs as you have now given me?"

"I think, my dear niece, that being now aware of your faults and your danger, you will study and labor to escape the latter by correcting the former. Had I thought otherwise, I should have spared both you and myself the pain which this morning's conversation has occasioned us both. To tell you the truth, Susan, and in saying it I am confessing a great sin," continued Mrs. Amy, "I have long been putting off a known duty, in the hope that by discovering and correcting this evil in your temper and conduct yourself, you would spare me the performance of so unpleasant a task. Day after day have I sheltered myself under every shift and evasion that could afford the slightest excuse for the omission of the painful duty, but I found that nothing but a straightforward open rebuke would be of any avail. Your petulance was increasing by indulgence. Your husband's home was beginning to become uncomfortable, and you were unconsciously pursuing a course which I knew must terminate in the alienation of your husband's devoted affection, the disruption of the tenderest earthly ties, and the ruin of domestic comfort. Could I have remained silent and yet have been innocent of the consequences? How could I look on and say nothing?"

"You could not, Aunt Amy—thank God, you did not!" cried I fervently. "But where are you going, Aunt Amy?"

"To my room, my dear; I have need of retirement and reflection."

"Bear me in your remembrance to the throne of grace, dear Aunt; but I need not ask it, it is in my behalf you go to plead."

"Not in yours only, dear Sue, I have an errand in my own behalf," replied Aunt Amy, with a faint smile, "lest in 'keeping others' vineyards' I neglect mine own, where so many tares and noxious weeds spring up while I am sleeping."

"Remember me there, also, dear Aunt, and may God make me grateful for the faithful admonitions of so true a friend," I said; and kissing me affectionately, Mrs. Amy withdrew to the solitude of her own apartment.

And now, cousin Frank, who, after this, shall venture to deny that Aunt Amy is a very queer woman, and has very queer ways?

NIGHT.

"Who calls me silent?—I have many tones."

Ask him who sitteth the pale lamp by,
With the ancient scroll all night:
Ask him of the frenzy-rolling eye,
And the brow of shining white;

Ask him, who out in the woods has caught
The thoughts in the heart of the flowers,
Ask him, ask them—O heard ye nought,
As ye sat through the shrouded hours?

They answer back—"In a crowd we've stood,
Where the laugh went merrily,
And the shout rang out to stir the blood,
But never a sound heard we.

"But aye in the night, the glorious night,
We listen and hold our breath;
And we shudder to hear, in his stealthy flight,
The wings of the angel Death.

"The words that minute to minute said,
As they jostled each other, we know;
We've heard the tone of the stars o'erhead,
And the buried dead below." URANIA.

THE DEATH OF NICHOLAS COPERNICUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

I.

It is well known that one of the latest distinctions bestowed upon M. Leverrier, that to which he undoubtedly attaches the greatest value, is his nomination as Professor of Celestial Mechanics among the Faculty of the Sciences. This young and already celebrated Academician commenced his course of lectures in the midst of the applauses of more than twelve hundred auditors, among whom were many eminent men.

At the sight of this brilliant scientific triumph, this popular homage to merit, we felt the greatness of our civilization, and could not avoid a recurrence to the past.

Our readers as well as ourselves will be perhaps interested in comparing the present with bygone ages.

Now, when an astronomer discovers a planet in the heavens, as M. Leverrier has just done, the thousand voices of Fame are eager to chant his glory; his own name is given to the new world which he has revealed; the ministry of his own country are lavish of offices, honors and congratulations; crosses and medals are showered upon him from all the embassies and all the academies; princes, great and small, thank him in autograph letters; his natal city does not wait until his death to have his features sculptured in the immortal marble; and if any envious person dares dispute his claims, the murmur of the insulter is lost amid the general acclamation.

It was quite otherwise with the Leverriers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with those men who discovered, not a single planet only, but the motions of the whole celestial system, the secrets of God himself, and the laws of creation!

This may be judged of by the simple history which follows.

II.

It was a beautiful night in the month of May, in the year 1543. Stars were sparkling in the azure vault, like innumerable jewels on a ground of velvet. The silence of Nature was so profound, that one might almost hear the march of their hosts up the firmament, the ascending of the sap in the trees, or the breezes whispering to the flowers.

In the little city of Worms, a prebendary of Polish Prussia, everybody was asleep—everybody, excepting one man. This man was keeping vigil in a chamber at the summit of a tower, furnished with a table, some books, and an iron lamp.

He was an old man of seventy years, bent and furrowed by labor, but with an eye still sparkling with the fire of genius. His noble and beautiful countenance was expressive of serene contemplation. Strangers to the scenes of earth, his eyes were alternately opened or closed as he gazed at the heavens, or looked within himself. On his yet roseate cheeks dwelt the purest peace of conscience. His gray locks, still abundant, were parted in the middle of his forehead, and fell in ringlets quite to his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and of the country; the long close robe, with a fur collar, and double cuffs, also furred around the wrist.

This old man was the greatest astronomer of ancient and modern times, Nicholas Copernicus, born at Thorn, in Poland, the 19th of February, 1473, doctor of Philosophy, Theology and Medicine, titulary Canon of Worms, and honorary professor at Bologna, Rome, &c.

Having reached at once the limits of science and the termination of his own career, Copernicus had just finished his prodigious work: De Revolutionibus Orbum Cœlestium: *Revolutions of the Celestial Bodies.* Influenced, like Fontenelle, by a noble passion for astronomy, he had overturned all the theories of the ancients; removed our globe from the centre of the universe, and established there the sun; making Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Sat-

urn &c., revolve around it. In a word, Copernicus had revealed the entire heavens to earth, and all this amid poverty, raillery and persecution, with no support but his own modest genius, and no instrument but a triangle of wood.

This very day, the Canon of Worms had received the last proof-sheet of his book, the printing of which his disciple, Rheticus, was superintending at Nuremberg, and before returning this decisive proof, he had wished, for the last time, to verify all his discoveries. God had given him an admirable night for this purpose, and he had passed the whole of it in his observatory.

III.

When the astronomer saw the stars grow pale in the east, he took the parallactic instrument, made by his own hands, of three little pieces of wood, and directed it successively to the four cardinal points. Then, assured that he had destroyed an error of five thousand years, and that he was about to reveal to the world an imperishable truth, he knelt before the Book of Heaven with its sparkling characters, crossed his thin hands upon his breast, and thanked the Creator for having revealed to him His infinite work.

He afterwards returned to his table, and seizing a pen, wrote beneath the title of his book:

BEHOLD THE WORK OF THE GREATEST AND MOST PERFECT OF ARCHITECTS; BEHOLD THE WORKS OF GOD!

He then traced the dedication of his book:

"TO THE MOST HOLY FATHER POPE PAUL III.

"I dedicate my work to your holiness, that all the world, the learned and the ignorant, may see that I do not shun examination and criticism. Your authority and your love for science in general, and for mathematics in particular, will serve me as a shield against wicked and perfidious detractors, notwithstanding the proverb which declares that against the wounds of calumny there is no security.

"NICHOLAS COPERNICUS, of Thorn."

The lamp of the astronomer was growing pale before the early morning twilight; he leaned his forehead on his table, and slept with fatigue. The revealer of creation's mysteries was reposing as the Creator himself had done. Who will deny him the right to do so, after sixty years of toil?

His repose was not of long duration; it was abridged by an old servant, who slowly ascended the staircase of the tower.

"Messire," said he to the canon, touching him on the shoulder, "the messenger of Rheticus is ready to depart; he awaits your proofs and your letters."

The astronomer prepared the packet, sealed it with his own seal, and again fell heavily back upon his chair.

"But this is not all," resumed the servant, awaking him again; "there are ten poor sick persons in the house; and then your presence is desired at Frauenbourg, for the water-machine has stopped, and three workmen have been injured in endeavoring to put it in motion."

"The poor fellows! Let my horse be saddled," cried Copernicus.

And rousing himself from the slumber which had overpowered him, he precipitately descended from the tower.

The house of Copernicus was one of the most modest in Worms; it was composed of a laboratory, where he prepared medicaments for the poor; a little studio where, versed in art as well as in science, he painted his own portrait or those of his friends, and his beautiful memories of Rome or of Bologna; finally, a lower saloon, always open to those who came to seek his remedies, his table, or his purse. Above the door was cut an oval opening, through which the sun, entering at midday, struck a point marked out in the neighboring apartment. It was the astronomical gnomen of the philosopher. The only ornaments of the room were verses written by his own hand attached to the mantel-piece.

It was in this saloon that the good canon found the ten sick men who demanded his care; he dressed the wounded, gave remedies to others, and alms and consolation to all. Then, having hastily swallowed a cup of milk, he was about to set out for Frauenbourg, when a cavalier, reeking with perspiration, brought him a new message.

Copernicus recognized, tremblingly, a letter from his friend Gysius, Bishop of Culm.

"God have pity on us," wrote the latter, "and avert the blow which threatens us! Thy enemies and thy rivals, those who accuse thee of folly, and those who accuse thee of heresy, have so raised the evil spirits at Nuremberg, that the people curse thy name in the streets,

the priests have publicly excommunicated thee, the Academy loudly demands thy interdiction, and the University, learning that thy book is about to appear, has sworn to destroy the printing-presses, and annihilate the work of thy whole life. Come and quell the storm, and do not delay."

Copernicus could not finish. He fell speechless into the arms of his servant. When he raised his head, the cavalier commissioned to bring him, inquired if he was ready for departure. "Yes," replied the resigned old man, "but not for Nuremberg or Culm. The wounded and the laborers of Frauenbourg are awaiting me. They will die without my succor. And my enemies will in vain seek to destroy my work; they cannot avert the progress of the stars!"

IV.

An hour afterwards, Copernicus was at Frauenbourg.

The machine which he had constructed for this city, built on the summit of a mountain, brought thither from a distance of half a league the waters of the river Bouda, with such force that they turned a mill constructed by the astronomer, and rose as high as the steeple of the church. The inhabitants, instead of dying with thirst like their ancestors, had but to turn a faucet to have each a fountain of their own.

The machine had got out of order the night before, the more inopportunely because it was the yearly fête-day of Frauenbourg. But, at the first glance, the canon saw the cause of the evil, and in a few hours removed it.

His first cares, however, were bestowed upon the unfortunates who had been injured by the accident. He bound up their fractured limbs, dressed them, and promised to return on the morrow.

But he himself was about to receive a blow which was to finish breaking his heart.

As he was crossing, on his way back, the great square of the city, he perceived, in the midst of the crowd, some strolling actors with their paraphernalia. The theatre represented an astronomical observatory, full of ridiculous instruments. In the midst stood an old man, coiffed and clad precisely like Copernicus. The resemblance was so striking that he himself recognized it and was stupefied. The clown commissioned to expose the great man to public ridicule, had behind him a personage, whose hoofs, tail and horns, indicated the devil, and who was moving him like an automaton, by pulling two threads attached to his ears. These ears were those of the largest ass. The parody was composed of several scenes. In the first, the astronomer was giving himself to Satan, burning a copy of the Bible, and trampling a crucifix under his feet. In the second, he was explaining his system, using apples for planets—which were turning round his head, transformed by means of resinous candles into the sun. In the third he became a quack, a corn-cutter, and a merchant of pommades; he was holding forth to the passers by in Dog-Latin, selling them at a high price water from his well, and getting drunk himself on excellent wine, till he fell under the table. In the fourth scene, he was accursed of God and men, and the devil, dragging him through a cloud of sulphur and fire, was punishing him by making him turn the earth, condemning him to remain upside down through all eternity.

At seeing his genius and his virtues thus publicly held up to ridicule, his science tortured into charlatanism, his disinterestedness into swindling, his pure faith into impiety, his whole person finally delivered up to human and divine vengeance, Copernicus at first experienced the most frightful suffering; he distrusted himself and Providence. But he soon hoped that the Frauenbourgeois, his adopted children, would put a stop to such infamous proceedings, and crush the actors beneath the fragments of their theatre.

Judge then of his surprise, his grief, his despair, when he saw his ignoble defamers applauded by those whom he daily loaded with benefits and charities! In vain he summoned his courage, the trial was beyond his strength. He fell senseless on the square.

Then only did the ungrateful people recognize their benefactor; the name of Copernicus flew from mouth to mouth. They learned that this very day even, he had come to the assistance of the city. And passing from the excess of ingratitude to the excess of remorse, the crowd dispersed the actors and bore the astronomer home in triumph.

But alas! he was not in a state to appreciate this consolation. Exhausted by the labors of the preceding night, by the fatigue and emotions of the day, mortally wounded by this last blow, he found strength only to demand a litter

in which he arrived in an expiring condition at Worms.

V.

His agony lasted five days, during which his genius and his faith gave forth their last scintillations. The next day, a letter from Rheticus came to confirm the sinister predictions of the Bishop of Culm. Three times had the pupils of the University attempted to destroy the press. "This very morning," added the *savant*, "they endeavored to set fire to it. I assembled all our friends. We pass here our days and nights, guarding the doors and superintending the workmen. The printers labor with one hand at the press, and the other on a pistol. If we hold out two days longer, your work will be safe; for, ten copies once printed, nothing can destroy it. But if to-morrow or the day after our enemies should triumph——"

Rheticus did not finish; Copernicus finished it for him.

The third day, a new message and a new alarm. A compositor, gained over by their enemies, had delivered up to them the manuscript of the Canon, which had been burned in the public square. Fortunately the impression was finished. They were putting it to press; but an *émeute* might annihilate all, and it was hourly threatened.

Such were the fears by which Copernicus was agonized during his last hours. His labors, his glory, and his name, would they escape fanaticism, or must they perish before him? Imagine, if you can, such a martyrdom!

It rapidly exhausted the last strength of the old man, and Death, seizing upon his paralytic frame, had nearly reached the seat of his genius, when a foaming horse stopped at the door. An armed man dismounted, breathless and covered with dust, like the soldier of Marathon.

In fact, like the Grecian soldier, this man announced victory. He bore, attached to his breast, a volume still moist. And this volume was the *chef d'œuvre* of Copernicus!

Justice and right had triumphed over hatred and madness. The work of God was at last explained to men. The sun had a second time enlightened the world!

The dying man revived to seize the book in his failing hands, to contemplate it with his dim eye. Then, with the smile of a martyr who sees Paradise opening before him, he sighed—

"*Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine.*"

And his soul took its flight.

It was the morning of the 23d of May; heaven had kindled all its stars, earth had opened all her flowers; all nature seemed to be entertaining her Revelator, as when he had last left his observatory.

Very soon the sun, darting through a window his purest ray on the head of the great man, appeared to say to him in its turn: "The King of Creation gives thee the kiss of peace, since thou wert the first to replace him on his throne."

VI.

Copernicus was persecuted even in the tomb. The court of Rome responded to his dedication by condemning his work; but the book revenged itself by enlightening the court of Rome, which at last acknowledged, though too late, the genius and the faith of the astronomer of Worms.

Prussia, with the ingratitude of conquerors, has converted the observatory of Copernicus into a prison, and allowed his house to crumble to atoms. But Poland, his mother, has assembled her last children and her last offerings to erect to him a monument at Cracow, and a statue at Warsaw. This statue is by the great sculptor Thorwalsden.

Behind our sun repose in the farthest azure suns whose stranger-rays for thousands of years have been winging their way to our little earth, but have not yet reached it. O! thou kind, present Deity; scarcely can man's spirit open its small feeble eye, but that thou immediately shinest into it, O! Sun of suns and spirits!—*Richter.*

A LEAF FROM THE PAST AND THE DISTANT.

BY FANNIE FLORINE.

MANY in the Christian world are familiar with the name of Rev. Samuel Munson, and will remember long his tragical death. Perchance many who have read with interest the brief memoir of himself and his fellow martyr, would shrink from a like consecration of their earthly all upon the altar of a Saviour's love.

In a lonely spot, upon a branch of the Kennebec, he passed his childhood and youth. His parents had removed thither from Cape Cod, and while their home was comparatively a wilderness, both were smitten by a fatal epidemic, and laid in the same grave. They were the first tenants of the village burial-ground, and since the untimely death of their much lamented son, a plain marble slab has been erected at the head of their grave, bearing a record of the three.

That is a quiet spot, apart from the village mart and the village green—a fitting resort for the bereaved and stricken who would commune with the departed. The setting sunlight scarcely penetrates the dense foliage that skirts its farther boundary, and the sinuous river moves solemnly along beyond with stealthy tread, as if it feared to disturb the slumberers. Cherished names are written here and there in that sacred inclosure, and strong emotions have found utterance in their presence.

In a distant and desolate corner the ashes of a suicide await the call of the last trump, for human hands could not consign their erring brother man to a highway burial, though they feared he must stand an unforgiven sinner in the presence of his Judge.

He with whose name this sketch opens, was the youngest of four orphan children, left at the age of ten or eleven an orphan indeed. They, all in a band, turned from their dreary abode, invited to the hearthstone of a hospitable home, where he was the youngest of a larger train of brothers and sisters. When the winter was past, two of the four, his brother and one sister, sought to support themselves elsewhere—himself, with the eldest sister, remaining with the family of their adoption, till, in the silence of his thoughts, sprung up the irrepressible desire to preach the gospel of peace: that peace he had recently tasted. And his wish was gratified. Through much self-denying toil he made his unobtrusive way to the altar of his God.

His vacation visits were periods of interest to the whole household; but never will be forgotten that parting scene—the last.

He passed from one to another, his feelings struggling with that self-control for which he was eminent. But they were subdued till he gave his hand to her who had been a mother to his youth, and his strong will was impotent to hold them longer in abeyance. He turned away, and bowing his head upon the nearest support, permitted the tears of agony to flow unrebuked, while we all wept.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY ANNA M. HEFFERNAN.

MEMORY *of the departed!* not alone awakened by the plaintive tones of melancholy—but when happiest, and the sun shines most brightly, when the heart vibrates to joy and gladness, comes the sweet gush of affectionate remembrance, like the soft rustling of angels' wings, and we feel, though we cannot any wise express it, that we are not *alone*. They come to cheer our loneliness, those blessed memories of the departed; we recall the gladsome hours spent in their company—the happy scenes of our love-encircled youth, not even yet effaced by the rude contact of life. All these form the hallowed visions of these *better hours;* and, with rapt feelings, we gaze on this glowing and wondrous picture the mind hath framed. Such moments come but seldom—glimpses, they may be, of heaven.

It is said that the persons and circumstances that most influence our after life are shadowed forth and haunt us from our earliest childhood; or why, when accident reveals to us some noble heart and kindred mind, by us loved and appreciated, does his presence seem like some indefinable recollection, or indistinct dream? and we remember no more that but a little time past, and *they* were strangers—but in our deep affection for the loved one by our side, wonder only why they should have remained so long unknown?

Friendship! All desire the boon, and all think they possess it, springing spontaneous from the heart at all times and seasons, brightening the clouds of adversity, giving to life its joy and sunshine—a sweet trust, that we cling to from the first to the last hour of existence.

> "And if through the dark and clouded sky
> It beams on our lonely way,
> What orb in the starry heaven will rise
> Like the brightness of friendship's ray?"

While pride is the leprosy of the heart, the world's curse, and Heaven's abomination. Through it angels lost their high estate, and to man it became the centre of confusion—a stumbling-block, friendship's bane, the height of folly and delusion, which so many essay to climb.

There is no quality so requisite in woman as sweetness of temper—a grace and beauty that far excel personal charms. Her sweet persuasive voice is better employed in the use of gentle words and kind endearments than in scolding. Nor did nature make her weak in order to assume the stern duties assigned to man, but rather that her trust and dependence on him might increase the natural desire to love and protect the being that thus fondly clings to him through sunshine and shade. How ungenerous, then, of him when that confidence becomes abused, and he becomes her oppressor, instead of her protector!

When do we love people? When they unveil to us their hearts, and we find their hearts worthy our research.

"You must love *him* ere to *you* he will seem worthy of your love."

How fond people are of talking of their knowledge and experience, repeating over all they have witnessed and gone through—cares and disappointments—as if such trials and hair-breadth escapes had fallen to the lot of no one else. What is our life but a shadow that darkens the stream of time, in comparison to millions that have passed on before, millions that have yet to succeed, whom we shall never behold—ages that have rolled on, centuries that have yet to elapse! Well may the poet exclaim, "I tremble at myself, and in myself am lost!" Think of the spot to which we are chained down—our limited sphere of action—and what can we know of the world and its inhabitants, save from what we hear and see around us, and then talk of our knowledge and experience!

This world may be justly termed a mirror, which gives to each one the reflection of his face. If we look sourly at it, the same look will it give in return; smile we on it, and a pleasant enough companion will it prove.

SCENES IN A PASTOR'S LIFE.

BY REV. SIMON ANDREW.

No. XX.

SIN CAUSES MORE THAN THE GUILTY TO SUFFER.

Every good government has laws with the sanctions of blessings and curses annexed. In this, the moral government of God is the pattern, attempted to be imitated in human laws. A law without a penalty is a nullity. The Governor of worlds has incorporated this principle into all the physical, intellectual, and moral laws, of which he is the author. "The soul that sinneth it shall die," that is the mode in which these laws substantially are given.

Repentance does not always remove the effects of wrong action. A mother, whose child has fallen into the fire while she was drunk, may weep tears of blood, and yet the consequences of her actions will remain in the crippled child. A corrupt father may lay his own heart, broken for his sin, on the altar of repentance, and yet that heart shall retain the scars made by his sin, and his children shall feel the obloquy of descent from a corrupt father. Neglect of this obvious fact not unfrequently leads to criminal action, which otherwise would have been avoided. Crime, as a violation of law, has penalties, which no repentance can remove. Causes always produce their effects, except in the single exception provided for by the "Lamb of God." No more imposing view can be taken of the high regard which the all-benevolent Creator pays to this connection between cause and effect, than the fact that He himself refuses to abrogate it in any known instance, save this one, and even for that He lays down a ransom more costly than worlds.

In a former number I have spoken of a man whose general character was upright, and whose disposition was not malevolent. That man in a moment of passionate desire had ruined another and then fled. But to flee from the penalty of his crime was just as impossible as to fly from his shadow. His sin haunted him and distressed him, even when he supposed no one to be acquainted with the deed. It brought great wretchedness on his family. It destroyed his victim and entailed reproach on the helpless offspring of their mutual guilt.

I have said that Mr. W. had an only daughter, when the sad events occurred which I have already detailed. Never was a human being gifted with greater beauty, and one felt an instinctive desire to turn and look at her again, when he met her. Her face sparkling with the joyous feelings of her young heart, and her step graceful as a fairy's, marked her a very queen of beauty. From earliest childhood she had learned the fact, and even then began a passion for admiration, which became the fruitful source of the miseries which afflicted her life. Her father could not endure any restraint imposed on her, his sensitive affections overruling his better judgment the more sternly, because of the sickness of his own heart. Heart-sick himself, he could not bring a single cloud over his child. The mother saw and lamented, but had no power to change a course she feared might be ruinous. And thus she grew in waywardness, until she spurned all control whatever.

As a most natural result of this she became inordinately selfish, and this, at length, almost defaced the charms of nature, and made an otherwise gifted girl a most disagreeable object to all associated with her. She was about ten years of age when her father died, leaving the principal part of his property to her. He had also provided a comfortable support for the orphan of Mary.

It was not long after the death of her father that the following conversation occurred:—

"My daughter, I have spoken to Mrs. B——, who has the best school in town, to take charge of you the present summer. I am very anxious to have you go to school, and get such an education as your father desired."

Anna looked up at her mother as if doubting her own ears.

"Now, mother, you are not going to coop me in that hateful place?"

"Anna, I do not wish to injure you, or lessen your pleasures, but what will become of you, if you grow up ignorant as a servant girl? I wish you to become an intelligent lady, instead of a mere rattle-brained ignoramus!"

"Well, I don't care what you want, I won't go to that hateful school, to be moping my life away in dull study!"

Ah, father, though gone, here is your daughter, with that wayward temper which says "won't" to your widow. Mrs. W. knew it was wrong, but how could she, with the fresh tears of widowhood on her cheek, chide, much less punish, the child of her departed husband?

"Anna," she replied, "I am sorry to hear you speak so wickedly. Here you are ten years old, and can only read. You are growing up to shame me! Now *do* go to school to please your mother!"

"Oh no, mother," was the little girl's reply in a coaxing tone, "I don't want to go now; there's time enough yet, and I will go by-and-by."

"But, my daughter, it will be much better to go now, and finish your education as quick as you can, and then be ready for pleasure afterward."

"No, no, no, I can't go to school now, but I'll tell you what I will do. I will go with you to Mr. Jewel's store, and there you shall get me a beautiful ring like Jane Johnson's. And then we will go to Monsieur Jourdan's music room and look at his pianos."

"You extravagant creature," exclaimed her mother, half-laughingly, "and where else will you take me? At this rate you will spend all my money in a year!"

"Oh, never mind that; come, get your hat, mother, for I am in a great fidget to have these nice things!"

And sure enough, the mother yielded. She would be more strict by-and-by, but now she could not bear to, and so they bought the ring, and then went to the music room to select a piano. By the time they had reached home, five hundred dollars had been expended on the spoiled child.

It was a good trait in her waywardness in the matter of education, that Anna had the greatest passion for music. In the acquirement of this she had iron perseverance, and made her master weary with her zeal. And yet he was proud to witness the astonishing progress of his pupil, accomplishing in a month what others required a year for. But on the matter of school, for the acquirement even of an ordinary education, she was inflexible, and her passion for music made all other educational pursuits disagreeable in the extreme. Her natural quickness enabled her to pick up many things by a sort of intuition which others must labor for, so that she did not appear deficient in education to an ordinary observer, while her sparkling wit and beauty, rendered more brilliant by her very waywardness, made her society greatly sought after. Her musical attainments, also, so great for one so young, atoned for everything else, so that from girlhood, Anna W—— was admired and petted wherever she went.

On the very morning when Mrs. W. was urging her daughter to attend school, the orphan stood by her; the sorrows of her past life had given to her countenance a cast of melancholy, so that her very smile was sad. She knew not why her mother suffered, but in early childhood she saw that tears mingled with the very bread she ate. And then to lose her mother, that was a sad blow, which even the care of Mrs. W. could not soften. There was kindness enough, for her friend was a conscientious Christian, and yet the entire connection of this unfortunate child with her family's troubles, a connection which could only be hidden by taking her into the bosom of her own family, insensibly may have lent a certain distance to the good woman's manner, which the young girl saw was not the feeling tenderness of a mother. And yet she suspected nothing, only Mrs. W. was not her own mother, and that was reason enough why she should not love her so well as she did her own Anna.

She was beautiful also, and knew nothing of her own history to make her cheek red with shame. Hers was not the sadness of shame. It sprang from sorrow.

"Well, Mary, you hear what Anna says about school; what do you think about it?" said Mrs. W., turning to the orphan girl.

"If you think it best for me, I should love to go very much," was the modest answer.

"Why, Mary, what makes you speak so stupidly about that school business?" exclaimed Anna. "I am sure we have nearly moped ourselves to death already, in that horrid school of Mrs. K——'s! Besides, you know enough now. Come, don't go, that's a dear girl!"

"If Aunt will let me, I would rather go to school, and shall feel thankful for the privilege."

"Anna, don't speak any more about this to Mary. She is a good girl and shall have her desire. I do wish you would go with her!" said the mother.

"Not I, indeed," was the short reply of the pouting beauty, whose sullenness did not vanish until she reached the jeweller's shop, and had obtained what pleased her vanity so well. Thus these little girls started side by side, with different aims and desires. The first very beautiful, and vain as beautiful. Her passion for music had been indulged, until there was scarce an instrument of which she was not master, and at the same time her voice was rich and cultivated in the highest degree. The second was beautiful and gifted, but she had already tasted the sorrows of life, and Divine Providence was gradually leading her to that only rest which is permanent and satisfying, rest in Christ.

Five years passed away, making great changes in this family. The splendid farm which they occupied at Mr. W.'s death became an open space in the city. Population was increasing with unparalleled rapidity, and that spacious farm was in demand for buildings. At last parts of it were sold for a very large sum, and from easy circumstances, this family rose to great wealth. In the meantime the differences between Anna and Mary became more and more marked. Opulence added fuel to the bad qualities of the one, while early trials, mellowing down natural asperities of character, and a real desire to excel in all the pursuits of education, made the other appear the more lovely. Those five years contained the golden hours of the orphan's pilgrimage. Of this I wish to speak particularly, because it illustrates strikingly "the iniquities of the fathers visited on the children."

Long since had Mary outstript all rivalry, and was regarded the finest scholar in the school. Her beauty, her intelligence, and her singular modesty, made her an object of admiration and love. And yet it was so different from that accorded to Anna, that it never excited even momentary jealousy. Their spheres were as entirely different as those of the planet Venus and a comet. In general society they mingled together, and were the centres of admiration, and the presence of two such brilliant girls made the widow's house a favorite resort for the fashionable and intelligent. Each had her admirers, and yet it was frequently observed that Mary's countenance was sad in society. It was not her delight. She had found "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." She frequented these circles no more than she was constrained by the desires of Mrs. W. and her daughter, who really felt proud of her.

In the meantime the growing city was receiving its addition of strangers from all parts of the world, and through that way will Providence unravel one of its own mysteries. A large company, one evening, was assembled in the parlors of Mrs. W. It was a brilliant scene, and one indicating that wealth and fashion had acquired an unusual control of the widow's mind and heart. But God restores his children, even though it be by buffetings. There was music and dancing, and merry laughter, and wine, and all the accompaniments of fashionable frivolity.

An intimate friend of Mrs. W. had introduced to her an acquaintance he had made at a fashionable watering-place. He was a gentleman of middle age, in whose gayest sallies a certain sadness was visible. He had not been long in the room, when his eye rested on Mary, and he started back as if affrighted. His friend saw his unusual emotion, and inquired for its cause. "It was only a sudden faintness; he was better now."

And yet again and repeatedly did he turn his eye towards Mary with a gaze which at last became painful to her, and noticed by all. He excused himself, and left the house. But why did Mary have such heart-sinkings and forebodings, as though some cloud were about to burst over her? *She* had done nothing wrong, and was strong in her own integrity, and yet that stranger's look oppressed her. But why?

The stranger was followed to his room by the gentleman who had introduced him to Mrs. W. He was pacing the room in great agitation, and exclaiming, "Has the dead come to life? or am I dreaming?"

"My dear sir, what agitates you so greatly this evening?" asked the gentleman as he entered the room.

"I have seen the image of my lost sister to-night, just as she looked eighteen years ago. Oh, agony untold, to have treated her as we did. Her misstep brought disgrace on our family, and we drove her away. When we

sought her again we could not find her, and never have discovered a trace of her to this day! Tell me, I beseech you, who is that young lady who sang the duet with Mrs. W. to-night?"

His anxiety seemed to look for some reply which would clear up the mystery of his sister's fate.

"Why, that was Mary W., a cousin of the one who played the piano. She is a niece of Anna's father, who provided for her in his will."

"Mary W., Mary W.! there is a mystery about her face, and would I could unravel it! Can she be my sister's child?"

Now these words sent a new train of ideas trooping over the gentleman's mind. He well remembered when Mary's mother was introduced into Mrs. W.'s family, and that there always was something unexplained about the matter, which no one dared to probe. Soon probability was elicited from possibility, and very soon he reached conviction. He had once seen the mother of Mary, and remarked how striking was the resemblance between the mother and daughter—so striking, indeed, that not even disease had effaced it. He stood a moment considering what he should say. It is a delicate position for one to occupy, when he speaks of things affecting the dead and the living.

"I infer from what you say, that your sister was ruined; can you give me a description of her seducer?"

"Could you look into my heart, you would see his image traced there by the passion for vengeance. I would have torn his heart out could I have found him. He fled when his crime began to get out, and from that day I have never heard a word of him. He was a singularly handsome man, tall and well built, with a scar over the left eye."

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed the astonished questioner; "the father of Anna W. was the man who ruined your sister. He must have changed his name, and till now has eluded detection. He has gone to a higher tribunal, as I always thought, a heart-broken man. He pined away without any perceptible disease on him, and Dr. X. has told me in confidence that he believed it was heart-sickness in some way connected with the two strangers so suddenly introduced into his family."

He then gave a minute account of all he knew concerning Mary, now dead, how she was treated, how kind Mrs. W. was to her, and how that Dr. X. believed that Mrs. W. was fully acquainted with the secret, and took that wise method to bury it. He then told of the provision Mr. W. made for the young Mary, and of the motherly care his widow had ever taken of her. As he thus spake, the brother, excited beyond control, burst into weeping, and fiercely striking his fist against his head, exclaimed,

"Oh my proud folly, in driving my poor sister away! Would I could recall it, and show her my repentance by soothing her last hours by my own assiduities. I will forgive the man who brought her shame on her, for giving her such an asylum to die in, and for taking care of her child! God forgive me for being more heartless and cruel to my sister than even her seducer was!"

He too, under provocation, had committed a great sin, and here he proved that years had not washed it away. Truly, a wrong is itself a centre of evil with a widening circle, drawing into itself many otherwise innocent.

"But what are you intending to do now?" was the question propounded to the distressed brother.

"I must see my niece, and if I can, I will take her home with me!"

"Your feelings do honor to your heart, but you have not considered that to take Mary home with you, presupposes a reason, and that reason, known to her, will break the poor girl's heart, and a nobler one our city has not. She is all alive with high and honorable feelings, and to this day probably does not suspect a mother whose memory she reverences."

"Yes, yes, I see the difficulties now, which this sudden incident has created. I do not know what to do. At any rate, I must see her for her mother's sake. Come what will, I must see her. To be introduced to her as her mother's brother, will do no injury."

"But you forget Mrs. W., who probably knows all the facts. If you must see Mary you must take Mrs. W. into your confidence. It is the only safe way."

The next morning found the brother closeted with Mrs. W., both greatly agitated by recurrence to the painful past. And what would come of it? Disgrace and death, perhaps.

"Sir," said she, with an utterance even harder than when she first heard her husband speak of the same thing, "I had hoped to bury the past, and in some measure atone for it. But God is just, and sin is dreadful, for it pursues the innocent. That my husband has repented of *that* deed, I have no doubt, and that he did what he could to repair it. And yet, years after he is dead, destruction impends over the innocent!"

It was no wonder that both wept as these mournful thoughts swept like a tempest over them.

"Madam, I have done my sister a great wrong, and I would now make some atonement for it. And how can I do it without taking her daughter as my own, to love her and care for her, as I would for her mother, if she were yet alive?"

"But it is absolutely frightful in any way to hint or communicate this thing to the dear girl. Her character is faultless, and a purer heart is not on the earth; but now she dreams not of dishonor as associated in any way with herself! You must bury this in your soul, and deprive yourself for her sake, of the pleasure of calling her your sister's daughter! We are all on the edge of a precipice, and reason almost fails when I see those so dear to me, my Anna and my Mary, dashed down! I can bear the reproach myself, but it is an intolerable anguish of heart to see them ruined!"

And who would not have sympathized with this distressed mother? There they canvassed the whole matter, and determined that he should leave the city without making himself known to Mary. To do otherwise might produce disastrous effects, and that course was adopted.

A secret crime is an unsafe secret, even when confined to our breast. Crime, as a secret, is safe nowhere, save in the grave. The author of this was now dead, but he had left one at least acquainted, who proved faithful to her trust. But nature had inscribed a record of the deed in the very face of the lovely Mary, which record the brother of her mother had met unexpectedly, and read with a shudder, as though the dead had risen before him. God, who sees and overrules all things, had left witnesses of a deed done many years before, and now it was to be laid bare in the most sorrowful way.

A secret safe with one alone, is well nigh trumpeted to the world when it gains access to a second. Pandora's box could be more easily closed back on its escaping woes, than a suspected secret kept when once it gets in motion.

The singular emotion of Mary's uncle had been noticed at the evening party, and some fancied they could detect a resemblance between her and him. Forthwith there were eager questionings, and a revivification of all the surmises and reports which had been gossipped years before. Not a week was passed, before every mouth had a report about the matter, which compromised the honor of the sweet girl most interested.

"I tell you what I believe," said Miss Emptiness to her friend, Miss Folly, "and what I always did believe, that this pert Miss, who has carried such a high head in school and in society, is no better than she should be!"

"Now you don't say!" replied Miss Folly; "how brazen she must be. I mean to cut her acquaintance the very first chance, that I will. I'll teach her manners."

"And then only think," said Miss E., "of that proud widow since she has got a little money; one would think she had always been a nice body. I guess if the truth were known that she was the *mother* of this *niece* before she had a right."

"Yes, I guess so, too," was the amiable reply; "and that stranger at the party, who is he? Mary's *father*, eh?"

And forthwith these sagacious and charitable young ladies started their surmises, which were not truth indeed, and yet were not much worse. They became unconsciously the agents of justice, because it is a part of the punishment of secreted sin, to give hundred-tongued rumor her ample reports for exaggeration.

The gentleman who had introduced the stranger, was subjected to a rack of questions. He kept silent, indeed, but his very silence was delicious food for gossip, and more could be made of that than of the truth, bad as it was.

In the meantime the poor girl, so deeply interested, was alone kept in the dark. Her heart was weighed down with a sort of presentiment. She knew the stranger whose distressed gaze had haunted her, had been with her aunt. But what was the subject of their conversation? When she saw her aunt, her eyes were red with weeping, and ever and

anon those eyes were riveted on her with a mournful earnestness. Her aunt indeed redoubled her kindnesses, but coming in just then, a less keen observer of human nature could have detected the movings of *pity*, caused by something peculiarly unfortunate in her condition. And what could it all mean? She was only twelve years of age when her mother died, and now for the first time she recurred with a shudder to the fact, that her mother never mentioned her father's name to her. Whither is it all tending? She felt the earth passing from beneath her. This was a foretaste of the father's iniquities visited on his child. She was a Christian, and yet who can tell the agony which rent her heart, as she knelt at the mercy seat, with all these thoughts concerning her sainted mother and concerning herself? Truly, may it be said of all wickedness with emphasis, "*And that man perished not alone in his sin.*"

This distressing suspense soon wrought its effects on her health, not strong at any time. The family now was avoided as though infected, and this confirmed the fears of Mary, that others knew something in her own history still concealed from her. Anna, self-willed and wayward as any spoiled beauty, was chagrined at the coolness manifested towards even her. Her mother utterly refused to be communicative on the causes, and this only served to quicken her curiosity. At length she obtained through an intimate friend, with great difficulty, the reports in circulation.

Selfishness had become so inordinate, and her vanity had grown so large, that she could not feel even this dreadful suspicion of her mother so keenly as Mary did the mere suspicions in her own mind. Accordingly, with this advantage, Anna at length drew from her mother the sad history. In this she was wayward as in all other things, uttered a laugh and declared "she would snap her fingers in the face of all the world. As for Mary, there was no use in her taking it so much to heart. She was a dear, good girl, and she would love her the more for her misfortune."

"But, my dear Anna, you must not break Mary's heart by revealing these things to her!" said the mother in a deprecating tone.

"Oh no, to be sure not; but then as for this heart-breaking, it is all fudge, mother. I'll trust her heart, that it is tougher than all that comes to. I should like to see the thing which could break my heart."

Thus she rattled away, speaking the truth indeed concerning herself; but she knew not the deep sensibilities of the other heart of which she was speaking, or even she would have trembled to touch it so rudely.

The entire demeanor of Anna soon revealed to Mary that she had become possessor of the facts, which she knew were so interesting to herself. Not a smile had lightened her face since that evening, and yet who does not know that the human mind "hopes against hope?" Her forebodings were all gloomy, but hope had not deserted her yet. The blotting out of that hope, feeble as it is, will it crush her? In this state of suspense, one morning she was left alone with the thoughtless Anna, and with an effort of desperation and a trembling utterance, she besought her if she loved her to tell her all she knew.

"Oh, it is nothing killing," she replied, with a laugh. "I suppose I must be a little more affectionate to you now than I have been before, because mother says you are *my sister!*"

Mary's face was blanched with the pallor of death. She gasped for breath. She caught at a chair to hold herself, and with one suppressed shriek, fainted away. Anna was now thoroughly frightened, and shrieked for help. The mother in an instant comprehended it all, but it was no time for reproaches. The physician was sent for. Mary recovered from one fainting fit only to relapse into another. For days she hung between life and death, and it was long doubtful in which way the balance would turn. The tender assiduities of love at length received the smile of Providence, and for the present, Mary lived. But how long, after such a shock?

It is not to be wondered at that her pastor had watched her with feelings of the deepest interest. He knew her mother's history, divulged to him for the sake of his counsel and sympathy. His trust had been unbroken, and he loved Mary the more for what he knew. He had laid his own hand on her head in the holy ordinance of baptism, and had welcomed her into the bosom of the church. And she in turn looked up to him with such affection and reverence, as makes the intercourse of a pastor with the young Christian one of the most delightful on earth.

light to expose the awful wretchedness of the scene. On a bundle of straw and rags, in one corner, lay the father of the girl, Mr. Jones, raving in the agonies of delirium tremens. By his side, on a broken stool, sat his wife, the image of despair and utter desolation, striving feebly to relieve her husband and smooth his passage to the grave, for he was evidently near his end. Her eye had lost its lustre, ambition having long since died within her. She looked vacantly around at my entrance, and would probably have offered me a chair had there been such an article in the room. On the floor, near the mother, lay a little boy of two years of age, and in another part of the room was a little girl of four years that we will call Susan, nearly in the condition in which nature left them, with the addition of a coat of dirt and a few rags, the mere apologies for clothing. Not a particle of food or fuel, or even medicine for the sick, was to be seen. The children were all pale and thin—hunger and want were written in every lineament of their features. The desolation of the heart evidently stifled every emotion of joy or playfulness, and not a smile was seen to linger on their features.

The sources of mirth and pleasure seemed dried up; and care, deep and corroding, had thus early stamped its impress upon them. The furniture needs no description; indeed, there was none, the last article that could be sold having gone, to satisfy in part the demands of their landlord.

The husband would occasionally rave with the fury of a demon, and after having exhausted himself, would settle down into comparative calmness. In his moments of wild delirium he would curse the world as false and heartless, and call down especial anathemas upon those who he seemed to suppose had injured him.

Seating myself upon a sort of chest, I determined to learn something of the cause of wretchedness such as I saw before me. But the fountain of feeling seemed frozen up, and the ice of despair would not melt without a strong inducement. I placed food before them. The children devoured it like famished wolves, but the mother at first would not taste of it, though she seemed very hungry. I asked the little girl if her mother was not hungry, and she said she had eaten nothing for several days, and that she gave the whole of what she received to the children and her husband, and she was afraid she would starve. I then renewed my entreaties with the mother, but it was not till I assured her that their wants should be supplied, and let in a few rays of hope into her chilled heart, that she consented to eat. Finding her too weak to make any disclosures at that time, after administering to their present wants, I left them. That night the husband died, raving wildly of man's ingratitude, of business and its troubles, and with curses upon his lips and demons floating in the air before his distempered imagination—without a rational thought of his danger and his awful destiny.

His wife did not seem deeply affected by his death. In fact she did not appear to possess the power of deep feeling. By kindness and attention to her wants, and showing her that she had a friend on whom she could rely, and convincing her of the duty of living for the benefit of her children, and cherishing her hopes, her mind gradually resumed its wonted tone. Every day appearances in her room gave indication of returning energy, but it was not until I had opened up to her the glorious hopes and promises of the Gospel, that she fully recovered. She seized upon the promises with all the eagerness of one convinced of her wants. As the drowning one plants himself in safety upon the rock he has reached, so she planted herself upon the Rock of ages, and smiled at the billows rolling around her. But a few days after this, she yielded to my request, and gave me her history, or rather that of her husband.

Henry Jones was the son of respectable parents, living in the town of G——, Vermont. His early education was good, and he went forth, as others do, at an early age, to seek his fortune. He found employment for a few years as a clerk in a country store, but on obtaining his majority, he determined to push his way in the great city. He commenced business full of hope. The bow of promise was bright before him. Having obtained some money from his father, and borrowed some from his friends, he commenced under somewhat favorable auspices. He toiled hard, and put forth all his energies. For a time he was successful. He returned to his native town, and offered me his hand, which was accepted. We were happy then—as happy as any can

be whose hopes centre in the things of time; but alas! our happiness was destined to be of short duration. Soon I saw a change in Henry. His face began to be careworn and sad. Losses came in upon him. One of his clerks was dishonest, several of his customers failed, and his notes began to give him trouble. His capital had become impaired. Business was dull, and competition was ruinous, and profits were consequently light, while expenses were heavy. Every day I could see that cares were increasing upon him. We reduced our expenses to the lowest possible limit. We strove hard to recover our position, but it seemed as if the fates were against us. Nothing succeeded. Every effort seemed rather to impede our progress. Often has Henry told me that it was like "pulling teeth" to raise money to pay his notes, and when paid still others rose up like ghosts before him. Scarcely a smile ever rested upon his countenance, and darkness hedged up our path. He borrowed more money, and resorted to all the expedients which in technical phrase are called "raising the wind," getting his notes "shaved," &c., but all to no avail.

Never shall I forget the day of his first protest. He feared the result in the morning, and could not eat. Dinner came, and still he could not eat. He tried to borrow, but his very anxiety made people cautious, and they refused to lend. They saw *failure* written in legible characters upon his countenance.

No friend was ready in the hour of need. One o'clock came—two—the fatal hour of three approached, and still no prospect of relief appeared. The perspiration rolled down his face. Business was out of the question. His hour was come. The notary waited upon him for the first time, and the next day the public were informed that the house of Henry Jones had suspended payment. Then came the long list of wise prophets who prophesy with remarkable correctness after the event takes place. "I always thought Jones would fail," says one; "he was too careless," another says; "he was too cautious, he did not risk anything:" another said "he lacked judgment;" another, that "he lacked energy." One creditor said, "He *might* have been honest, but he had heard some reports." "Poor man," they all said, "I pity him." But the creditors came down as usual for their pound of flesh, and his friends passed by on the other side, and were unable even to recognize him any more.

Although the iron cut deep into his soul, he did not utterly despair. He made the best division he could of his assets, and went forth to seek employment. It was almost impossible to find any one who would employ an unfortunate man. At last he obtained a situation at a salary barely sufficient to support life. He dragged on a few years in this way, and by the assistance of friends commenced business again on his own account. He did not open with very fair prospects the second time, but he hoped to succeed in paying his interest and expenses. He was very economical, close in all his purchases, prudent in his calculations, and untiring in his efforts. Early and late he was at his business, and no measure left untried to court the favoring gales of prosperity.

He attempted a cash business, and supposed it possible to conduct it without so much risk and loss, but found that cash payments were understood to extend to thirty days, and then to sixty and ninety; and, moreover, that cash customers paid less profit. He was only able to do a limited business. But he dragged along, constantly buffeting the storms of adversity, deeply in debt, and harassed to meet his payments. His family, though moving in good society, were unable to incur its expenses and hold up their heads. His children did not receive a large share of his attention, and when he came home to his family it was not to bring happiness—his face scarce knew a smile. The present was dark—the future fearful! He had already deeply embarrassed his friends by his previous failure, and his present effort—some were dead, and those still living were unable to afford farther assistance. He had no resource but in himself Losses, however, continued to pour in upon him, and cares increased. As he came home, Susan would climb upon his knee and strive to bring a smile from those care-worn features, but it was a spasmodic effort and almost brought tears to my eyes. We had three other children, but to add to our misery, sickness came upon us with its long list of evils. Many a night have we watched at the bedside of our children, but death came at last and snatched the choicest of our number, and left us desolate. Again and again he entered our circle, and laid his icy hand upon our three

eldest. Our hearts were centred in those lovely children, and the sundering of those cords was awful. They were the children of comparative prosperity, and the light of happiness and of hope dwelt in their bosoms.

But these before you are the children of sorrow and of want, and scarce know how to smile. When they see other children buoyant and cheerful, they wonder what it means. The loss of our children and the consequent expenses, together with unusual losses in business at the same time, was too much for my Henry. The angel of hope almost deserted him. To drown the remembrance of his wretchedness, he tasted, alas! the intoxicating cup. In his agony, he added these to the other fires that were consuming him. He did not love the spirit for itself. It was at first hateful to his taste. He drank, and drank deeply, to blunt his keen susceptibilities and blot out for the time the sense of his present and prospective misery. We sought to recall him to life and love. We strove to hold up before him the bright vision of hope, but he knew the attempt was made in despair and it had not power to move him. He began to neglect a business which had now become hateful to him. He became a misanthrope, and because he had found many dishonest men in his business dealings, he believed them all so. He saw no prospect but poverty and misery before him, and he had not learned, alas! to look beyond the present world for hope and consolation. He not only hated man, but God, as the supposed author of his misfortunes and wretchedness. Meantime his business was utterly ruined and his store closed. We removed to very humble, but comparatively comfortable lodgings, hoping, but despairing for the future. Henry was constantly intoxicated. To attempt reasoning with him was like talking to the rushing torrent to check its course. He saw the utter misery he was bringing upon us, but this only drove him deeper into the intoxicating revel.

One by one the different articles of our furniture and wardrobe disappeared, to furnish us food, and to keep up the liquid fires within him. At length we were compelled to leave our lodgings, and take refuge in the hole where you found us. I sought to do something to crowd off starvation and death a little longer, but I must confess to you that despair had laid her icy mantle upon me also. Life had long since ceased to charm, and though death was shrouded in awful gloom, and death eternal beyond was clothed in midnight darkness, still I shrank not from it. I saw death gradually approach, but I cared not—I had no hope in life, and the aspect of death was rather pleasant to me. When you sought to win me back to life and happiness, I was almost angry with you. A few more days and the brittle thread would have broken—I desired it. I knew my children would suffer no less; I knew Henry could not live many days, and I did not desire to outlive him.

Such was our condition when you came, an angel of mercy and of hope, to raise us from the deepest misery and guilt. Never, sir, shall we forget your kindness in alleviating our temporal wants, in rekindling the sparks of hope within us, and especially in uncovering the deep wickedness of my own heart—showing me my fearful danger, and pointing me to that Saviour so perfectly adapted to my wants, and thus securing to me, I trust, some measure of happiness in this life, with the prospect of life everlasting, when the storms of time shall cease to beat.

SELIM.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

THE GOLD MANIA.—The advent of the cholera and the mania for gold was, we believe, very nearly contemporaneous on this continent. The first disease was anticipated, and hourly expected—the other found us all unprepared. It came as a thief in the night. Still there is not a little similarity (not to usurp any of the prerogatives of the doctors by a minute analysis of either disease) between the two genera. Both seize their victims suddenly, and generally make short work with them. Both break over all quarantine regulations, and cordons, and provisions of boards of health. They are both infectious—there can be no doubt of that. As to the contagion of the cholera, doctors disagree. We have our own opinion about it, though that is not worth much. The Californian disease—be the other case as it may—is highly contagious. The plague could

not have been more so. The comparative results of the two diseases to the system, are of course different in different cases. But the ill effects of the cholera, should its ravages be ten-fold greater than they were when the pestilence visited our shores before, will, in our estimation, be greatly exceeded by this mania for gold. This "making haste to be rich" is not the order of nature—its influence is seldom salutary. If a poor man fail in the object of his pursuit—and he may fail, for there is a kind of lottery about the business—the result to him must be greatly disastrous in many respects. It needs no argument to make this point clear. So, if the adventurer succeeds, there is a strong probability that his success will not add to his sources of happiness, even when we look upon the thing in the light merely of worldly philosophy. Wealth, obtained suddenly, is never enjoyed with the same zest as if it were the reward of long, steady, patient toil. Everybody admits this general fact, in theory, while thousands deem themselves exceptions to the rule; so that to employ these arguments against such—and we are not sure but the great mass belong to this category—is a waste of words. There is another view of the subject, however, and one which ought not to be overlooked. The thousands who leave the delights of home—its restraining and sanctifying influences—and rush impetuously into this El Dorado, in the hope of making a fortune, must peril, other things being equal, their moral and spiritual interests, to a greater or less extent. It is in vain to hope that because the grace of God is as efficient in California as in New England, the gold-digger exposes himself to the influence of no greater moral ill than if he were at home in his shop or on his farm, and that he is equally sure of the divine protection. The conclusion does not follow from the premises. If God sends a man into a den of lions, or if the man gets there because he is hard at work for God, he may be taken care of. If the man jumps in of his own accord, just for the fun of the thing, or to get a few ounces of dirt, it would not be strange if he shared a very different fate.

Reader, is this strain too much like preaching? Perhaps so. We will stop, if it is, for we do not like preaching in a literary magazine any better than you do. Indeed, we will stop at any rate, whether it is preaching or not.

THE DEVOTEE.—The steel engraving in this number represents a monk engaged in his devotions at one of the institutions of St. Bernard, on the Alps. Here he is, the very image of a recluse, with his ponderous black-letter volume before him, and surrounded by the insignia of his ascetic life. To us Protestants these monkish institutions seem not to have many elements of excellence in them. Indeed, we are in the habit of regarding them as altogether and irredeemably iniquitous. They are often schools of vice, no doubt, and in most of them, it is to be feared, the evil rather than the good preponderates. But there have been and are some happy exceptions; and among them must unquestionably be ranked the *hospitia* (sometimes called convents) of St. Bernard on the Alps. Let us give everybody his due. There are two of these institutions. They stand near the summit of two peaks among the Alps, the one some seven thousand feet in height, the other upwards of ten thousand, called severally the Little and the Great St. Bernard. This Bernard, Bernard de Menthon, was a remarkable man—a true philanthropist one can scarcely doubt. He was a Savoyard nobleman, and lived in the latter part of the tenth century. He erected these *hospitia* for the benefit of pilgrims to Rome. On one of these mountains stood a temple to Jupiter—on the other a pillar also consecrated as an object of idolatrous worship. Bernard destroyed the temple and the pillar, and erected these hospitable institutions in their place. Both of these establishments he committed to the care of monks of the order of St. Augustine, who are reputed to have exercised the utmost self-devotion in their kindness and hospitality to the suffering pilgrims who crossed the Alps. These institutions are still standing, and still—to what extent we are not at this moment able to state—devoted to the purposes for which they were originally designed. Upon the barren height where the *hospitium* of the Great St. Bernard stands, which is considered to be the highest inhabited place in Europe, reigns an almost perpetual winter. Scarce a tree or bush grows there; little else than snow meets the eye of the wanderer. Thousands annually pass over the mountain, who are refreshed in this convent. In the midst of tempests and snow-storms, the monks, accompanied by dogs, are abroad, for the purpose of tracking those who have lost their way. What a brilliant example is here for us who profess to be guided by the teachings of a purer Christianity!

BLACKWOOD IN GENERAL, AND MRS. HEMANS IN PARTICULAR.—We make no hesitation in saying that we like the December number of our old friend Blackwood's Magazine exceedingly. We like it as a whole, better, perhaps, than any number we have seen for a long time. Always characterized by originality and raci-

ness as it is, it would be no proof of any unusual excellence to say that it possessed these elements in a high degree. But the subjects treated, as well as the manner of their treatment, are peculiarly seasonable and of universal interest. The article in this number, which on the whole pleased us most, is a lengthy and critical review of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. This author—not *authoress;* these feminine terminations in English are superlatively unnecessary—it has long been our deliberate conviction, deserves to stand much nearer the first rank of poets than the position which critics generally assign her. Some four years since—as the reader may see, if he or she will take the trouble to refer to the first volume of our Magazine—we took occasion, at considerable length, to express our own views respecting this bard. The opinion was highly favorable—so favorable, that, as we recollect, not a few charged us with undue partiality and prejudice. Blackwood, however, has extolled her genius more enthusiastically than we did. Novalis says that his faith in an opinion grows perceptibly when he perceives that another man cherishes the same opinion. He might have said, perhaps, that his respect for another increased, as he found that the man held views identical with his own. At any rate, we confess that we sometimes discover a little of this influence, when we come to analyze our feelings; and for aught we know, our estimate of the last number of Blackwood may be partially owing to such a standard of judgment. At all events, we have seldom had such a feast at the monthly advent of the veteran. On one point, one only of any importance in this *critique* of Mrs. Hemans, we are compelled to dissent from the views of the reviewer: when he says that there is little or no generic difference between the intellectual system of the two sexes, and that that difference, if there is any in maturer years, is the result mainly of education, we think he is entirely wrong, as much out of the way as he would have been if he had asserted that in the physical system of each, as well in its construction as in its operations, there was no distinction; though the notion of the Edinburgh critic is gaining ground in these days, it must be confessed.

We must quote from the reviewer a single paragraph: "When placed side by side and contrasted with her great contemporaries, the excellences of Mrs. Hemans are sufficiently distinct and characteristic. There can be no doubt of this, more especially in her later and best writings, in which she makes incidents elucidate feelings. In this magic circle—limited it may be—she has no rival. Hence, from the picturesqueness, the harmony, the delicacy and grace which her compositions display, she is peculiarly the poet of her own sex. Her pictures are not more distinguished for accuracy of touch than for delicacy of finish. Everything is clear and defined, and palpable; nothing is enveloped in accommodating haze; and she never leaves us, as is the trick of some late and aspiring mystical versifiers, to believe that she must be profound because she is unintelligible. Of no one writer can it be affirmed with less hesitation, that he or she has become an English classic; nor until human nature becomes very different from what it now is, can we imagine that the music of her lays will cease to soothe the ear, or the beauty of her sentiment to charm the gentle heart."

The next number of Blackwood commences a new volume, and of course the present is a favorable season to subscribe for one of the best, if not the very best of the British literary monthlies. The work is republished in this city, by Leonard Scott & Co.

FLATTERY.—Few people are altogether free from flattery, though there is not one in a thousand who does not give himself credit for very little susceptibility to its influence. We have thought, sometimes, that the flatterer's success is probable, in the same ratio as the victim deems himself secure. At all events, it is not a little amusing to watch the ingress of this good-natured genius, with his mouth full of honied words, through the outer door of the heart of a poor unsuspecting man or woman—to see how easily he gets in—what a cordial greeting he receives—how he is pressed to take a chair, and make himself at home. There is another class, too, who, if they are not caught by the rogue, have certainly no reason to ascribe their escape to any shrewdness on their part, but who, nevertheless, have not the slightest suspicion of the true state of the case. "Old birds are not to be caught with chaff, according to a proverb in everybody's mouth; but according to fact they sometimes are. Indeed, to employ the words of a sensible writer, the older the bird, the more he deems himself worth catching. He is easily caught, perhaps, were it worth the while; but you have caught nothing when you have got him. Chaff, even, is too valuable, too precious, to be expended wastefully; and because you are not so silly as to throw powder away, he believes himself to be shot-proof. 'Take me if you can,' chirps he, and goes dodging about the woods, as if a flock of golden vultures were pursuing him; whereas he is

quite mistaken. He has not the felicity of being in peril. The young condor, pressed even by vulgar appetite, will not do him the honor of dining upon him. His toughness and antiquity are sure safeguards. He is only not captured, because there is nothing captivating in him. But if by any chance, he has a tail-feather fit for plucking or a bone worthy the distinction of being picked, then is your old bird in imminent danger, for you may catch him when you like, with half a pinch of chaff. The tender foxling, not arrived at the maturity of slyness, who never tasted chicken of his own stealing, shall take him without a ruffle of his plumage—only by declaring that his dingy brown is the richest crimson." There are a great many practical ludicrous mistakes in this matter. A man who goes through the world with his eyes open, can scarcely fail to perceive them; and he is wiser than the mass of mankind, if he quite escapes becoming a dupe himself.

THE AMERICAN ART-UNION.—The annual drawing of the members of this institution for the paintings exhibited during the last season, took place a few evenings since. The highest prize, Cole's series of pictures called "The Voyage of Life," fell to the lot of Mr. Brodt, who, we understand, is a journeyman printer residing at Binghamton, in this State. He is a rich man, with these paintings in his possession, at any rate.

THE INTERNATIONAL ART-UNION.—This is a new institution, embracing some of the features of the American Union, and some which are entirely new and unique. One of its great and prominent objects is the introduction into this country of modern European works of art, and the sending annually at least one American artist to study in the best schools of Europe, at the expense of the institution. The plan is a commendable one, and for aught we see, feasible and deserving of encouragement. The paintings now in the gallery of the institution, which are exhibited without charge, are few in number, but very select. A few hours may be spent there pleasantly and profitably.

PAINTINGS OF ADAM AND EVE.—The celebrated paintings of Dubufe, representingthe Temptation in Eden, and the Expulsion, some years ago exhibited in this country, are now again on exhibition in this city. They are most finished specimens of art, both as to their conception and execution. We have seldom been more delighted with a work of this general character.

PARLOR TABLE.

Consolation for the Afflicted; containing the "Silent Comforter," and the "Attractions of Heaven."

Daily Manna for Christian Pilgrims. By BARON STOWE.

The Young Christian's Guide to the Doctrines and Duties of a Religious Life. From the writings of J. EDWARDS, J. A. JAMES, and J. HARRIS.

The three books named above are from the press of Messrs. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 59 Washington street, Boston. The object of each is perhaps sufficiently indicated by its title respectively. But titles are no guide to excellence, as everybody knows, and under this head something must be said for the information of our friends; and the very least we can say is that they are adapted, in the highest degree, to promote the spirituality of the Christian reader. In this age, when men, women, and children are, in masses, rushing blindly and madly after the thrilling and exciting, the poisoned and poisonous romance, it is cheering to know that there are publishers in the country who never sell themselves to cater for this vitiated taste, and whose efforts are devoted singly to issuing books which, although they may not command so ready a sale, are nevertheless of a character calculated to improve the mind,—perhaps, as in these instances, to sanctify the heart. In this class of publishers we believe the house above-named may be ranked. We have, first and last, seen and examined a variety of their publications, and have been forced to remark their universal happy tendency. We wish that every Christian professor who can read the English language, might have daily access to such books as those which suggested this strain of remark; and it is idle to expect or hope that the turbid streams which

flow into our domestic sanctuaries in the form of licentious French novels, will ever cease their influence upon the hearts of the young, until these better and purer streams shall be directed into this channel.

Fifty-two Scripture Facts, in Simple Language. By the author of "Peep of Day." Comprised in a neat packet, and also bound in two volumes of 400 pages. Price twenty-five cents. American Tract Society.

It would be difficult to find more sublime truths, affecting narratives, and expressive engravings shut in between two little covers. The facts in these volumes are selected from among the most important in sacred history; their tendency is to excite investigation and quicken religious sensibility. The language is simple; the story of each full of incident and pathos, and the sentiments tender and evangelical. It is seldom so many exquisite engravings are seen in the same work; and it is rare to find them giving such vivid conceptions of Divine Truth. It is a great art to please children and at the same time to instruct them. But few works secure the attention of the young, while their active imaginations are employed. The Tract Society, in the publication of these beautiful works, has secured both these ends; while they are instructing the juvenile classes throughout the country, they are also furnishing them an ample supply of rational entertainment. It is a happy thought to issue these illustrated Scripture Facts just before the holidays. They will afford an infinite fund of delight to the children who receive them, and to the parents who give them to their little ones.

Publications of the American Sunday School Union.

This Society is exerting a great influence upon the mind, and indirectly and through the influence of the Spirit of God, upon the heart of thousands and millions of youth. It is a cause for devout and unceasing gratitude that so many able and sanctified pens are now engaged under the auspices of the Union in preparing little volumes which will carry a blessing with them wherever they go. Among the publications recently issued, and which we have examined cursorily, but with sufficient care to enable us to form a high estimate of their interest and excellence, are the following: *Schools of Ancient Philosophy; Great Truths in Simple Words; Grace Raymond, or the Evils and Cure of a Passionate Temper, written by a Deaf and Dumb Lady; Little Josephine; and the Life of Thomas Cranmer*, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury.

Franklin Illustrated.—Benjamin Franklin: His Autobiography, and a Narrative of his Public Life and Services; splendidly embellished by numerous exquisite Designs, by Chapman. Harper & Brothers.

One of the most splendid things, in the way of pictorial work in letter press, we have met with for many a day. It is published in parts, at twenty-five cents each. Its elegance is only equalled by its cheapness and intrinsic value, as the biography, well told, of one of the most remarkable men of the age in which he lived.

Guide to Health and Long Life; or, What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid, &c. By R. J Culverwell, M.D.

This pamphlet of 70 pages is published by J. S. Redfield, of this city. There are many good things in it; and whoever buys it need not be afraid that the quarter of a dollar he pays for it is misapplied.

The Marriage Ring; or, How to Make Home Happy. From the writings of Rev. John Angell James. Twenty-sixth thousand. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln.

An excellent miniature volume, the best thing for a present to a friend recently married that we have ever seen.

The Pearl of Days; or, the Advantages of the Sabbath to the Working Classes. By a Laborer's Daughter. With a Preface by an American Clergyman. New York: Samuel Heuston.

This is a little volume of seme 130 pages, discussing the subject of the temporal advantages resulting from a proper respect for the Sabbath. It is well written, and admirably adapted to secure the end contemplated by the author, which is one of the last importance. The book is also enhanced in value by several very tasteful wood illustrations.

History of Alexander the Great. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is another of the series of histories by the same author and publishers. What was said of the excellence of the two former volumes, already noticed in this magazine, is equally applicable to this. The young, especially, will derive great pleasure and advantage by the reading and study of this sketch of Alexander the Great and his times. The mechanical, as well as the literary merit of the book, is deserving of great praise.

flow into our domestic sanctuaries in the form of licentious French novels, will ever cease their in-

Franklin Illustrated.—Benjamin Franklin : His Autobiography, and a Narrative of his Public

Published by T.S. Arthur & Son

SCENES IN A PASTOR'S LIFE.

BY REV. SIMON ANDREW.

No. XXX.

WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH.

It is a fact, well confirmed by observation, that a guilty conscience leads the transgressor to "do penance" by virtuous deeds, which, to say the least, are greatly exaggerated. Thus the warrior in the age of chivalry, guilty of sin against the church at home, was found in the Holy Land clad in sackcloth, and fighting to the death against the infidel. The Spanish papist, guilty of every possible enormity against humanity, multiplies his gifts to the church, and in Mexico and Peru erects lasting monuments of his own repentance.

Human nature is alike. We do a wrong for which conscience plies us with her iron goad, and forthwith we seek to repair the wrong by some extraordinary goodness. I have spoken of Mr. W. who, in a moment of passion, had ruined a confiding girl who had given him all her heart. The deed haunted him like conscience, and pursued him like his own shadow. Justice had marked him a victim, and with the keen scent of a bloodhound had pursued him amid all his hiding-places. His victim had perished, and he himself soon followed her, a heart-broken man. In an evil hour the frightful truth is revealed to the accomplished daughter of their crime, and she, pure-hearted and guileless, sinks like one pierced to the heart with a dagger. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

We might suppose the evil would at length spend itself, but facts prove sin to be a centre with ever-widening circles. It is a beginning the end of which none but the All-wise knows. I have spoken of Anne as the only daughter and child of Mr. W.'s marriage. A guilty conscience produced in him a singular tenderness to his child. He thought of another, whom he had fled, and he would make atonement for that unnatural cruelty by a sort of exaggerated tenderness to his Anne. He could not endure to have her fretted or crossed or chastised, for any conduct, however perverse. And so she grew, beautiful as a rose-bud just opening, and yet capricious as a day of showers in April. She was not malicious nor sullen. To be so requires enough of restraint to make the subject of it angry without subduing him. But she was wayward and selfish, not so much because she was naturally more inclined that way than others, as because she had not known any restraint whatever. She was a willful, laughing, giddy beauty, who cared for no one, except so far as they ministered to her pleasures.

Her education was superficial, because she refused to be taught, and yet her lively and retentive mind caught enough from more learned associates to make her extremely agreeable as a companion. In but one accomplishment was she a proficient. In music she made acquirements which were enviable. Here she had perseverance which would hold her at the piano for hours, to secure facility in some difficult movement, or brilliancy in some splendid production of the masters. All admired and applauded the exquisite performances of the beautiful Anne, and her vanity in turn sometimes was too much excited to be consistent with perfect refinement.

That such a young lady, the heiress to a large fortune, should be sought after, was not strange. Many were her admirers, and yet with them she was capricious as in all other things. To some gay admirer proposing to make her his own, she would toss a sprig of heart's-ease, accompanied with as merry a laugh as ever sounded despair in the ear of an unsuccessful lover. Sometimes she was afflicted with a disconsolate wight, of long

visage and saddened mien, whose sighs could not be repressed, as she told him "No" to his importunity, and then with a tragic air she would seat herself at the piano, and sing like an unmated dove—

"The last link is broken that bound me to thee,"

until, unable to repress her malicious merriment, she would laugh till she cried. Another, whom her quick perceptions showed to be avaricious, would be listened to with gravity becoming a judge. "How much would he give her a year for jewels? For her part she could not and would not put up with less than five hundred dollars a year for that one purpose! And how much for silks, and brocades, and laces? With shawls and hats, etc., etc., she would need another five hundred—that she would! And her *husband* must give it to her out of his own property. As for what little her father had left her, she did not mean to let any husband of hers ever touch a cent of it! Let him make his own money!"

And so she would rattle away, until her avaricious lover wished his proposal back safe down his own unfortunate throat. What could he do with such a lavish minx? And then he started for the door, but she detained him: "Mr. Gripe hadn't got his answer yet;" and he by this time wished her and hers "in Guinea." But at last she released him, fully satisfied, if one might judge from the long breath he drew as the door closed behind him. And she could not have been less pleased, if her peals of laughter were any indication to her feelings.

And thus it fared with all her lovers. Her heart was untouched, if indeed her enormous selfishness had left her any heart. Strip that merry, rich, heartless beauty of those things so bewildering to most, and which do not enter into that loveliest of created things, woman, and what was there to love or to be loved?

And yet among her admirers one was found who truly loved her, or rather he loved her as he supposed her to be. In person he was noble, and his manners were such as to make him a model man. He was in very moderate circumstances so far as concerned property, and yet had enough to keep up appearances. If his education was not perfect in other respects, as a musician he was a master, and often were the visitants at the widow's house held in charmed attention as his voice blended with Anne's in some stirring song. She loved music so well, that, vain as she was, she submitted to his discriminating criticisms, and by them perfected herself in her darling accomplishment. They were two devotees to music, and yet the event proved her to be too selfish to love deeply; whilst his heart was alive with generous feelings, albeit his education had led him to adopt some principles at variance with sound morals.

He loved Anne, but had never breathed to her a syllable indicative of his feelings. He feared to do it, but accident opened the way. He was perfect master of the guitar, and the use of this instrument she desired greatly to acquire. But she had never found such a teacher as she wished, and, on her expressing her regrets to her musical friend, he generously offered to assist her. Without hesitation she accepted his offer, and then for months they were together as pupil and teacher, until at last he ventured to offer her his hand. By this time she fancied that his attachment was reciprocated by herself, and contrary to her former actions she pledged herself to him, and in due time they were married.

The object of this chapter is not to enter into the details of sickly sentimentalism, but to unfold a leaf of human life which it may be profitable to read attentively. Let me hurry by the happy interval between their betrothal and their nuptials, and the envy which this brilliant match excited in some minds. To all appearance nothing was wanting to make these twain, now one, the happiest in the world.

But what dependence may one place in capricious selfishness, especially when it belongs to a beautiful woman? Only a few weeks passed before her feelings changed, and she loathed the man she had vowed at the altar to love. He could not come into her presence without receiving some expression of her disgust, by word or action. Sometimes, under the unwonted restraint with which she felt herself trammeled in her new relation, she would maintain a sullen silence which for days would be unbroken, save by spiteful monosyllables.

The husband was surprised, and sometimes doubted whether she had not become crazy. His nature was too noble to harbor revenge, and too forgiving not to use all means to soften her cruelty into love. At one time he would leave his counting-room for an afternoon and suddenly interrupt her tears with a

cheerful invitation to a drive into the country. Her vanity was not proof against an opportunity to display her beauty to such advantage, with a proud pair of bays and an elegant chariot of the latest fashion. And then, as her eye glanced at the noble figure of her husband, for a moment her hatred would soften. His attentions seemed to be agreeable, and for an afternoon she would bestow on him the sunlight of smiles, and kind words. He, in a moment, forgot the past, and one gentle word from her atoned for weeks of unkindness. And yet it proved no more lasting than the dews of morning. No one can tell the anguish of his disappointment on these occasions, and yet he bore it like a martyr.

At one time he prepared a surprise for her which he trusted would prove agreeable to her. Without consulting her he brought home an elegant guitar, of the richest tone and costliest make, and as she swept its nicely-modulated strings, the harmony of the instrument, giving richness to her own and her husband's voice, acted as a charm. The evil spirit fled and the grateful wife rushed into her husband's arms. And he, happy by the unlooked for exhibition, abandoned himself to glorious visions of future joy. But the evil spirit returned, and with an aching heart he gave up hope.

Hope is our morning-star, and rarely does it cease to shed light on the path of an earthly pilgrim. It may seem gone forever, but again it unveils its face, and beckons the pilgrim on to the land of Beulah. So Anne's husband found it. Again he essayed to conquer her perverse cruelty. Now he would place on her shoulders a magnificent shawl or mantilla, and again present her a beautiful satin dress, and at another time costly jewels. But now her willful disposition took another turn, and she reproached him for his lavish expenditures. "He was a spendthrift and would be a beggar. Did he expect to foot his enormous bills with her money?"

Do what he would, it was not pleasing to her. Did he make her splendid presents? Then he was a spendthrift prodigal. Did he suffer a few weeks to elapse without some costly present? Then he was cruel, and was breaking her heart by neglect. Did he lavish attention altogether on her when in general company? She berated him as always dangling at her apron-strings, like a mere puppet, instead of acting the part of a well-bred man. Did he bestow his attentions as a gentleman on others whom he met in society? Then he was a base-hearted man, who had married her from the most selfish motives, and now that she was in his power he was resolved to kill her by studied contempt. At one time she would assume the attitude of a martyr, and weep in silence in the presence of her family and friends, and at another time ply him with the keenest reproaches.

By degrees the truth began to be known, how unhappy were the ill-mated pair, and friends took sides. Some knew *he* was a monster, or such an angel would not be so miserable with him. Among these were the most of her rejected lovers, especially Mr. Gripe. Others said *she* was the sole cause of the trouble. He was a noble fellow, who would pluck out his tongue rather than make Anne unhappy. Of course these parties by action and sometimes by word would interfere, and the consequence was that the difficulty grew no better, but worse. That it was a great calamity is obvious, and none the less so because the husband was the object of such merciless persecution from the wife. It is a cruel casualty which places a woman in the power of a wicked man, but it is no less intolerable when the woman becomes the aggressor. From her relations to the husband, she is possessed of a thousand avenues of pain and annoyance, and if she will she can martyrize him. All husbands, who are wedded to Xantippe, cannot play the part of Socrates, who no doubt found it more easy to be pleasant as his spouse flung slops on his head from an upper window, than when she plied him at home with all the ingenious tortures which a shrew only knows. And observation has convinced me, that the immortal Shakspeare must have fell on some magnificent exception to the general rule, when he made the shrew-tamer say so boldly:

> "—— For I tell you, father,
> I am as peremptory as she is proud-minded;
> And when two raging fires meet together,
> They do consume the thing which feeds their fury:
> Though little fire grows great with little wind,
> Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
> And so I to her, and so she yields to me;
> For I am rough and woo not like a babe."

There may be an occasional incident in real life proving that the shrew's repentance is not hopeless, and yet facts prove it to be quite improbable. When such an instance does occur,

the happy man who effects it may rightly be addressed as in Shakspeare:

"Now go thy ways, for thou hast tamed a curst shrew;"

and yet the truth will always be hit admirably by the reply to that remark:

"'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so."

It is easy to say what one would and could do with such a woman, but on trial every one finds himself at his wit's end, just as Anne's husband did, and every avenue to happiness hedged up. At this very point I cannot forbear remarking, that observation has convinced me, lies a cause of much dissipation. Home is purgatory, and in the choice of evils, not unfrequently the bowl is resorted to. And then woe, woe to both parties, for truly "the two raging fires meet together." Man's passion, kindled into a fierce heat by strong drink, meets woman's passion, burning like a furnace with fancied and real wrongs. The weaker must perish, and perhaps both.

In the case I am now describing, the husband was too high-minded to resort to the bowl, and too proud to confide his wretchedness to any friend. He buried in his own breast his agony, and there, like an ulcer unlanced, it burrowed and festered, till the man was prepared for any desperate measure. His mind was unfitted for business, and this, with his enormous expenditures to please his wife, had reduced him to the brink of bankruptcy. Despair was fast settling about him, and, as is common, some pitied him as a heart-broken man, while others "wagged their heads" and whispered that here was the paragon of conjugal tyranny. Time only made his condition more intolerable, and he was a stranger to those high motives of religion, which bid a man suffer joyfully, if he be innocent. The fear of God was not before his eyes, and such a man driven to desperation is prepared for anything. Like a ship unhelmed in a tempest, he is at the mercy of the winds, and is a fit victim for the breakers.

One particular week had been the witness to repeated outbreaks on the part of Anne, which he bore without a rebuke, and yet ruin, "hungry ruin," was staring the proud man in the face. And he would have met the loss of all his property without a sigh, if he could be happy at home. Things were at this crisis, when, at breakfast one morning, Anne announced to him her ntention to return to her mother's house. "She had suffered his tyranny and niggardliness too long, and she had enough to live on. She would go home and seek a little of that happiness she once enjoyed, before it was her hard fate to cross the path of such a wretch!"

He seemed literally crushed by the announcement, and at last found words to expostulate with her mildly. But she, who had learned to be willful from childhood and in everything, would not forbear now, when the man she hated plead with her. It only seemed to make her more vehement and determined. With a strong effort at self-control he replied:

"Anne, if I have wronged you in any way, I beg forgiveness. I have loved you, and the brightest dream of my life has been to make you happy. In this I have failed, and God knows how to apportion the blame. Oh, Anne! to be hated by my wife, and to be crushed by that hatred and fast coming bankruptcy, this is my lot! Perhaps I deserve it. I do not complain, nor shall my wishes any longer stand in the way of your happiness."

The unhappy man left the room, and in a few minutes the guilty wife was roused by the report of a pistol. She hurried to her sleeping apartment, and what a scene met her gaze! Her husband lay stretched on the floor, and by his side the murderous weapon with which he had ended his existence. Her shrieks filled the house. She had not looked for such a tragic divorce, and now that the hand of self-violence had done the act, conscience arraigned her, and condemned her. Hundreds ran together, and not the least dreadful item of the scene was her cry, "I have killed him! Husband, dear George, speak to me once more! forgive me!" And then succeeded fainting fits which threatened life itself. It is needless to dwell on the heart-rending picture of distress.

Had the father been there, would he have thought of the misdeed of his youth, and of retributive justice even in this world? His daughter lived, but scarcely less to be pitied than the mangled victim her unnatural perverseness had driven to the desperate resort of self-destruction.

The remains of the suicide were committed to the earth, and the wife, ever the creature of impulse, bewailed him loudly, not because she was changed, but because conscience was her accuser. In due time she returned to her mother's house, and if her actions were the proper index to her feelings, when the first

burst of grief had spent itself, she felt herself, on the whole, relieved of an irksome companionship. The final tragedy itself, now that it was passed, did but give zest to her present enjoyments. But these were of short endurance, and a living witness was to be placed in her own arms, in the form of a *posthumous son*. For the first time real agony began its office-work. Here was the son of a father who had been driven to suicide by her cruelty, and the son was a miniature of his father. She could not look at him without recalling the past, with its sins, and I fear that in her heart she wished him dead. At first she regarded her child with horror, and could not endure him in her presence, but her mother would not suffer such an unnatural wrong to be inflicted on the innocent child. And while she held that beautiful boy in her arms, remorse for the past began truly. The greatness of her sin haunted her, and yet she was too froward to repent of it. No one can tell the horrid thoughts she revolved in her heart during that distressing period, and some of them in her more desperate moments pointed to the little creature who imaged forth his wronged and self-murdered father.

In due time her heart bowed as to a resistless agency, and she repented. Oh, that she could make reparation to the dead! but that is impossible. She was led to fly to a Saviour, as a guilty and ruined sinner. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," is the promise of Jesus Christ, and this great sinner found it true. The past had its terrors to her still, and yet she hoped it was forgiven. With this came a change towards her child. She now loved him, and surely the sun scarcely could look on a fairer, nobler boy than he. He grew fairer and nobler every day, and the mother's new affection grew into a passion. She would atone to the father by love to his son. This, added to the natural love of a mother, made her affections expend their entire power on this object. The luxury of true love hitherto had been a stranger to her selfish heart, and now she seemed like one absorbed in a pleasant dream. Had one seen this assiduous, meek, loving woman caring for her boy, and training him with such success that all admired and loved him, he could hardly have convinced himself that this was the perverse and froward Anne, the willful and the wicked wife, whose husband, through her unkindness, was filling a suicide's grave.

One stroke more and I have done. That boy, so idolized, lived till he was six years old, and then he died. During his sickness every feeling of the mother was alive with agony. She seemed insane, as she reproached her physician. "You shall make him well! I will not give him up! Here, sir, is money; give him back to me!" To her minister she was scarcely less reasonable. "Could not he use the prayer of faith? Oh, Mr. Andrew, have pity on a broken-hearted mother, and give me back my boy! Oh God, I shall die!" And her wild feelings burst forth into passionate cries, and never had a more distressed scene been witnessed.

Had Anne been properly educated she would not have acted thus. Hitherto she had given good evidence of a changed heart, but now what could such rebellious and almost insane demonstrations mean? She had become inveterately willful, and could not bear to have her joys taken away. This blow came unexpected, and nature and education sprang on her when she was like a besieged city with its gates thrown open. But God knows what is good for his children, and chastens them for their profit. The scene I am describing is no fiction, and I record it simply as wonderful, leaving it to others to explain.

The mother's phrensy was unabated, and serious results were apprehended. For several days she hung over her dying boy, and he, with an intelligence far above his years, sought to comfort her. He seemed to know his situation, and spoke of his pleasure in prospect of heaven. Even for his mother he would not give up his hope of seeing Christ. The disease was hastening to its fatal issue, and the beautiful victim had fallen into a sleep. The mother was in despair, and her cries were heart-rending. Suddenly the child's face was lighted with a smile as though an angel had whispered something to him. He opened his eyes, which beamed with unearthly brightness, and fixed them on one corner of the room. At length, without moving his eyes, he spoke in a tone whose melody seemed borrowed from the heavenly world, so sweet, so entrancing was it:

"Oh, mother, mother, mother! only look up there!" and he pointed his little finger upward.

The mother seemed subdued, as though a

visitant from the other world was addressing her.

"Why, my child! I see nothing there," she replied, in a mild tone.

The dying boy seemed so entranced with holy visions that his mother's voice was unheeded, and again he said, in tones of mingled awe and exultation—

"Oh mother, mother, mother! look up there!"

"What do you see, George?" she asked.

"Oh mother, it is Jesus Christ, surrounded with such beautiful angels!"

For a moment he lay with his eye fixed on the same place, as though he were contemplating some animating scene, beyond our reach. Again he bid his mother "look up there," and again she asked him what he saw.

"Oh mother, I see the good men you have so often told me of; Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Moses, and Isaiah, and a great multitude of beautiful beings who look like men, and yet they are so beautiful, and look so happy!"

Had one been sent from the dead to speak to us, it could not have been more solemn, and this voice of her child almost glorified, recalled the rebellious mother to submit herself to God.

The little boy had lain there in wrapt admiration, when he again exclaimed, in the same subdued and heavenly tone—

"Oh mother, mother, mother! look there again!"

His joy seemed to be an ecstacy, as though he now saw a company of congenial spirits.

"George, my dear child, tell your mother what you see."

"Oh mother! I see a great throng of little children, clothed like angels, looking happy: and I seem to hear them singing, as you once told me the children in Jerusalem did, 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' Mother, such music! listen, it is sweeter than even *you* make!"

A moment more, the child turned his eyes to his mother, all radiant with love, and bade her cease weeping. He would be happy, and in heaven they would meet again. Before the day broke, the spirit of George had joined the throng which he had seen. It was enough. God had brought even Anne to say, "Father, thy will be done!" Henceforth it was her business to prepare for heaven. Her most precious earthly treasure was in heaven. Affliction had done its office-work well, and when it was complete, comparing her present prospects with her former wickedness, she could say with truth and sincerity, He hath done all things well. The words of Paul seemed significant, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

THE FIRST DREAM OF LIFE.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

The commencement of eighteen hundred and ——— was held on one of those beautiful days which visit us at the close of summer. We have always at this season a few such days, and every lover of Nature will note them. The heat of the season is past, and the works of Nature have reached their maturity and perfection, and all seems hushed into perfect peace and quietness, as if she had completed her task and stooped to survey and enjoy for a brief moment before she sunk into the decay of autumn. Every leaf is in its richest green, and the summer flowers are in full bloom, and the green vines trail over the fences of the meadows by the river, or hang on the dry tree and wave in the soft summer breeze, and the breath of the sweet-briar steals through the casement, and the boy still finds the wild rose where the cows have wandered for shade; yet there is a change, though slight, yet perceptible—you cannot describe it, for the air is as warm, and the grass as green, and the sky as blue, and all as fresh and fair as if this world were to remain an Eden, unvisited by blight, desolation and death. But a shadow falls upon your spirit, and surely there is a little dimming of the brightness of

midsummer. The chirrup of the grasshopper is louder, and there is a soft sighing in the sunset wind. A melancholy soothes, not oppresses you, and dreams of a former state seem to return to you. You sit on the shaded door-step, or under the new-made hay, and muse over the past and foreshadow the future. You wonder if there were such days before sin and death entered the world; if then the perfection of beauty brought the deeper sense of decay; and as you think of the glory and brightness of heaven, you seem to feel that the heart would long for clouds and shadows there. Such days are the days to wander in the old burial places, among the tall mullens and the Michaelmas daisies, and to try to spell out the moss-covered names on the grave-stones. The very air seems in its hush and stillness to breathe oblivion, and you feel almost willing to be forgotten.

But it was a gay and bustling day at New Haven, and her streets were thronged with citizens and strangers. There were the faculty, and the students, and the alumni of the college; much of the law, more of the divinity of the state; societies, civil and military officers, processions of black-coats, and a fair proportion of fluttering ribbons and floating capes. At the hour appointed the large meeting-house was crowded, and colloquies, and orations, and disputations in languages learned were listened to by ears learned and unlearned. The youth and fine personal appearance of the student gave added charm to the valedictory, always acceptable, both as the conclusion of the exercises and as being in a language understood by the audience. The young valedictorian looked like one who would not quail should he be met with frowns or hisses, yet the hushed attention, the approving glance, and the breathless silence were testimonials of his power not unheeded, and as at the conclusion of the address he cast his eyes around those crowded pews, and raised them to the sea of faces in the galleries, a deep flush of pride and pleasure tinged his cheek. But that last glance revealed to him more than the mere crowd. He met his father's look of mingled love and pride; he saw the tear in his mother's eye, the smile on his sister's lip. He glanced further and he saw a form half hidden by a pillar, a face downcast and half averted, but he caught a glance from a deep blue eye that sent a deeper thrill than the applause of the multitude. Yet at that moment he forgot not that other eyes were upon him—the young girl saw in all that crowd him alone.

Annie Clarke had lingered near the window which commanded a view of the college until the last ray of sunset had faded away and the deepening twilight had been followed by the shades of evening. Then she had trimmed her lamp and through the shutters watched the evening-star, until she had seen a glorious galaxy follow her and ascend far above her. Groups of young girls, with their friends and lovers, passed and repassed. The young men held their large straw hats in their hands to cool the fevered brow after the heat and excitement of the day; and the loose, light scarfs of the girls fell back from their fair necks. Gentle tones or merry voices reached her ears, but still she was alone. A shadow of disappointment and sorrow fell upon the fair brow of the young girl, and a tear dimmed her eye as the nine o'clock bell struck her ear and she took a lamp to retire. A footstep arrested her, and in a moment the young graduate was by her side.

"It *is* very late; I know it, but I could not get away before, and even now I can stay but one moment, for my mother and sister are waiting for me. But I must come, Annie, though but for one minute and only to say good-bye—for we leave to-morrow in the six o'clock boat."

"To-morrow morning?" echoed Annie, and her cheek lost the glow his appearance had given it; "*not to-morrow?*"

"Yes, dearest. My father has made all his arrangements, and I must submit to them. I must go," said he, hastily pacing the room.

"Yes," said Annie, breathing more freely, but sighing deeply, "certainly, if your parents wish it."

"It is very sudden," said the young man, more gaily, "but I don't think I should be more willing to leave you if I had a week longer to think of it. Yet I had many things to say; but I can write them, Annie, and you will write to me. I will arrange it all. Now, *mon petite*, here is something to remind you of me," and he placed a miniature-case in her hands; "and don't let the black-coats steal you. You would make such a nice minister's wife that I cannot help feeling *dreadfully* jealous. Annie, I shall study hard to be worthy of you, and in a few years I hope to claim you. You will not forget me!"

She raised her deep blue eyes and they met his. There was truth, and purity, and love in the glance, and there needed no lip to repeat the vow. A few more words; oh, how sad! for their hearts were too full for the fountains to be unsealed in that brief interview, and silence is the best interpreter of thoughts that rise at such an hour; and he pressed his lips to that fair brow, pressed her one moment to his heart and withdrew. She watched in the moonlight until she could see him no longer, and then sinking on her knees she wept long and bitterly.

Gideon Clarke owned and occupied the house in which his fathers had dwelt before him, and to which had originally been attached a farm, now divided into city lots, the most of which had been sold for the benefit and behoof of the Clarkes of preceding generations. He was a plain man, of good common sense, strict in all his religious duties, frugal in his habits, and careful of his expenditures, living within his means with much comfort and no show. His wife was a quiet, feeble, little woman, who seldom got out except to meeting or to take a ride in the old gig on a fine day.

Two years before, young Blakesley, tired, as he said, of college walls, applied to Gideon Clarke for a room to lodge and study, and Mr. Clarke, who with his wife and one child occupied a house in which his grandfather had raised more than half a score of children, willingly rented him one, and for a year the young student pursued his studies under the roof which sheltered the quiet family of the owner. Annie Clarke was then fifteen. Slight, fair and delicate, she escaped the general awkwardness of young girls at that age. The passion of the New Englander is the education of his children, and the only child of plain Gideon Clarke was a pupil of the best schools, and nothing was spared which could facilitate her improvement and give her a finished and polished education.

She was a gentle, sweet, and thoughtful child; loving her studies and teachers, with whom she was a favorite; loving her books and her flowers; loving her plain and stern-looking father, who was always gentle to her, who always indulged though he never petted her, and whose somewhat rugged aspect seemed to soften as he looked upon his child in her brightness and beauty, and who patiently toiled and saved, that he might ensure more than a competence to her. And while Annie well repaid this tenderness and care, and grew up gentle, lively, she was yet self-willed, for her mother, feeble, often suffering, and always passive, seldom interfered with her pursuits; and Annie, though she loved too much not to honor, was seldom called upon to obey; and she had been allowed so early to think, and act, and decide for herself on all the petty occasions of childhood, that she hardly had learned that there were events of life in which the first duty is to consult the parent.

Music is too common an accomplishment for Annie Clarke to neglect it, and her father was too much of a business man to buy a cheap or poor instrument, and the new and splendid piano contrasted somewhat with the homespun carpet, and the plain chairs, and old-fashioned book-case in the best parlor. Blakesley too loved music, and as he passed the parlor door and put his foot on the white, uncarpeted stair which led to his room, he paused to listen to the rich tones of the piano, and to the sweet voice that accompanied it; then he learned to enter, until the shy and timid girl became accustomed to his presence, played and sung with him and for him, and learned the music he loved and the songs he brought her. Blakesley never counted the hours he spent in that low parlor, but he learned that the nine o'clock bell was the signal for retiring in Gideon Clarke's quiet family, and he found it necessary to study in his own room long after that hour; and his studies so engrossed him that he had little leisure to devote to former associates. It became a matter of course that he should attend Annie to and from the evening lectures through that winter, and as spring opened there were long walks with her and her young companions, in which they botanized, or geologized, until—the tale is still the same—the afternoon walk was prolonged until the moonlight hour, and those who so late were strangers, and then who called themselves friends, then spoke of being brother and sister, no longer troubled themselves to define their position, for they knew that they were lovers—and they knew they were too young to marry.

So Blakesley returned for his last year to college, and Annie was to finish her education and wait until he had completed his college course, and finished his professional studies; a very simple, and, in the eyes of the lovers, a very judicious arrangement.

And what said Gideon Clarke and his wife to these arrangements? Nothing. What should they?—they had not been consulted. They certainly were not so dull as not to know whereunto such an intimacy might lead between a young man just out of his teens and a fair girl of fifteen, but Annie was in their eyes but a child, and though they certainly supposed it probable that at some future day she might love and they be called upon to sanction her choice, such an event was to them in the far distant future. Many happy days and years did they fancy before them in which they were to enjoy the society of their child, and see her gladden her home, and feel her repay them for all their care, before they should be called upon to bestow her upon another. And Gideon Clarke thanked God and his own industry and prudence, that Annie need not marry for a home, or from fear of want, should he be taken away. It certainly had occurred to the thought of the parents that Blakesley might seek to marry their child, and if he should, why in due time he would "ask consent," as Gideon had done himself in his younger days. The exceeding simplicity of New England manners allowed a freedom of association unknown in corrupt monarchies of Europe, and it is much to the honor of our national purity that it has been so seldom abused. But while the worst evils to be apprehended have been comparatively seldom, a train of sorrows which greater parental care and a less confiding temper might have prevented, have often ensued. Few may have been the victims of guilt, but many women have had their hearts crushed and their affections blighted by attachments too early formed, engagements rashly and injudiciously made; for while a true woman never seeks the pledge, a promise which man still loves to exact, feeling in her inmo t heart how much worse than useless it would be should there be a wish to retract, she is the last to break the promise which with tears and blushes she has spoken.

Annie Clarke did not refer Blakesley to her parents when he told her his plans and prospects for the future, and asked her to promise to become his wife, that beautiful spring evening when they sat on the step in the low porch' and heard, and did not listen to the whippoorwill, and felt, rather than inhaled, the fragrance of the olive which shaded and hid them from passers-by, and of the sweet honeysuckle which was twining and breathing around them; she hardly knew that it was her duty, and she was too timid; and perhaps even in that hour Blakesley did not forget how much more easily such engagements might be dissolved while they were thus unsanctioned, *should* his heart change. But he felt that he loved her now, and what leisure he allowed himself while pressing forwards in his studies was allotted to her. He aimed at honor, as he said to Annie, and as perhaps he thought himself, to be more worthy of her; but he never forgot either that there were other friends to gratify, and rivals to mortify, and more than all the world to applaud, and distinction and honor to be attained, while in the romance of youth he thought how pleasant it would be to be honored and courted abroad, to turn to his own home, and find there a depth of love and devotedness far outweighing all the world could give.

But in all his plans and purposes he never forgot himself, and while he felt that he should still love Annie, he knew that she must but live for him, and she must find all her happiness in ministering to his.

Annie thought not of herself. She sometimes feared that his image came between her soul and heaven, but she hoped that they should so dwell on earth as to spend their eternity together there. Yet was the present influence of that young girl a blessing to the student. Her purity, and sweetness, and piety, seemed to fall, like the moonbeams on the waste places of earth, on his tender feelings and deep passions, and invest them with the radiance and holiness of her own nature. That quiet delicacy which was her great charm, which so instinctively shrunk from all approach of evil, taught him refinement, and that deep tenderness, so unobtrusive and yet so unconsciously displayed, softened and elevated him; and he grew more gentle, and yet more manly and courteous. The deep feelings of the heart were awakened, and he lost the bluntness and rudeness of boyhood, and learned the depths of the human soul, and how to strike the chords to which vibrate the deepest sounds. And he learned too, for her sake, to shrink from the vicious and the impure. This thought became a guardian angel to him, and restrained him from every haunt of evil, from every place where he would not that those tender yet penetrating glances should follow him;

while, sympathizing with him, Annie became more intellectual, and she acquired more mental discipline, and learned to love severer studies, that she might participate in his pursuits. She was a child when they met. Under the influence of love her character had developed rapidly, matured prematurely the deep feelings of her heart, and gave dignity and steadiness to her manners, and the emotions of the soul added expression to her beauty.

Concentrating all the affections of heart upon her lover and parents, Annie lost all the love of display and the vanity of her sex, and perhaps too much the gayety and thoughtlessness of her age. She had no girlhood. She passed from childhood to the deep affections, the joys, the sorrows of womanhood, and as each season of life has its appointed purpose in developing and forming the character, so did Annie lose the strengthening, exhilarating influence of that period, and when the trials of life fell upon her, they crushed and destroyed her.

Three years had passed, but many a letter interchanged, and some short visits from Blakesley to his Alma Mater, had kept alive the affections and the hopes of the lovers; and commencemement was now at hand again.

The city was thronged as usual, and the drooping elms waved and sighed over the assembled students as they had done many a preceding commencement over those whose hopes had been swept away like their leaves, perished and left no memorial. And Annie Clarke was in the home where we left her three years since. But there was change there. The old house, well repaired, gave exterior notice of comfort, while within it had been neatly fitted and well furnished, and the rich carpets and luxurious sofas were in keeping with the fine piano, whila around and within the dwelling was diffused an air of wealth and refinement; choice plants were on the piazza, rich flowers bloomed in the small flower-garden in the court, while the old elms which overhung the low house spoke of settled habits and established fortune, and rise of property had added much to the value of Gideon Clarke's estate, and his neighbors spoke of him as a rich man, and mothers listened to their sons when they spoke of Annie's *beauty*, and reminded them that she would inherit a *fortune*.

Annie had herself changed. The sylph-like form was passing into the fullness and roundness of womanhood, and her eyes and hair were darker, and her complexion fairer, and the glow on her cheek deeper. She was dressed for an evening party, and her simple, though elegant attire well became her. A bracelet of deep black hair contrasted with her white round arm, and a rich chain passed over her fair neck, though the ornament appended to it was hidden. Yet a sad and somewhat anxious expression shadowed her beautiful face, and a half sigh sometimes escaped her. She had heavy thoughts, and had it not been that a young friend from a distance was with her she had remained at home that evening. But the evening boat had long been in, and her young friend was getting impatient.

Her companion was soon separated from her by schoolmates and former associates, and Annie, whose heart was little in unison with the gayety around her, had retired apart from the crowd, and was recurring to thoughts which now seldom left her, when an exclamation drew her attention. "Blakesley and Kate Wetherby!" "I declare!" "I knew they were engaged—I heard it at Saratoga;" and as Annie's searching glance passed around the large parlors, she saw through the folding doors Miss Wetherby leaning on the arm of—was it?—her *faithless* lover.

She uttered no exclamation, and no one noted first the flush of surprise, and then the look of agony which passed over her pale face. She would not faint, and the power of the will is great, and even, as darkness and dimness came over her sight, she was enabled to pass through the low window into the piazza, and to lean in the shadow. The cool air revived her, and her heart began to beat—oh, how heavily! But she could not return to that gay circle. She could not meet Blakesley when Kate Wetherby's eye would be upon her, with his hair upon her arm and his image against her heart. She stole, as though she were the guilty one, to the dressing-room, where, leaving her apologies, a kind-hearted servant girl, touched by her evident illness, was found to see her safely to her father's door. And what a night was that for her! The appearance of Blakesley and Miss Wetherby had sanctioned her worst fears, and confirmed every rumor, and viewed in the most favorable light Annie felt indignant, and wounded, and outraged.

Seldom for the last six weeks had Blakesley written to her, and his brief, cold letters were

unlike all that had preceded them, and Annie knew that she had cause to fear that he wished to forget her. Yet still she hoped—she could not help but hope. How could he so lightly cast aside the troth of years? There must be some explanation. And even after the midnight hour, often did she raise her heavy head in the idle hope that he might have in some way heard of her illness, and come to the house to make one inquiry. She less hoped from the interview, but confidently expected to see him the next morning; but the morning and the evening passed, and the next day, and he sought her not. The gay season over, Annie Clarke left not her home; she scarcely left her darkened room; but many called, and from all she heard that young Blakesley was in the city, the avowed and accepted suitor of Miss Wetherby; and Annie stilled her lips to silence, if not her heart to peace.

Truly had Blakesley loved Annie Clarke, and for many years had her image been enshrined in his heart. But he was vain as well as ambitious, and when he entered the charmed circle of fashionable life, he found its selfish and callous worldliness steal upon him, and perhaps he loved himself too well to love another deeply. The fetters of conventional life bind the highest minds; it is only the enlargement of the heart which emancipates from them, and within a few of the past months Blakesley had sometimes felt that the daughter of the plain Gideon Clarke was hardly an eligible match.

Yet it had been more from mere vanity, from a wish to pique another, than from a design or desire to cast off the claims of Annie; to show that the belle of the season at Saratoga, of the preceding winter in New York, the brilliant Miss Wetherby, was proud of his homage and fond of his attention, that led him on until he was compromised in the eyes of the world, of the young lady's friends, and in the estimation of the young lady herself. There was a struggle, short and not severe, between honor and duty, and perhaps inclination, and vanity and pride; but the thought came, should he now withdraw his attentions, the world would view him as a rejected suitor of Miss Wetherby, and Annie was relinquished—not forgotten. He tried to write to Annie to explain his conduct, but he found it so difficult that he deferred to a personal interview, which seemed inevitable, as he must reclaim his letters. He was to be at Yale the ensuing commencement, when he would see Annie for the last time, and he had little fear that Annie and Miss Wetherby would meet, for though schoolmates they had never been associates, and Annie shrunk from the dashing belle, while Miss Wetherby affected to despise the daughter of plain Gideon Clarke. Unwillingly had Blakesley attended Miss Wetherby to a large party the evening of his arrival, for he meant to see Annie immediately; but a note awaited him, and he found himself chained like a captive to the car of his conqueror. Annie disappeared before he saw her, and his heart told him why she did not appear on the preceding days. Yet while he dreaded to meet her, every object recalled her; her image was associated with each familiar scene, and every thought brought remembrance of her purity, her tenderness, her gentleness and modest worth. He could not but contrast her long-tried and self-sacrificing affection with the public homage and display which Miss Wetherby excited, and with sickened heart and awakened conscience he still delayed the interview which was to sever the ties which had bound them.

It was not until the evening previous to his departure that he found his way to the spot where he had spent so many peaceful hours, and sending in his card requested a short interview.

He waited a few minutes in the familiar parlor, but these moments recalled the remembrance of years—and when Annie entered so pale, so sad, he was scarcely less agitated. She could not speak, but motioning him to a seat she sunk on the sofa. Yet was she first able to compose herself, and noticing his agitation she said with a faint, sad smile, "I hardly expected to see you again."

Blakesley tried to command himself, and he muttered something of necessity, of circumstances not to be controlled, of change of views, and Annie grew more calm and self-collected. When he paused and seemed to expect a reply to his unintelligible address, she became deathly pale, and for a moment he thought she would faint, but as he arose to open a window she prevented him.

"It will pass off," said she, as the blood slowly returned to her white and quivering lips. "It had been more kind in you to have earlier informed me of your change of sentiments, but let it pass; retrospection is useless; I trust you have never thought so ill of me as to believe me capable of asking you to remember

what you now wish to forget. There are letters—you wish to reclaim yours." She opened a small cabinet and placed a packet before him.

"Will you not retain the books, Miss Clarke, as a testimony of respect—of esteem, most sincere?"

She shook her head.

"There are associations," she said, with a choking voice, "and this," said she, as she placed his own miniature in his hands, "could it speak to you, it would tell you of prayers for your happiness, of wishes for your prosperity, and these will still follow you; may you be happy! and now farewell. I would not that my parents should find you here and see me thus. I have greatly erred in daring to form such engagements without their approbation or even knowledge; but I would now spare them the knowledge of the unhappiness of their child. To you—to the rest of the world—I am nothing; but I am much to them, and if I can promote their happiness I shall not live in vain."

"Oh, Annie, forgive me!" exclaimed Blakesley, touched with self-reproach.

"I did not mean to upbraid you," said Annie. "I do forgive you all the sorrow you have brought upon me; and," said she, clasping her hands in one passionate burst of feeling, "may you never know the anguish of this hour, or what I have felt, or what is yet before me! But go—why do you stay? I must be alone."

For a moment Blakesley stood stupefied at witnessing a wildness and excitement so unusual to Annie Clarke; but though he feared to leave her he dared not remain, and he hastily departed. It seemed like a dream to him as he staggered to his lodgings, where he struggled long to attain composure and self-possession, before he met the gay circle who were expecting him. A dark frown was on the brow of the haughty mother, and an angry spot on the cheek of the betrothed, at his apparent delinquency, when at a late hour he appeared, but his haggard looks gave credence to his plea of illness, and sympathy succeeded resentment. Yet though he lingered until the last guest had retired to bid Miss Wetherby adieu, instead of returning to his lodgings he went around by Gideon Clarke's, and stood to watch Annie's window. It was past midnight, but a light gleamed through the shutters, and he thought he could discern shadows passing. It rained heavily, but he stood long watching that glimmering light, and after a sleepless night left the city as the day dawned.

May, like a capricious beauty, flattered and courted with bright days of gladness and budding flowers and sweet smiles, yet capricious and willful, with sudden frosts and frequent blights, had faded into the sweet and quiet June, like a caressed, petted, and somewhat spoiled bride transformed into the gentle and loving wife. And June was Blakesley's bridal month. He did not leave his state-room until the boat had landed, and the sound of retreating footsteps became unfrequent. While dressing he marked the heavy steps as of those who bear a burden, passing near his door in the long saloon. They seemed to deposit it, and then all was silent; and soon a low groan or sob fell upon his ear. As he opened the state-room door a coffin stood on the marble table before him. The mahogany lid was aside from the face, and through the glass the features were distinctly seen. That shrouded form looked indeed like chiselled marble, but that face was Annie Clarke's. The progress of disease had in its last stages restored the appearance of health. She was always fair, like alabaster, and he had seen her almost as pale when sitting quiet and unmoved. The rich dark brown hair lay in wavy folds and deathly stillness upon that beautiful brow, and a sweet, pensive expression lingered around that small mouth and on those pale lips. The eyes were not quite closed, and the deep blue could be seen through the long lashes which rested on the marble below, and they seemed to Blakesley to seek him and speak a sorrowful reproach.

The small hands were clasped on her breast—a ring glittered on one finger. Well did Blakesley remember the hour he placed it there, and the promise that it should never be taken off.

Leaning over his child, with his back towards Blakesley, stood the father. He had groaned and sobbed when the face of his child, in death, was first revealed to him, but now he stood still, and the convulsive movement of his chest and shoulders alone betokened his deep distress.

Blakesley made no sound, though he shook like an aspen, and, after a long, horror-struck gaze, withdrew to his state-room, until all that remained of Annie Clarke was removed to the hearse awaiting.

When Annie left Blakesley, the evening of their last interview, she had strength to reach her own room. A heavy fall drew her family to her. She had fainted, but the shock had roused her; but, either from the concussion or violent emotion, she was raising blood. After the first attack had passed, her physicians held out the hope of continued years, though not of long life, but they prononnced a warmer climate necessary for that winter, and, in the charge of kind friends, Annie was sent to sunnier skies. There, at a distance from her home, and among comparative strangers, did she pass the last months of her short life. Always retiring and unobtrusive, Annie sought and made no confidants, and they knew little of her inner life. But they noted and remembered what they could for her parents. They said she never expressed a desire to live, and when some one in the last stage of her disease thought it a duty to ask if she was willing to die, she replied, while her lips quivered, "Except for my parents—their age will be so lonely." They said she was kind, and gentle, and uncomplaining, though somewhat sad, passing much of her time alone, they thought in devotion, for her Bible was always near her, and the nurse who attended her in her last days had once or twice surprised her weeping bitterly. Doubtless the thought of her home lay heavily on her heart, though anxious were all around her to contribute to the comfort of one so lovely, so sweet, so young, dying far from friends and native land. She had written to her parents as long as her strength permitted, and begged them to forgive all the pain which the frowardness and disobedience of childhood had brought them; and here her paper was evidently blotted by thick tears, and here Gideon Clarke had groaned and sobbed, and exclaimed, "Never had parents a more dutiful child—and oh, my daughter! that thou mightest be spared to return to us, that by our love and tenderness to thee we might prove our gratitude for the rich blessing which we received in thee!" In the last letter Annie wrote home, she told her father she hoped to see his face again, but if she never met father or mother again they must not mourn for her. She could not tell him how short life, and even time, seemed to her; how soon it seemed they should all meet, and then she said what a sweet hope she had that all her sins were forgiven, and that she felt that whether she lived or died all would be well; and again she blessed and thanked them for all their love and kindness. She had a stormy passage back, and died in New York the night after she landed. Her mind wandered a little, but she prayed for *him*. "*Bless him—save him*"—of course, the nurse said, her father.

Once they thought her gone, when a sweet smile passed over her face; she opened her eyes, and a joy seemed to illumine her features, and then she closed them—and was dead.

And this was all they could tell—all they knew. She had passed like a frosted flower—a breath of fragrance, a dream of beauty, was all that remained.

One indeed there was who could have thrown more light upon the mystery of that brief life, the struggles of that young heart, but the name of Annie Clarke was never heard to pass his lips.

The sods on her grave were fresh, and the funeral bell had scarce done tolling, when his marriage festival was celebrated; and a few of Annie's age, who had suspected that at one period he had regarded her with tender interest, wondered that he could so soon forget her. Others, who knew that he had been much at Gideon Clarke's, in his frequent visits to New Haven, blamed him that he did not call in this afflictive season and show sympathy and kindness to the bereaved parents.

Future years often brought him to Annie's native place, and always before he left, in solitary hours, alone, as one desiring to pass unnoticed, would his feet turn to the house where she had dwelt, but which he never again entered. The flowers Annie had planted were choked and uprooted by grass and weeds. The rusty hinges of the front gate were seldom turned, and the paved walks were overgrown. The same lilacs, the syringas, the snow-balls, the acacias, the roses still budded and blossomed, but their fragrance was wasted on that closed door and those blinded windows, and their blossoms fell on the long untrodden grass. During the summer, and in the autumn and winter, the wind sighing through their leaves, and their long branches creaking against the old house, seemed to breathe a requiem for the young girl whose form had long mingled with its native dust. The loneliness without spoke of the desolation within—of rooms still kept as Annie had left, but seldom entered—of the piano whose chords were never struck, of books unopened, and pictures covered in their frames;

for the childless and smitten parents withdrew from the rooms she had occupied to hide their age and misery in a corner of the old home. And those who met Blakesley as he still haunted a spot which breathed desolation, or watched him as he passed and repassed that old house with slow and musing step, with his head resting on his breast, and hat drawn to conceal his face, might trace, in the lines which marked his brow, a remorse and self-reproach which had embittered a life counted happy and honored and prosperous.

TASSO'S LAST ABODE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY E. A. MATTHEWS.

Ernst Willkomm gives a glowing description of a visit to the convent of St. Onofrio, into which the unfortunate Tasso had fled after seven years' imprisonment, to live there the last days of his life. We followed (he says) the narrow paths of a much neglected garden, the beds of which produced the broccoli and the artichoke in luxuriant abundance, until we found ourselves on the little height where stood Tasso's oak, once so celebrated. It grew there until it was destroyed by lightning. The view from this spot is even more beautiful than that from the cloister-yard. The panorama opens itself to the eye, in the North, with surprising majesty. It is the only point from which St. Peter's church appears in its full grandeur and magnificence—the adjacent Monte Maria, and the distant Soracte, constituting a picturesque background for the view. It is said that the invalid poet used to sit here daily, lost in dreams and reflections. He perhaps forgot the great Omnipresence, engaged only in his morbid and bewildered phantasy, with thoughts on the past. In cruel self-torture he crushed, perhaps, his softened soul, leading her back on the wings of longing desire to the the Duke's palace at Este, chasing her like a wandering spirit through the marble halls which once listened to the triumphant praise of his successful love. The genial, strong-minded poet of the "Liberated Jerusalem," forgetting the sufferings of the past, would have here been restored to health and humor, inspired to new productions of his creating genius; but broken within, and despairing of his own strength, it was the fate of the poet to succumb, in hatred with mankind and the world, to a slow disease and death.

If the mask which is here preserved be a true picture of the poet, poor Tasso cannot have mingled his last breath with the gentle whispers of a vernal breeze. It appeared to me a picture of the parting scene of a man who has struggled with all stages of the most terrible spiritual sufferings. Agony, fear, mistrust, despair, anguish, and buried hatred, are petrified in these features. Even the mild angel of death could not chase the gloomy, earthly expression from them. The departed took with him the marks of his sufferings to eternity, to stand there as evidence against his inexorable, heartless tormentors. Tasso is buried near the principal entrance to the church, a plain inscription pointing out the memorable spot.

THE VIGIL OF A COLLEGE SENIOR.

BY E. W. B. C.

A NIGHT of gloom! Lo, midnight's hour
  Turns darkly toward its weary wane;
Yon cloud that broods the mountain o'er
  Gleams fitfully, and sleeps again.
Now, Thought, come forth—a welcome guest—
  This tedium thou canst well beguile;
And, gathered to its starless rest,
  Let drowsy Earth dream on the while.

The busy cares that live by day
  Are cradled now in brief repose;
Oh, might they ne'er regain their sway,
  Or Reason's calm have e'er a close!
For, ah! they chain the spirit's wing,
  And mock its boast of heavenly birth,
And clog its starry wandering
  By the dull entities of Earth.

I would not that ye might unbar
  The portals of futurity,
Or lift on mortal gaze from far
  The mysteries God alone may see:
And yet to live, and onward fling
  No prophet thought—how wearisome!
Oh, had I but a glimmering
  Of light to dawn on things to come!

My thoughts! Time whispers gloomier themes
  Than oft, to task your notice now;
Saith he—"Fond youth, these days of dreams
  Shall shortly close, and on thy brow
Stern manhood's darker seal I'll set;
  Let Folly from her sway be hurled—
Reason thou calmly, nor forget
  That thou must battle with the world.

"Youth's reveries are ideal toys,
  No solid good they leave behind;
Deem not these evanescent joys
  The lasting luxuries of mind.
The foes that wait on life's career
  Are not mere elves which fantasy
Views in the spirit-land—prepare
  For action and reality."

Yes, ancient Sire, thou sayest well;
  Thine accents it befits to heed;
And, since no seer's art can tell
  Whether of grief, or joy, or dread,
My future shall abound, I fain
  Would enter life with courage high;
And think to live was not in vain,
  When there remaineth but—to die.

Life's pilgrim sees full many a road
  Whose treacherous index points him on
To "Fame;" but ah! her far abode
  He reaches not, or when his sun
Shines dimly, lingering on the brink
  Of an eternal setting—aye,
The phantom lureth but to shrink
  All unenjoyed at last away.

Vain, then, the chase of glory! Life
  Hath sober duties to fulfill;
Methinks it is a noble strife
  That aims to do those duties well.
The guerdon pledged is True Renown,
  An honored and untarnished name,
That covets not the bauble crown,
  Or the climacteric of fame.

* * * *

A truce, my thoughts! The Orient swells
  With gorgeous pride to meet the sun;
Yon glory-tinted cloud foretells
  The splendor that shall burst anon.
Back, then, to Earth! and may the night,
  Whose sombre shadow Fancy throws
Athwart the spirit's dreamy flight,
  Merge in as bright and golden close!

THE PHYSICIAN.

No. XX.

In seeking for poverty and wretchedness, we naturally expect to find it in its most severe forms among broken-down and decayed houses, in courts and alleys, and in those parts of the city unfrequented by the wealthy and the proud. We do not expect to find hunger and want in respectable streets, or in comfortable and well-furnished houses. It is doubtless true, however, that poverty as deep, and wretchedness as agonizing, exist in some of our better class of houses, and in thrifty-looking streets, as can be found in the darkest, deepest dens with which our city abounds.

However startling this position, a little reflection will suggest many proofs of the fact. The poor, as found in our courts and lanes, and wretched tenements, are usually those who have never seen better days; who have been accustomed to poverty from the cradle, and who know little of any other position in life. These persons have their pleasures and enjoyments as well as any other class of society, and are not usually harassed with any great amount of cares and anxieties for the future. Another class are those who have reduced themselves by their vicious and intemperate habits, and whose finer feelings are consequently blunted and hardened, so as to remove the keenness of the pangs of wretchedness.

Another class are the professional beggars, many of whom, on the whole, lead a merry life, and are not half as miserable as some from whom they solicit and receive assistance. But there is a class of persons who live in comparatively good houses, who dress comparatively well, who move in good society when they move in any—who are intelligent, perhaps well educated, whose friends and relations are of good standing, and some of them even wealthy, and yet who live in greater poverty, and suffer keener wretchedness than any class in society. They are not of any particular calling or profession, but are found to some extent among all. They are those whose business, or interests, or standing, render a respectable outside appearance necessary.

The professional man must appear respectable to obtain respectable business. No one would employ a lawyer or a physician who was ragged. Such a person could obtain no business in any mercantile, or in fact any respectable employment. A ragged coat is as perfect a bar to success as the fact of a residence in the state-prison. However poor a professional man may be, he must manage to hide the fact from the public eye, or there is no hope for him. It is this necessity that adds a thousand fold to the misery of this class—the absolute necessity of "keeping up appearances."

Some years since, when, on an errand of mercy in tract visitation, I knocked at the door of a genteel looking house in M—— street, it was opened by a female about thirty, whose woebegone countenance instantly arrested my attention. The lineaments of her face bore evidence of youthful beauty, on which the lines of care and premature age were drawn with fearful distinctness.

I presented her a tract, which was received with a smile so full of sadness as almost to bring tears to my eyes. I sought in the gentlest manner to draw from her the cause of her apparent distress, that I might, if possible, administer consolation. But the fountains of her grief were too sacred to be profaned by the gaze of strangers. Whatever her griefs might be, I was reluctantly compelled to depart, without having my curiosity at all gratified. I called again and again, in my monthly visitations, but with no better success, my interest in her increasing at every visit. As she was evidently the wife of the physician whose name in modest letters was upon the door, I inquired about his business. She said he was out a good deal, but she believed practiced mostly among the poor, and did not seem inclined to speak farther upon the subject.

Determined to learn something of the history of this lady and her family, for I had observed two or three pretty, delicate children occasionally around her, I sent one day for this lady's husband, Mr. S., to make my family a profes-

sional visit. Dr. S. soon made his appearance. He was very slender and delicate; his countenance bore the impress of care and trouble of no ordinary kind, which was evidently preying not only upon his mind but his health, and he was plainly destined for an early grave. I sought cautiously to draw from him the cause of his trouble, but he was even more sensitive than his wife. He shrunk from any explanation, as the most delicate flower from the touch. He was somewhat embarrassed—was excessively modest and unassuming, and evidently poorly calculated to push his way in this driving and unfeeling world. Suspecting that poverty was the worm that was gnawing at his vitals, I paid him a liberal fee, which his modesty would hardly permit him to receive, but when received, I could see the tear of gratitude in his eye, and a smile upon his face, that seemed quite unusual there. When I called again after an interval of some months, I found Dr. S. upon a sick bed, and evidently in a rapid decline. There was, if possible, more of sadness in that family than I had before seen. On inquiry I found he was not supplied with those things that were necessary for his comfort and health. Suspecting the reason, I told them plainly my suspicions, and entreated them to repose confidence in me, and I would do what I could to assist them. Overcome at last by my offers of assistance, and their desperate and urgent present wants, they consented to confide to me their present situation and past history. Dr. S. said he was an only child; that his parents resided in Philadelphia in comfortable circumstances; that he was tenderly reared and well educated. As it was not supposed necessary that he should make much effort to earn his living, he was not taught the responsibilities of life, and being of a studious and retiring disposition, he shunned contact with the world, and knew little of its wickedness and its vice. He studied a profession simply because he loved the study.

Not far from his father dwelt the parents of his Ellen. They were thrown into each other's society frequently during their youth, and, as a natural consequence, became deeply and ardently attached. The father of Ellen, though far more wealthy, did not oppose the growth of that affection which he could not but see increasing. Though very proud and ambitious, and naturally desirous that his daughter should ally herself to an equal in point of wealth, he nevertheless suffered us to act as we chose, as my father was then reputed wealthy and of good standing among men. Those were happy, joyous days; alas, too happy to last! The present was bright and gladsome, and the future was clad in robes of ever-increasing beauty and delight. Not a cloud obscured the bright vista before us. In each other's society the hours sped rapidly away, without a care or a thought of the future. Little did we dream of the fate that awaited us. My mother sickened and died. Here commenced the misery of my life. My father soon after was laid upon his dying bed. Calling me to his bedside, he informed me that his reputed property would not suffice to pay his debts, and that I would soon be an orphan. This announcement came like a thunder-clap to me. Alas! how poorly had I been trained to meet the stern realities of life! I did not utterly despair, assured still of the undying love of my Ellen. My father soon died, and my last relative on earth was laid in his grave. It was even worse than he expected. His property was insufficient to pay his debts; leaving a large balance unpaid. What rendered this particularly mortifying, was the fact that Ellen's father was one of the largest creditors, and consequently of the sufferers. When this announcement was made known to him, his wrath knew no bounds. His former friendship was forgotten, and its place supplied by bitter, unrelenting hatred. I was coolly forbid ever again to enter his house, and Ellen was told to forget the beggar, and never to hold communication with him again on pain of his displeasure and a forfeiture of any part of his property. I saw Ellen, however, and offered to unbind those vows which had doubtless been registered in heaven, though it would be like riving my heart-strings. She nobly refused, and chose poverty and misery with me to all the joys that wealth could give. She left her father's house without his consent, and we were married, and soon after left for this city. We have not seen her father from that day to the present, nor had a line from him, although we have written again and again, deprecating his anger and imploring his forgiveness. On arriving in the city, we had not a single acquaintance or friend. Our lot was indeed a dark one. We took cheap lodgings, and strove

to obtain business; but I was a stranger; none knew or cared for me; and during a residence of ten years we have not found a man, yourself excepted, whom we could truly call a friend. But we had a few dollars and some clothing, and purchasing some things of absolute necessity, we commenced housekeeping.

We did not have a solitary call during the first three months. We had just sufficient money to pay our first quarter, and five shillings to commence the second. Truly a fearful prospect! Ellen obtained a little plain sewing, and I began occasionally to get a tooth to pull, and had some business among the poor for which I received no pay. We purchased nothing scarcely but potatoes, and generally a very small supply of them, and not a particle of tea or coffee or any other luxury passed our lips. The end of the second quarter approached, and there was no prospect that we should be able to pay the rent. We expected to be turned into the street, and had no resource. All we had been able to earn hardly sufficed to supply us with potatoes and a few other indispensables. Our landlord having occasion for some medical services, we were permitted to stay another quarter. But our prospects did not improve; our clothing was wearing out, our cash was gone, our rent was accumulating, and our income not increasing; and to add to our expenses little Mary was added to our family.

We were happy in each other, but all else was dark and fearful. Our few resources were gradually sliding away, and when gone we had no prospect but starvation. Thus we dragged out our first year; in debt for two quarters' rent, and not a shilling with which to commence the next year. Our landlord, though a man of some feeling, told us he could not afford to keep us longer without rent, and we were compelled to seek other lodgings. But where should we go? We had no reference, and could give no security. Who would receive us? We looked long before we found a place to put our heads, and when found it was anything but desirable. One room and bedroom was all we dared to take, with no prospect of payment. Under these auspices we commenced our second year.

"It must be confessed," said Mrs. S., "that my husband was exceedingly sensitive and retiring, and the sense of our poverty drove us in upon ourselves, so that we doubtless did not make as much effort as we should have done. We had already seen so much of the world's coldness that we distrusted all. We did not expect to find a friend, and consequently did not seek very earnestly. Mr. S. now put out a sign, offering his services gratis to the poor, hoping it might increase his experience and be beneficial to him. It increased his business, but not his income. He saw misery elsewhere, and learned perhaps to bear up under his own with more fortitude; but before one month was passed we were without food. Not a particle did we obtain for two entire days. We wrote to the father of Mrs. S. in the humblest and most earnest tones for assistance and forgiveness, but received no answer. We had begun to feel the keen gnawings of hunger when our exchequer was increased by the addition of two shillings, the proceeds of extracting a tooth. Never was a merchant more rejoiced by the addition of thousands to his stores of wealth than were we on the receipt of the two shillings. It was soon invested in meal and potatoes, and sustained us for several days. Mr. S. had now considerable business, but it was nearly all gratis, and the little charged was not much of it collected. People generally seem to suppose that all bills must be paid before the physician's, and that as his charges are made without an actual investment of cash, he can better afford to wait. Did they know the intense anguish that most young physicians feel in the struggle against poverty and misfortune, they would doubtless be more prompt in their payments. Another source of our anxiety was, that my husband was unable to procure respectable clothing, and this injured his business severely. How sadly he went forth to his accustomed business, and how sadly he returned! The image of despair, dreading to meet those he owed, and yet in agony because he owed them. Thus we dragged through the second year, with our circumstances scarcely improved. It would be tedious to recount all our struggles with misfortune—all our hours of agony. Our sensibilities were ever on the rack, and if one debt was paid, another stared us in the face. Scarcely a day passed that we were not waited on for some bill which we had been compelled to contract or starve. Landlords were pertinacious for their rent—

trades-people and mechanics could not afford to wait. Meantime one and another was added to our little family. We required more room, and consequently more expense. Our only way of obtaining business was in keeping a respectable appearance, and to do this it was necessary continually to contract debts, and none were ever more troubled with the debts than ourselves. Often did we sigh for the condition of the poor day-laborer who was not compelled to 'keep up appearances,' but could live in his own humble way. But time passed on, and cares continually increased. It appeared strange at the end of the year that we had reached that point, and we saw no prospect before us for the future. We allowed ourselves none of the pleasures and enjoyments of life that the very poorest enjoy. Though living in a good house, and moving in good society, none were more hopelessly wretched. Thus have we dragged out the past ten years of our life. Aside from our happiness in each other, they have been ten years of unalloyed misery. But for the last few weeks and months, since you have known us, our agony has been increased a thousand-fold, from the fact that our last and only solace must fail. Death, with slow approach, is laying his icy hand upon my husband, and soon will claim him as his own, and then, alas! what shall be my situation? Would that I could lay down in the same grave! Would that the same winding-sheet might enfold us both!" This passionate burst of feeling—this harrowing up of past, present, and especially future misery, was too much for the delicate sensibilities of Mrs. S. The powers of nature suddenly gave way, and she fell fainting and exhausted upon the floor. It is scarcely necessary to add, that her wants were cared for; that in a few weeks we followed that saddest of all mourners to the grave of her husband, and afterwards succeeded in effecting a reconciliation with her father, and permission for her return to comfort, if not to happiness, in her father's house.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

Yes! 'tis the same soft, silken curl
That twined itself around her brow,
When she, a gay, light-hearted girl,
Was happy, scarcely knowing how.

How much like life these silken cords
Twine round my fingers, and impart
A joy, as when remembered words
Come thronging back upon the heart.

It gleams as brightly to the view,
And sways before the slightest breath,
As though the head on which it grew
Had never bowed itself in death.

But, silent in the narrow cave,
  Her matchless form is laid to rest;
A mouldering tenant of the grave,
  The sordid worm her only guest!

Light-hearted girl! thy early doom
  Has thrown a shadow round my heart,
And o'er life's pathway shed a gloom
  Which never, never can depart.

Long years have flown since Death's cold hand
  Set his pale seal on thy young brow,
And bore thee to the spirit-land,
  Where thou an angel reignest now.

But Time's rude hand can ne'er erase
  Thy lovely image from my heart,
Where every line of that sweet face
  Is graven as with nicest art.

And thy glad laugh, so wild, so free,
  Still rings as sweetly in my ear,
As when I roamed the fields with thee,
  So richly blest, for thou wert near.

But thou hast gained a bright abode,
  A home of rest beyond the skies,
Where mortal foot hath never trod—
  A land unseen by mortal eyes.

And this frail tress of silken hair
  Is all that now remains of thee,
Whose love, as pure as mountain air,
  Was more than all the world to me.

Yet I am still a lingerer here,
  Alone, as 'twere, 'mid throngs of men;
Since thou, who could life's pathway cheer,
  Shall never greet my sight again.

God grant that, when my days are o'er,
  When sleeps this heart within my breast,
That we may meet on that bright shore,
  The haven of eternal rest.

Middlebury, Vt., Dec., 1848. A. H. M.

FATHER FRANCIS;

A TALE OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

BY PHIL BRENGLE.

CHAPTER I.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the white, glancing fall of snow through the air; yet few things are more fearful than those light flakes to the unfortunate traveller, who cannot escape from their noiseless potency. Thick and pitiless, the storm drove down upon the head of such a man, aged and alone, in a wild gorge of the Pyrenees. His bent form, toiling between those tremendous precipices, looked like a feeble insect, made more insignificant by the loftiness of the whitened mountains which surrounded it. Yet this weak old man, fainting before the frail snow-flakes, was one who had moved thousands with his tongue, who had spoken with irresistible authority before nobles, and was even hunted by the mighty Inquisition as a dreaded foe. He was one of those few men who, before the days of Luther, stood up alone and raised a voice against the corruptions of Rome. Through the south of France and the north of Spain, Father Francis was known and reverenced. The Inquisition had often stretched out its hydra limbs for him in vain, for the humble Reformer was protected by a power higher than officials or racks, or the giant reach of this, the most subtle engine of cruelty ever invented by man. He had escaped his foes, seemingly to die in the storm.

As he toiled and staggered in his blind course, the old man's faint, gasping voice was poured forth in prayer:

"Father, must I die here before my labor is done? Are there no more eyes to be opened, no more souls to receive thy Truth? Oh! take me not until thou hast no more need of me upon the earth."

Still the snow whirled furiously around him, and by the fatal drowsiness creeping over his limbs, the priest knew that his last hour had come.

"Vain prayer! The weary frame which I had hoped to wear out in God's service, must yield to his power. The final sleep is coming upon me—final, but not endless. Let me only reach that rock, and under it I can sink peacefully into the slumber of death, for my Master has called me. Hark! am I not the only one here to die?"

There was indeed a low, fretful cry borne to his ear through the storm, and he hurried towards the sound. In the shelter of the rock, half stood, half lay, a boy of eight or ten years, moaning faintly, and already closing his eyes in the slumber which turns to death. At the sight of another he raised his voice into a feeble shout of joy, and fell forwards into the arms of the priest.

"Awake, poor child! God has not deserted us. Thanks to his name for this proof that I have something more to do in this life! Thanks too for the strength which hope and faith have restored to my limbs! Awake, my child! we have been made to meet here that our lives may be saved."

It must have been faith from above, and something more than mere human hope, that enabled him to lift the child and bear him forward with renewed strength. He knew that in these exhausting efforts was his only hope. He dared not remain by the rock, for the wild storm was better than its delusive shelter.

The vigor so suddenly exerted had almost failed him, and he was ready to sink down in utter despair, when the boy opened his eyes, and shouted loudly in his ecstacy.

"There is home!" cried he, clapping his hands.

A little smoke was indeed curling up from a hut near their path, and with a violent effort the wanderer succeeded in reaching the welcome door. A woman sat alone within, bent

and almost stupid in her long grief. She raised her eyes eagerly as the door was cast open.

"It is my child—my boy!"

She clasped him in her arms and kissed him passionately. The aged man fell to the floor, unheeded in his utter exhaustion.

"See, mother!" cried the boy. "*He* found me."

An hour from that time the storm without was as wild as before, but Father Francis was kneeling in that warm hut, and returning thanks with the weeping mother and child for the preservation of their lives. Then the woman arose from her knees, and almost for the first time scanned the face of her new guest. There was something familiar in it, for she started at the second glance, and the warm blessing died upon her lips.

"Are you not Father Francis?" she inquired, doubtfully.

"So I am called," replied the priest.

"The heretic! the blasphemer of the Holy Virgin!"

The other shook his head sadly, and was about to reply, but she added:

"Forgive me; for whatever you may be, you have saved my child. For that one thing you are safe now, but had you not come here with him in your arms, you would have done better to lie down in the snow of these mountains and die, than to take shelter under this roof. You are pursued by a power that can tear you from the strongest castle, from the altar of God even, and you have thrown yourself within the reach of one who is sworn to do the bidding of that terrible power. I dare not name it—the word is not to be spoken lightly, and you know what I mean. You have sinned against it, and some time you must die for that sin."

"The Inquisition is not a name of terror to me," replied the priest, very slowly. "I acknowledge but one Grand Inquisitor whom I fear—God himself—and him I also love."

She seemed not to have heard his words, for she continued, rapidly:

"You need not think of this now, for my husband is gone to search for his child. The boy strayed away this morning, where, he cannot tell; but God has watched over his wanderings, and brought him at last very near to his own home. There you was sent to him; you saved his life, and yet it is our duty to betray your own! Not now, at least. Bartolemé will not come back until morning, and then this storm will be over. Stay till that time—go then in peace, and with a mother's blessing upon your guilty head. Take with you her prayers also, that you may recant your heresy, and submit to Holy Church!"

"Let us not waste words on this," replied the priest, calmly. "Would that your eyes were opened to see the delusion as it is. In our prayers, at least, we can unite. Let us pray for the erring soul, and pour forth blessings for the lives that have been spared this day. Then I will go. Let us pray, too, that after the storm of this life is over, we may meet in another house of refuge, whence no earthly power has strength to draw us away into the final torture."

CHAPTER II.

Six months from this time the sun shone brightly on the reverend form of Father Francis as he slowly travelled through the same gorge in the Pyrenees, not as before, staggering before the storm, but walking briskly onward in all the cheerfulness of a hale old age. He passed by the large rock where the boy had lain down to die, and slowly slackened his pace in doubtful musings. He felt a natural desire to revisit the cottage, but hesitated as to whether he ought to expose himself to the danger. The matter was soon decided for him. He had unconsciously drawn near the place, and was awakened from his revery by the voice of the child, who was then playing before the open door.

"See, mother, see! The good man has come again."

As the child ran towards him, with outstretched arms, the woman appeared, and advanced a few steps in hasty joy; then stopped, and covered her face. Another form appeared in the door. It was a large, dark man, who stood there, and looked on the scene in silence.

The priest hesitated no longer, but took the child in his arms and blessed him. Then he was about to greet the mother, but her husband stepped forward and stopped him with a quiet gesture.

"You may speak to the boy, for you have

saved his life; but your blessing is a curse—lay it not on our heads."

"Oh, no! Bartolemé," cried his wife. "Cast away your cruel thoughts. How can you touch this man while your own child is in his arms? Lay no violence upon him while the child is enjoying a life which *he* saved. When one is dead, let your oath give his preserver to death also—but not till then!"

"Your words," said Father Francis to Bartolemé, "mean that I have fallen into the hands of the Inquisition. God's will be done!"

The man hesitated for some time, though the stern working of his features indicated all that he was about to say.

"I have hunted for you, heretic, for days and weeks, and now, the Saints know, I would gladly be freed from your presence. *She* feels no more gratitude for the life of our son than I have felt in my own heart; but she is weaker, and cannot know how solemn, how tremendous, is my obligation to deliver you into the hands of the Holy Office. I had hoped never to see your face; but you have thrust yourself upon me, and I cannot let you escape. I abhor you as a heretic, and for that alone would gladly turn the rack until your bones crack in the agony; but now I would lie upon that rack myself, if you had only kept from my sight. Yet, the Holy Office claims you, and we cannot resist."

"I shall make no useless opposition," said Father Francis. "You need no assistance—go on, and I will follow you."

Without another word, Bartolemé strode off, and the priest walked calmly behind him. As they disappeared from sight, the low sobs of the woman were distinctly heard through the cries of her child.

They walked far and rapidly through the whole of that day. The old priest was weary and faint with hunger, but he made no complaint, and Bartolemé was so sternly resolved, so occupied with inner meditations, that he had no thoughts of fatigue. Towards evening they stopped at the nearest city. Before entering, Bartolemé suddenly turned to his companion:

"Forgive me for this. It is harder for me than it can be for you; for this is my only hospitality—the only gratitude I show to the man who saved the life of my boy."

In a few minutes they found themselves in an obscure corner of the city, and here Bartolemé blindfolded his prisoner.

"Once more, forgive me! This is the last time I can ever say that word. You saw how I acted at my own home, when my child was in your arms, and you will now see how I *must* act in the Inquisition. Hereafter, I am not a man, but a servant of the Holy Office."

Not another word passed between them. After walking some distance in the darkness, passing through doors that had rusted on their hinges, and down flights of stairs slippery with damp and rotten mould, Father Francis was left alone. As the bolt was pushed behind him he took the bandage from his eyes, and found himself in a cell of the Inquisition.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PLATES.

WHO is there that can look upon our beautiful plate, "Going to School," without a sigh for those many school-boy days now gone forever, and especially for those days when the sleigh-bells jingle in the streets, and the ground is carpeted with its cold white covering. The spirits are then elastic, the mind free from care, and the future is clothed in beauty. Hope then hangs out her beacon-light, and points the way to fortune and to fame. Alas! that these bright hopes are not oftener realized. But let the young hope on and hope ever. It is the sweetest joy of life. Take hope from man and what remains? A dreary waste of care and toil, without one ray to cheer his darkness or to soothe his sorrow. Children are anxious to become men and women, but how would men rejoice to live their school-boy days once more, so unsatisfying are the joys of earth!

Brockville is too well known, or should be, to need description here.

THE MISSION OF TRIAL.

Strength is the gift of trial. Human hearts
Are purged by tearful baptisms, and the soul
Gathers its proudest trophies on the field
Of its stern strife with peril. On the couch
Of slothful ease life yields its majesty.
Virtues are shrunk and withered by the glare
Of Earth's perpetual sunshine, and the grace
And beauty which attend the worldly great
And prosperous, seem like a statue's form—
Polished as Life, but chill as icy Death.

The trembling patriarch of old caught not
The angel's benison, which brought a power
That knew no earthly terror, till night
Had worn on with his strugglings, and the breath
Of morning swept away his thin, white locks
From the broad brow that told his agony.
Trial had nursed the meekness, and stirred up
The filial love, and the calm, holy faith,
That clung so firm to duty; throwing life,
With all its wealth of trust and tenderness,
Into a widowed mother's changeful lot,
To live where she might live—die where she died.

So was it when the bright and spotless One
Bowed in his mortal weakness, and the pangs
Of gathered anguish bent his spirit down
In his strong wrestlings for the world He loved;
There came a heavenly helper, and he breathed
A mightiness and peace within his soul;
And then the kneeling One rose up, and drank
His fearful cup of sorrow with a smile.

Young traveller o'er the waste of future years,
I cannot ask that thine own earthly life
Be free from trial; for thy Father's hand
Doth send it for our good. *He chasteneth still*
Those whom He loveth well. But I do ask
That, deep within thy heart, may dwell a faith
That makes all trial minister to strength,
Finds peace in storms, in midnight darkness, noon;
May every care set fresh upon thy brow
The signet of submission; every strife
With sin and wrong add firmness to the step
Which bears thee onward to thy spirit's home.

Grafton, Mass. G.

READINGS FROM HISTORY.

SCENE I.

A NOBLE fleet whitened one of Spain's most noted sea-ports. Thirty vessels loitered with flapping sails, impatient to be again gliding across the trackless main. The harbor presented a scene of activity seldom witnessed in those days, when the boldest mariners hardly dared lose sight of the land. Small boats were darting here and there, passing from ship to ship, or moving between the fleet and the shore. Men were hurrying to and fro, and women, too, might be seen mingling in the exciting scene. The shore presented an equally busy and far more imposing spectacle. A crowd lined the quays, and multitudes were still flocking to the place of embarkation. All classes had come forth to witness the grand pageant. It was a sight that never before greeted the eyes of the inhabitants of the Old World. The proud peer and the independent cavalier met and mingled. The debased menial shared alike with his titled master the joyousness of the occasion. Flaunting banners and gay equipages lined the way, while splendidly caparisoned steeds, bestrode by noble riders, pressed forward amid the throng. A joyousness of expectation lighted the countenances of those about to embark; all were in high spirits, for the busy and exciting scene around allowed no time for regret, which indeed none felt but those who were doomed to remain at home.

Another expedition was about to leave the shores of Spain, for the *El Dorado* which the adventurous Genoese and his hardy crew had discovered at the end of their long and tedious voyage. A new government had been organized in the infant colony at Hispaniola, and the recently invested dignitary was about to embark for the province over which he had been named governor. New mines of gold had been discovered, and it was no longer necessary to open the prisons and people the colony with malefactors. Men of all ages and conditions in life eagerly embarked in the enterprise. Indeed, so numerous were the applicants that it was matter of far greater moment to decide who should remain behind, than it had, on previous occasions, been an object of solicitude to obtain men who were willing to go. Ovando, the new governor, moved conspicuous among the gathering crowd. Arrayed in princely robes, and sparkling with precious stones, he bore himself with a dignity befitting the occasion. As an act of peculiar favor, and that he might appear with proper dignity in his new station, his sovereigns, by a special act, had empowered him to use silks, brocades and precious stones, which, at that time, were prohibited among the nobility of Spain. Of so much importance did the crown deem this new acquisition of territory, that they revoked an edict intended to curb the love of ostentatious display in their subjects at home, and allowed this new governor of an almost unknown gold region to revel in the luxuries which they themselves rarely used.

The cry had once more come across the water, "Gold! gold!" New depositories of the precious metal had been discovered. The coveted wealth, it was represented, could be obtained in every direction, simply for the trouble of stooping to raise it from the ground. Adventurers from all classes of society had gathered to embark in this new gold-hunting expedition. The hum of the excited multitude arose on the air, and above all was heard the merry chant of the sailors as they wrought at their tasks.

The hour of their departure has arrived. With light and elastic steps the deluded voyagers enter the ships. Never perhaps was seen a more joyous leave-taking. All were filled with animation and lively hope. The gentleman of decayed fortune, flushed with the hope of returning again to the enjoyment of his wasted patrimony, returned with pride the scornful glance of his former comrades, as he stepped from the shore. The high-spirited cavalier, the hardy navigator, the roving adventurer, and the keen speculator, all eager in the acquisition of wealth, crowded on board the vessels, till the fleet bore from their homes two thousand five hundred men. At last the embarkation was completed, and as the proud fleet moved ma-

jestically from the harbor, the assembled concourse sent up one long and deafening shout.

Nine years previous a similar scene had been enacted. A few vessels under the command of the great discoverer himself, animated by similar emotions, had left the shores of Spain. Eager adventurers crowded the vessels of the admiral. Men smuggled themselves on board his ships, till the number he actually carried exceeded by five hundred the amount for which accommodations had been provided. With high hopes and lively imaginations these sanguine adventurers left their homes and all they held dear, for the renowned Ophir of the Scriptures, as the ardent imagination of Columbus led them to suppose. The multitude had assembled on that occasion as they congregated now. Many of the same individuals who witnessed the departure of Columbus on his second voyage of discovery, now gazed upon the lessening sails of this new armament destined on the same errand. They shouted then as they shouted now. But the fate of the previous expedition had been forgotten. The failures of the past were swallowed up in anticipations of the future. The return of that bold array, that they had seen set sail with such extravagant expectations, had passed from their memories. They had forgotten the squalid, half-starved objects, without an ounce of gold, that feebly crawled to land from the storm-beaten caravals on their return from the famed *El Dorado*, for which this new expedition had just sailed. Instead of greeting robust and hearty men, flushed with success, landing from vessels laden with the yellow dust, they met but famished human beings, pale with hunger, worn with hardship, clothed in rags, and eagerly embracing the earth in the joy of once more beholding their native land. All this had vanished from their minds, and as the last dim outline of the bold fleet disappeared below the horizon, the enthusiastic multitude once more returned to their accustomed vocations.

SCENE II.

A battered and storm-tossed fleet came slowly to anchor in a little bay in the far-famed land to which the Spanish fleet we have just seen leave the shores of the Old World had sailed. A few vessels, some nearly dismantled, and all bearing marks of their encounter with the elements, rode safely in the harbor of St. Domingo. Nearly half the gallant fleet that sailed so proudly from the shores of Spain, had gone down upon the broad ocean, or been dashed upon rocky coasts. Those that escaped were busily discharging their living freight. They eagerly swarmed the sides of the vessels, scarce waiting the return of the boats from shore to be conveyed in their turn to land. None cared for his neighbor—'Each for himself, and gold for us all,' was their motto. No time was to be lost. At the very gates of the gold region, all anxiously pressed forward, fearful that his companion would reach the mining-ground first. Never had the little harbor of the embryo city of Isabella presented such a scene of activity and life. But none remained here long. No sooner had they safely landed, than all started for the mines. The roads were crowded. Men who never before had borne burdens, now, unable to obtain servants, cheerfully shouldered their knapsacks, and hurried onward towards the consummation of their dearest hopes—all with mining instruments in their hands; most on foot, a few only of the more favored on horses, quickly pressed forward. They set out in high spirits, each anxious to outstrip his fellow. In the mining region, which was about eight leagues distant, "they fancied gold was to be gathered as easily and readily as fruit from the trees." Such were the feelings of this motley assemblage, confidently expecting speedy and enormous wealth. Thus far nothing had presented itself calculated to dispel the idea that riches were at their command. The hardships they had encountered were only such as were always attendant upon expeditions into a wild and unknown country, and which they expected, and were in some measure prepared to meet. But now, as they had arrived at the end of their journey, a new prospect opens—one for which they had made no previous preparation. Through toils and privations enough to daunt the boldest heart, they had toiled, and at last reached the *El Dorado* of their hopes. They supposed the hardships of their expedition were over, and henceforward they were but to enrich themselves and return. But what was their dismay on discovering that their toils had but just commenced! For the first time they now learned that it re-

quired a long and laborious process to detach the ore from its native bed; that, instead of gathering it from the surface of the earth, it was necessary to dig painfully into the earth; a labor to which scarce any of them were accustomed, and for which their slight frames and previous manner of life essentially unfitted them. Added to all this, it required knowledge and experience to detect the veins of ore. They found, at the time when about to realize their most extravagant anticipations, an almost impenetrable barrier rising before them. They were dismayed, but not discouraged. They had risked too much to return without some show of effort, and each indulged a hope that, more fortunate than the rest, he might yet succeed in finding some rich deposit. For awhile they labored well, but met with no reward. Hunger began to assert its supremacy. They sat down to eat, and returned again to labor. In the language of another:

"They soon consumed their provisions, exhausted their patience, cursed their infatuation, and in eight days set off drearily on their return, along the roads they had lately trod so exultingly. They arrived at San Domingo without an ounce of gold, half-famished, downcast and despairing.

"Poverty soon fell upon these misguided men. They exhausted the little property they had brought from Spain. Many suffered extremely from hunger, and were obliged to exchange even their apparel for bread. Some formed connections with the old settlers of the island, but the greater part were like men lost and bewildered, and just awakened from a dream. The miseries of the mind, as usual, heightened the sufferings of the body. Some wasted away, and died broken-hearted; others were hurried away by raging fevers; so that there soon perished upwards of a thousand men."

Such was the fate of the largest expedition that ever sailed in search of gold. Those who, in the pride of unbounded expectation, wearied in eight days after reaching the *El Dorado* of their desires, and died, cursed the infatuation that brought them to their miserable end. Their end is such as always awaits those who ignorantly engage in mining, of all speculations the most brilliant, promising and fallacious. Such, too, it is to be feared, will be the fate of too many of those who are eagerly hastening to the *El Dorado* of the nineteenth century. Let them, ere they engage in a similar undertaking, ponder well the fate of those who, with as eager hopes, and as fair prospects, met with naught but disappointment and death!

T.

Northampton, Mass., Jan. 29, 1849.

"FOR YE HAVE THE POOR ALWAYS WITH YOU."

When the world was dressed like a bride, in its prime,
And a blithe young man was old Father Time—
Though a blight had passed o'er the beautiful earth,
Yet oft in a curse a blessing had birth—
From the Ruler of Worlds went forth a decree,
That a spirit, whom man would dread to see,
Should visit our planet in every clime—
The life-long servant of old Father Time.
And, lo! to the ends of the earth he hath pressed,
For man, since the fall, is the type of unrest—
In the fruitful vales of the tropical sun,
That spirit his poverty-work hath done;
On the rugged hills of perpetual snow
He hath been a friend, though he seemed a foe;
On the desert's arid sand he hath stalked,
And in milder climes he hath often walked;
And man, who would fain from his presence flee,
The spectre will meet in the isles of the sea.

Whoe'er, where'er thou art, my brother man,
Whate'er thy occupation, rank or clan—
E'en if the hand of cold neglect is on thee,
And selfish sorrow to its gloom hath won thee;
Or if the sprite hath thrown his mantle o'er thee,
And Poverty's dread future lies before thee,
Still from the bonds of Love thou'rt not exempted
Till to its dregs thy cup of life is emptied;
While thou dost hold one blessing in thy keeping,
Turn not, indifferent, from thy brother weeping.
Look where thou wilt, thou seest those around thee
Whom thou canst bless—and duty's law hath *bound thee.*
Your hearts with yearning sympathy may thrill,
Your hands may aid them whensoe'er you will.
Thanks for the privilege—the heaven-lent boon!
That we, at morn, at eventide, at noon,
At every hour of each revolving day,
May light a star upon the tombward way;
And while its beams have cheered the wandering one,
Thy star of yester-eve hath radiant shone
Its brightest ray upon the illumined soul,
That gemmed the highway to life's darkling goal.
Oh, what a boon, in duty's daily round,
To walk on sorrow's consecrated ground!
Such exercise promotes the spirit's health,
Such industry secures the spirit's wealth;
To scatter, is to hoard with pious care!
Bear others' burdens, if thou wouldst not bear
A heavier weight—thine undiminished own—
And drag, with feebler step, thy load alone.

ESTELLE.

PIONEER LIFE.

No. XXX.

BY L. H. HARE.

IT was in that veritable log-cabin, reader, that I described to you in a former number, that I lay one night, alternately sleeping from weariness, and listlessly tossing from side to side upon my lowly couch, striving to obtain an easy position for my weary limbs. I was slowly recovering from an attack of the chill-fever, Nature struggling faintly, yet surely, for the mastery. This was in the fall of the year, when the miasma was arising from the super-abundant vegetation that was decomposing upon the soil. It was what the inhabitants denominate "the sickly season." At this time there were scarcely well ones enough to take care of the sick. These are the times that try the patience and firmness of the pioneer. When he has passed through this ordeal, he finds himself a wiser, and sometimes a better man.

Afflictions chasten and subdue the spirit; and the backwoodsman, in the absence of the ministrations of the sanctuary and Christian converse, of which he is frequently deprived, needs something to remind him that all flesh is

grass, and that God equally rules in his temples, where his children weekly offer up their devotions, and in the forest home of the pioneer, where the barking of the wolves, the requiem of the winds, and the wild notes of the loon and other forest birds, is all the music he hears. Yet these, with the Bible, which is usually found in his cabin, with affliction to chasten, as emphatically remind him of the glory, the wisdom, and fatherly care of Him who regardeth with equal care all His works, and whose presence may be equally sought in the woodland where the woodsman has planted his home, as in His own worshipping assemblies among the busy haunts of men.

I had been gazing upon the flickering candle, as it threw its faint light upon the logs of my cabin, revealing their sombre forms, as they lay piled up, fort-like, one upon the other, and listening to the quick, short bark of the wolves, as they held their revels in the forest around our cabin, when I was suddenly aroused by a knocking at the door. I inquired who was there, and what was wanting.

I immediately recognized the voice of my friend McDonald, the father of "wee little" Johnny, who had been lost, and had had such a wild tramp in the forest a few months previous. Mary McDonald, his wife, who had wept so frantically over the loss of her poor boy, and rejoiced so wildly that he was again restored to her fond embrace, was sick with the fever—yes, sick and dying. I had scarce physical strength to leave my bed. I however arose, and unbarred the door, and at his earnest entreaty prepared to go with him to his home on the shore of the lake. Kindness on my part, and affliction on his, had opened the flood-gates of his soul. McDonald and Mary were Catholics, and I was a Protestant. With streaming eyes he told me his tale, and plead with me to go and pray with his wife, as she was dying, saying he "did not wish her to die like a hog." How could I refuse to accompany him? Scarcely should I have refrained from going had I feared that the act would have also opened a grave for me. But I had no such fears. I was in the path of duty, and I felt that God would sustain me. I bundled up, and tottered to his wagon, and we drove a mile through the forest, no road or blazed trees to guide us, and no light save the feeble starlight, as it faintly shone through the trees. We wound our way cautiously, yet securely, through the gloom, until we safely arrived at his dwelling. It was midnight, and a few neighbors had assembled from a distant settlement to administer to the last wants and perform the last sad offices to the dying. These lowly neighbors had gathered from a distance of four miles. Affliction engages the sympathy of the backwoodsmen, and binds their hearts still nearer together. Like a herd of wild cattle, when one of their number is wounded or in distress, the rest immediately gather around, and show by their sympathy that they too feel the wound.

But poor Mary was beyond the sympathy of her friends. She had just breathed her last as we entered the room. Prayers for the dead were unavailing; but we knelt around the couch of her lifeless remains, and offered up an earnest petition for the living. That was a solemn season to us all; at midnight, in the wilderness, around the bed of death.

The grim tyrant never had a more fitting time and place to read his lessons, and I hope we profited by them. The scenes that had transpired but a few months before were fresh and vivid to us all. That bosom that had been swayed by such intense excitement and agony, and been heaved with such overpowering emotions of joy at the loss and recovery of her boy, was now still. Death had placed his rigid hands upon those features that till then had been the joy of that household.

The light of that circle in the wilderness was put out. Poor McDonald illy bore his misfortune. He did not own God's justice in depriving his children of their guide, and himself of his companion. I endeavored to show him his error, and convince him that "the Judge of all the Earth doth right." On the second day from the death of poor Mary, her remains were followed to the grave by her weeping family and a few sympathizing friends, and the heart-stricken group of mourners returned to their lowly home on the border of the lake.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

Pursuit of Character under Difficulties.—There is something not a little ludicrous in the shifts many people make to establish a reputation for refinement, taste and gentility, when they have but a very little capital of this class to work with. For example, a lady in this city—we have the story from a friend of ours, acquainted with the lady—whose husband has suddenly become a millionaire, and whose family are trying hard to put on the airs of the upper ten thousand, in urging a neighbor of hers to call at her residence, named as one inducement a portrait of her husband, which had been recently sent home. "It is a splendid picture," she said; "it was painted by one of *the old masters*." On another occasion she remarked that theirs was a very old family, and that they immigrated to this country in the time of William the Conqueror. In the same interview she declared that she was intimately acquainted with a gentleman who was a personal friend of Shakspeare. These stories may not inappropriately be classed with the one about the young lady who, on being asked what she thought of the *style* of the novel she was reading, replied that she had not come to that yet. Sterne—we think it is Sterne; it is somebody, at any rate—says that the most accomplished way of using books is to serve them as many people serve lords and other great men—learn their titles and then brag of their acquaintance. From our own observation, we have not the slightest doubt that there are multitudes of readers who form just such an acquaintance with the world of literature, and for just such a purpose. Somebody recently made the tour of Europe and Asia. When he returned, he was asked if he had seen the Dardanelles. "Oh yes," he said, "I dined with them one day."

The Erie Railroad.—A few weeks since this most important road was opened from Port Jervis to Binghamton, a distance of one hundred and twenty-six miles. The length of the road now completed is two hundred miles, and the Hudson and the Susquehanna are by this road brought within about eight hours' ride of each other. The benefits that must result to the travelling public from this enterprise are incalculable. Proceeding from New York westward, on the route of this road, Binghamton is among the first villages of importance; and the amount of transportation over the road while its terminus is here will be very great. But during the year the road will be continued through Owego, Elmira and Corning, some seventy-five miles further, and a vast and flourishing section of country near the Pennsylvania line will be accommodated by it. Nor is this all. The company will soon form a connecting link from their road to the central railroad, by a steamboat on Seneca Lake. When this arrangement is effected, a great proportion of the travel from New York to Geneva, and westward from this point, must be by the Erie Road, for the distance is much less; and besides, we are glad to perceive that the rates of fare on this route are much more reasonable than on that which is now usually travelled.

Broadway.—There is a great deal of truth, racily and prettily told, in a work soon to make its appearance, called "New York in Slices," as, *par exemple*:—"There are hundreds and thousands in New York who cannot live out of Broadway; who must breathe its air at least once in the day, or they gasp and perish. They are creatures of conventionality, whose sole luxury, whose chief enjoyment in this world, is to have certain hats touched to them every day of their life in Broadway. This is their morning's anticipation, their evening's reminiscence; and when at length they find this world and its affairs closing upon them, they call a confidential friend to their bedside, and whisper in his ear, as they are going, "Let the funeral go through Broadway!"

PARLOR TABLE.

Posthumous Works of the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D., LL.D. Vol. V. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume is the second of "Sabbath Scripture Readings," and is as excellent—so we judge from a casual glance at its pages—as the one which preceded it, already favorably noticed in this magazine. One of the chief merits of these Sabbath Readings, aside from the thought and originality by which they are characterized, and in respect of which too many commentaries are lamentably deficient, is the practical bearing they must have upon personal and spiritual religion. It is in these daily suggestions and reflections, more perhaps than in any other department of the writings of the great Chalmers, that the warmth of his piety is indicated, so far as the temperature of piety can be indicated by words.

Biblical Repository and Classical Review. Conducted by J. M. Sherwood. January, 1849.

This is a sterling number of the very best publication of the kind in the United States. Great improvements have been made recently in the management of the Repository. Mr. Sherwood is an industrious, as well as a discriminating editor, and every number, since his accession to the editorial charge of the work, has been marked with peculiar interest. To ministers of the Gospel, and other biblical students, this publication is invaluable.

Outlines of a New System of Physiognomy, illustrated by numerous engravings indicating the Location of the Signs of the different Mental Faculties. By J. W Redfield, M. D. New York: J. S. Redfield.

This is an octavo volume of some 100 pages, the object of which is sufficiently clear from the title. It needs a pretty capacious œsophagus to conduct into the digestive machinery of the mind all that this book contains; though there are good things in it—enough of them—which, so far from choking any body, afford very acceptable and useful aliment.

The Christian Observatory; a Religious and Literary Magazine. Edited by several Clergymen. Boston: J. V. Beane & Co.

The January number of this periodical is the first of the third volume. In the introduction to the new volume, with which the number opens, are these remarks on the general object of the work: "It is designed to be eminently practical, and to act directly on the doctrinal and spiritual terests of the churches and their ministry, by short articles which all who will can find time to read. It is designed to be an organ through which our denomination (the Orthodox Congregational) can utter its voice, and make known its views on the great questions of the age." It is a spirited monthly, and, if it is not too exclusive and dogmatical, will undoubtedly be a useful and popular work among those who sympathize especially with the form of government of the Congregational branch of our Church. We dislike, however, to hear the Puritans lauded as superhuman and demi-angelic; more especially do we dislike to hear this strain over and over again from the same instrument. We get heartily sick of it. This number of the Observatory plays a good many variations on that air. It lets us understand, too, that they—those who sympathize with that Magazine—are "the legitimate successors and representatives of those fathers." It seems to us that outcries against the assumption of our Episcopal fraternity, in regard to their doctrine of succession, come with rather an ill grace from the Observatory, after the utterance of such language. Still, we are by no means sure. We are only a "looker-on in Venice." We do not enter the arena of ecclesiastical controversy. It seems to us, too, that the spirit of a brief paragraph we happened to stumble upon among the editor's record of new publications might be vastly improved. In reference to the "Independent," a Congregational auxiliary, recently established in this city, conducted with no little tact, and we had supposed quite as temperately and charitably as is usual among newspapers advocating a particular creed, the editors say: "Like the Irish rebellion in the time of Charles I, it breaks out forty thousand strong!

The only disadvantage under which it labors is, the highly raised expectation of the public, which will not be easily satisfied. And the editors do not wish to afford easy satisfaction. They are men, as the Rev. Sidney Smith used to say, of forty-parson power!" However, the Observatory is a good work for all that.

Franklin Illustrated. Part II. New York: Harper & Brothers.

One of the most elegantly illustrated works that has found its way to our table for many a day, and rich in interest and practical knowledge.

Cholera; its Causes, Prevention and Cure; showing the Inefficacy of Drug Treatment, and the Superiority of the Water-Cure in this disease. By JOEL SHEW, M. D. New York: Fowlers & Wells.

Most of our readers, probably, will dissent from the views taken by this author, in regard to the efficiency of the water treatment in general; but whether they do or not, the book, which costs only twenty-five cents, will be found of much value.

MAGAZINES, NEW AND OLD.

We design to keep our readers advised of what is going on in the department of our periodical literature; and we improve the opportunity presented by the opening of another year, to give a glance at the most prominent of the magazines now in the field..... The UNION MAGAZINE, formerly published in this city, has been removed to Philadelphia. Mrs. Kirkland, one of the best literary editors, in our estimation, among the entire corps, still continues her connection with the work, though another individual shares the editorial labor with her. Messrs. Sartain & Co. are the publishers..... GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE and GODEY'S LADIES' BOOK are still disputing for the palm of producing the best pictures. The initial numbers of the new volumes of these magazines are extremely elegant in the way of embellishments, nor is this feature the sole recommendation due them..... The COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, for the past year published by John S. Taylor, has passed into the hands of Rev. D. Mead, who is in future to be the editor and publisher. In its exterior it has somewhat improved, and we can scarcely doubt that it will be well conducted under the new *regime*. Mr. Mead, it will be recollected, was the originator of the Parlor Magazine..... Mr. Post, formerly connected with the Union, has started a new magazine, somewhat similar to the Union in its essential features, called the AMERICAN METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE. It is edited by William Landon, and the first and second numbers are very creditable ones. The wood-cuts, designed by S. H. Matteson, and engraved by Leslie & Traver, are especially attractive..... The YOUTH'S CABINET appears in a new dress throughout, and the first number in the new volume is, we think, the most perfect specimen of a juvenile magazine ever laid on our table. It is still under the editorial supervision of Francis C. Woodworth, and published by D. A. Woodworth..... MERRY'S MUSEUM has passed into new hands. Messrs. McDonald & Co. are now the publishers. Peter Parley and Robert Merry are a host, as everybody knows, and they are still as hard at work as everin connection with this magazine..... The MOTHER'S MAGAZINE, which is getting to be something of a patriarch—is this an Irishism!—is as vigorous in its old age, for aught we can see, as it ever was in its earlier days..... We must not omit, in this connection, a magazine which has been a candidate for the people's good will for some six months, published in Boston, by William Simonds & Co., and called the PICTORIAL NATIONAL LIBRARY. It is an exceedingly readable and useful publication, intending to embrace the most striking peculiarities of Chambers' & Howitt's Journals, beautifully embellished with wood engravings, and cheap enough to satisfy any reasonable man or woman. Mr. Adriance is the agent for this city.

NEW RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.—A weekly journal, called THE INDEPENDENT, advocating the system of church policy and views of biblical truth adopted by the Orthodox Congregational denomination, has recently been commenced in this city, under the editorial supervision of Rev. Dr. Bacon of New Haven, Rev. Mr. Thompson of New York, and Rev. Mr. Storrs of Brooklyn, assisted by Mr. Leavitt, so well and favorably known as an editor. The first few numbers already issued are, in our view, very creditable specimens of a good religious newspaper. Without expressing any preference in this place, among the different evangelical denominations, we can scarcely avoid commending the Independent to those who sympathize with the branch of evangelical Christians with which it is connected, as the best paper of its kind with which we are acquainted. Mr. S. W. Benedict, formerly proprietor of the New York Evangelist, is the publisher.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A RETROSPECTIVE RHAPSODY.

I LOVE Scotland. There is no sin either in the love or the confession. And if there be, it has intertwined itself too closely among all my cherished affections to be now repented of—now that my heart has grown around and moulded itself, like a matrix, precisely to the shape of my early associations. As long ago as I can well remember, the name of Scotland, heard in any connection, roused my interest in a moment. The sight of an emigrant Scot excited my deepest sympathy, whom I never doubted some unkind fortune had compelled to forsake his dear native Highlands and exchange his national tartan for the commonplace costumes of the rest of the world; and I pitied the forlorn wanderer from the bottom of my heart. I could then think of no earthly reason why a true-born son of Scotland should ever willingly leave his native land, and such a land! I pitied even the national thistle that struggled to live by the wayside in spite the murderous assaults of its enemies, as if it must grow sickly and lonesome elsewhere than on the border of a Scottish loch, or on the broadside of some overshadowing Ben Nevis or Lomond!

My earliest historical delights were the struggles of the Scottish lairds for the deliverance of the castles of their fathers. And it needed not the patriotic song of Burns to fire my young heart with sympathy for the "Scots wham Bruce sae aften led."

Need you wonder, then, that it was amongst my most ardent wishes and firmest resolves, if Providence should ever so favor me, (before I left this earth to revisit it no more,) to traverse the land of my young admiration,

"From Maiden-kirk to Johnnie Groat's."

I had often and often imagined the scenery upon my whole intended peregrination—highland and lowland, loch and lin, crag and glen, bank and brae, but it would not do. I wanted to stand in the flesh, upon the heather hillsides, and verify every imagined steep and dell by ocular demonstration.

Oh, it was to lie all day on some far-seeing elevation—to watch the eagle wheeling in vast circles about the crag that held his eyrie and his eaglets—or to follow the lark from the tree-tops below, up, up, till she floated like a speck in the blue air-ocean above like a distant and almost invisible island, with the echoes of the hamlet and the watch-dog baying on the hill blending musically in the distance—till the gloamin' stole over the vale and flung her mantle around the broad, upheaving shoulders of the mountain. Then to follow some stalwart Donald, 'bonneted, kilted and a',' to his shieling, and on a bed of fresh heather and under a real plaid to sleep such a sleep as must add ten years to the life, with elysian dreams gratis till the morning. But all this has proved to be amongst the thousand other devout intentions I then had, which addled before they could be brooded and hatched into the vitality of an accomplishment.

I have never yet placed my foot upon the outermost points of Scotia, nor heard one ripple of her lochs. And I am old too now, and cannot hope to step so far out of that gradually contracting circuit in which I am verging nearer and nearer to the resting-place where the human foot must stop its restless wanderings forever.

But though it is not for me ever to visit *in propria persona* this noblest of lands, there is one delight left me which becomes the more precious as my youthful anticipations withdraw farther and farther into the region of impossibilities. If I cannot see the land of the Covenanters, I can enjoy her history and admire her poets. I do love them with a peculiar love. The very uncouthness of her dialect hath charms for me—an expressiveness the pure and polished English cannot aspire to. The Scottish poets! Ramsay, Cunnipgham, Burns, North and Ettrick Shepherd! Ah, these are names precious to me indeed! Who can sing like the "Swan o' the Nith?" Who paint nature like Ramsay of the Gentle Shepherd? Whose 'Recreations' like Christopher North?

Now I am no dissecting, analyzing critic, letting out the soul of poetry by keeking into the joints of its construction. Do not think of me, sitting, staid, erect, suspicious, with great circular spectacles of a hundred magnifying power, glowering at the last outgushing of the poetical heart in never pleased fastidiousness, faughing at every least rebellion of simple Nature against the laws of the unities. I read and write, not to find and expose faults with microscopic vigilance, and set the world all agog for my specimen of what a poem should be. I remember something about glass houses. No, I read for the enjoyment, in all the gentleness of clemency towards him who will thus let me look into his heart. Buried within the stout, yet well-stuffed arms of my elbow-chair, and letting every limb choose its own easiest position without thought or oversight from me—no longer in the body, but all mind and heart; I love to go arm in arm with Rob or Allan just where he pleases to lead, and, borrowing his eyes and catching every syllable of his tongue and speaking face, to see what he sees, admire what he admires, and believe what he believes, so long as his spell is on me. Dear reader, there's pleasure, dreamy bliss in such communings. And if your guide but lead you to auld Scotland, and wander with you around her castle ruins, and, grander still, among her scenic sublimities, long will be the wandering stroll, ere the sense of some overpressed, prickling limb will prickle sharp enough to remind you that you are in the flesh by the chimney nook, and not a painless gossamer spirit, emancipated from the laws of gravitation; that is, if your heart is like mine. And I hope it is for the pleasure it may give you by creating scenes the eye hath never seen, and transporting you over any distance of time or space, it matters not which—crossing buoyantly and safely over the fairy arches which a few rich, suggestive words can fling across the chasm that separates the present from the absent.

Have you ever so read, so enjoyed Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd? I have. I have just laid it down—an old edition, with its quaint engravings, songs, music and all—after, perhaps, the twentieth perusal, more delighted than ever. And now, although you may be slily laughing at me for my simplicity, I don't care—I cannot help being just as garrulous in my admiration, and as earnest in pointing out to you its beauties, (as I have threatened to do at every reading,) as if you knew nothing at all about them.

Christopher North says of this work of Ramsay, "Theocritus was a pleasant pastoral, and Sicilia sees him among the stars. But all his dear idylls together are not equal in worth to the single Gentle Shepherd." And honest Allan deserves such commendation from his countryman. The characters are honest, artless, truthtful. Their emotions are natural, generous and comely. And yet they are not such perfect beings as to have no originals in this fallen world. There is, among the youthful "dramatis personæ," just the bashful coyness and arch coquettishness, and just the proud sensitiveness and peeping jealousy, which has always been displayed in every retired hamlet in Scotland and everywhere else, at

> "The age when little loves
> Flighted around young hearts like cooing doves."

The older personages possess just the right proportions of staidness and parental sympathy, and devout patriotism. Over all is manifest such a natural reverence for God and his truth, and scrupulous observance of the laws of virtue, as I always expect to see in a true picture of Scottish rural life. And then they discourse so naturally, and all in their own sweet Gaelic dialect, that I am loth to have them done.

But it is not my purpose to inflict upon my indulgent reader an eulogium, in the general, upon what he may as yet know nothing of; nor to give a dry critical analysis of the plot, in order to show that it violates none of the laws of the drama. But I do wish to tell you just a tantalizing outline of its simple tale of shepherd love, that you may be enticed to procure the little work, if it do not already grace the shelves of your library.

The scene is laid among the glens, and not far from Edinburgh. The time is just after the restoration of Charles II. One of the Scottish nobility, devoutly attached to the royal cause, had been compelled to flee for safety to the Continent during the troublous times of the Commonwealth. He had but a single child—an infant son, too young to remember the baronial halls of his self-exiled father, and a mother he was never to know, for she was below "the church-yard mold." The fleeing laird, unknowing the upshot of the

then distracted times, and whether a loyal noble's descendant may not be in jeopardy of his life, commits his motherless heir to the nurture of one of his aged and trusty shepherds, to be brought up, and to pass as the adopted son of honest Symon. The character of his protegé's rank is to be kept a sacred secret, and if needful be buried with himself.

Years pass away, and the laird grows up, a hearty, free and blithesome shepherd, known to himself and others only as simple Patie, the adopted son of the old cottager. He tends his flock along the hills with his comrade, good Roger, and mingles in the sports upon the green at the day-close, careless of kings and lords, joyous as his own lambkins, and ignorant of his real parentage as his playmates.

But the mischievous bow-and-arrow urchin, who shoots at the heart of gentle and simple alike, has a bolt in his quiver for the young Patie; and it is soon twanged deep into his breast.

At the next cottage in the glen live two lasses—the daughter and adopted niece of the old couple, but sisters in heart, and rivals in sweetness, just as the rose rivals the violet. Each seemed the more sweet and lovely in the absence of the other. But when both were together in "the bleachfield," or strolling, hand in hand, along the "flowery holm," none knew which to crown as the superior.

Jenny, the daughter, was innocent and skipping as the fawn on the distant hillside; but Meg, the niece, sweet Meg, was gentle and graceful as the silvery birk that bends so tenderly and attentively to the whispered troubles of the evening zephyrs with every leaf in a flutter of sympathy. Jenny was gladsome as the lark, soaring and singing away into the unclouded lift, yet never losing sight of her grassy nest and unfledged younglings in the bunch of heather. Meg, as gladsome, was more like the [eagle on the high cliffs, where but the deadened echo of the moving scenes below comes up to his blue ether heights. Jenny's spirit was like the "trotting burnie," carelessly frolicking along to the chime of its own "sing and din," where the ripple of the springing minnow, or the dash of the bounding deer, are equally lost in a moment. The heart of the gentle Meg was deep and pure and transparent, like the placid, pebbled pool. No strong emotion had yet stirred its quiet depths, but it *could* be agitated to the bottom.

The long summer days, bright sun-glints through the trees, and moon-bright evenings on the green, had ripened the hearts of these bonny lassies. And, as is most natural and proper, the gentle shepherd and his friend Roger fall in love with Meggy and Jenny. While the father is skulking in foreign parts, the flame is burning brighter and inextinguishable between his happy son and Meg, the foundling niece of Habbie's How.

As the ancient *régime* is now restored, and gentility again lifts its head from concealment in his native land, the absent laird seizes the glad moment to leave his privacy, revisit his hereditary estates, and, if it may be, spend his remaining years in the halls of his fathers. That he may test for himself the fidelity of his old cottager, to whom he had committed his infant heir, he dons the guise of a "spae-man" or fortune-teller, and joins a feast holden in the glen in joy for the news of his expected return. The secret has been most safely kept, but not so safely, he finds and might have known, the heart of the young shepherd laird.

The old knight reveals himself, and in the true spirit of aristocracy he forbids, gently indeed, the prospective alliance. He determines to send his son on a continenal tour, as Patie says, "to learn to dance, and twa or three ither monkey tricks;" but really with the hope of erasing Meg from his thoughts, as the father believes in his old, hard heart will be easily done.

The young lovers meet "at the sad, the trysting hour," and in the frankness and tenderness of nature's heart, plight their vows never to be another's, and to wait some favorable, relenting moment when they can be one.

But it's a long night that is not followed by the morning, and just as

> "The scant approaching light
> Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night,"

a poor hind, frightened half to death by fancied ghosts and witches, rushes to the laird for vengeance upon the old hag that has so scared him. With indulgent heart his honor summons the parties to appear immediately before him, that this "hobbleshew" may be unravelled, and every injury redressed. All the simple cottagers, old and young, are of course called together, or invited to see their old master, and help unfold the perplexities of the affrighted Bawldie. While the examination is progress-

ing, the countenance of the gentle Meg awakens strange remembrances within him.

"The girl brings all his sister to his mind"—

a sister who, like his own wife, died in youthful womanhood, and left a widowed husband like himself. The resemblance arouses his inquiries, but the old shepherd can give but a blind account of her birth. He found her,

"As clear morn of May, close by the lee side of his door,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round
In infant weeds of rich and gentle make."

She had ever passed as his adopted orphan niece. Old Mause, the whilom witch, now steps forward, and unravels the mystery.

Meg is indeed of gentle blood. Early remembrances are not at fault. The young shepherdess is truly the child of the old laird's sister. Her faithful nurse had snatched her, in infant slumbers, from those who had decreed her death for her rich estates, and dropped her at the honest cotter's door.

Patie's heart, you may well believe, is relieved of a load of grief, that his Meg may still and now be his; and continental tours are forgotten, vows of perpetual celibacy are torn into shreds, and farewell words and kisses are changed to bridal.

Kind, patient reader, if any have followed me through this brief and barren analysis, you have here the framework, the string on which are strung as rich, as genuine a chaplet of pearls and sparkling beauties as ever glittered on the brow of pastoral poet. We would hang it on the brows of the gifted Allan and invite all to admire.

The Gentle Shepherd lets one deeply into the untutored workings of the humble heart—so much the better because untutored in all its artless affections. I am myself almost bewitched by the frank and loving Meg, and can hardly help envying the young laird his monopoly of her noble, confiding heart. He who could so portray Nature in her untrammelled moods, deserves the title his cotemporaries bestowed upon him of "manners-painting" Ramsay. I hope you have already and often admired and loved his pictures with a delight as pleasant as my own. If not, there is one mine yet unexplored by you, far richer in its wealth than any 'placer' in the distant and earthy Sacramento. M. B.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

When standing in the halls of mirth,
Amid the festive scenes of earth,
Where youth, and joy, and love are met,
Each care and sorrow to forget;
Where starry lamps pour floods of light
O'er floating forms and robes of white,
And sparkling gems, amid the blaze,
That multiply the dazzling rays,
And waving locks and tossing plumes,
And vases shedding rich perfumes;
And evergreen and bright flowers, hung
In gay festoons above the young;
And crowning wreaths and statues tall,
And mirrors gleaming from the wall;
And silken drapery drooping round,
While music's soul-subduing sound
Swells forth, so wildly, sadly sweet,
The heart almost forgets to beat;

Then comes a thought, with thrilling power,
That dims the brightness of the hour—
The fearful thought, that Time's swift wave
Is sweeping onward to the grave
That giddy throng, so glad and gay,
From life, and love, and earth, away;
And soon, with fairy, flying feet,
They'll tread no more where dancers meet,
But pass away—and, all forgot,
Lie mouldering in some lonely spot.

And when a social hour we spend
With some tried one we dare call *friend;*
When from each heart is drawn aside
The veil that doth its treasure hide,
And all that's deeply buried there
Lies to the eye of fondness bare,
While words, not studied, cool and slow,
From heart to heart in rapture flow,
And eye looks frankly into eye,
And hours unheeded hurry by;
Then comes that thought—Time flies so fast,
These blissful hours will soon be past—
Soon we must part, and who may know
If e'er again we meet below;
Or, still more sad, if time and change
May not our now true hearts estrange.

And when we closely circle round
That spot were purest bliss is found
This side of heaven—the hearth of home—
Ere yet one foot has learned to roam
From that parental hearth away,
To act a part in Life's "great play;"
Oh *then*, that sad and truthful thought
Comes o'er my soul with sorrow fraught!
Time flies—Time flies—and soon will bring
Its changes to this happy ring,
And tear the clasping links apart
That now unite each hand and heart,
And bear us from this peaceful spot,
And cast 'mid varied scenes our lot;
While seas and mountains may divide
Those who have grown here side by side,
And nevermore our scattered feet
At evening round this hearth shall meet;
But stranger-faces gather here,
When twilight calls to social cheer,
While we are slumbering in our graves,
'Neath Earth's green sod, or Ocean's waves.

CLARISSA P. WOLLEY.

INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

It was the afternoon of a summer day, and though detained till a late hour by company, we were attracted towards the post-office. That place, indeed, by periodical fits, is a potent magnet. Horses being at hand, and we the adopted daughters of the wilderness—having learned to do without beaux when we can't get them—attended each other thither, late as was the hour. Most of the road lies through a pleasant woodland, and there seems a rivalship between the birds and the flowers, each contending for the honor of being most captivating along the way. They say it is but three miles; but they remind me of the painter in our town, who, for the comfort of the weary traveller, as he affirmed, made the guide-board say one mile to the village, which was at least a mile and a half distant. To me, it is just five miles to that office, and I cannot make it less. It is a short half mile to the first house; and a short mile from that to some uninhabited cabins beyond; then, a long mile to the creek, and thence two long ones to the river ford, or ferry—but especially to the ferry; then through the river, up that steep winding path, over that hill of loose rocks, up its neighbor, and away through all those twistings and turnings—and it is a long half mile to the house; long enough to make up the first short one. It may be that my estimate savors a *little* of haste to be revelling in the contents of the sanctum which keeps our treasures so safely; but then, one can dream out and peruse half-a-dozen long letters while a messenger is gone for them. Yes, it is five miles, whether I go or send; and that office ought to be moved, postmaster and all. We should be sorry indeed to part with so faithful and obliging an official in that department; though we sometimes playfully threaten to report against him when he sends us empty away. Still, he bears patiently with such childishness, philosophizing, I suppose, that disappointment *spoken out* is not laid away to sour the temper and corrode the heart; and he evidently sympathizes in the joy he wakens when he can fill our hands from that snug closet.

The sun had set; and having exchanged missives at the office, we departed homeward without alighting. "If we were only across the river—it is so late," said my friend. "Yet it is only a brook now. Who would think fear or danger could ever lurk in this current?" I replied. "I only dread that it should detain us a little." Our twilight ride was agreeable, though we did not banish from our thoughts the possibility of meeting some reckless spirit, "half seas over," as the sailors say. We reached home without accident. "Is the river up?" said the gentleman who met us at the door. "I think I could walk across it dry-shod with a little care," I replied. "What roaring is that then?" We listened, and scarcely knowing whether to credit our eyes or ears, we could not answer for the wild music we heard.

Visitants from beyond its banks tarried among us next night, and had found it unfordable. Our first intelligence from the post-office was, that a member of the family being at the door about half-an-hour after we left, hearing and knowing the sudden rush of waters, warned the ferryman, who reached his boat, a short distance from the house, just in season to secure it. There had been no rain in our vicinity. The clouds must have poured their abundance on the mountains, where are the sources of this and its tributary streams. Had we left home as early as we intended, and had this event been as much earlier in the evening, there is no knowing what might have been our fate, for it was our purpose to tarry a little at the house.

An instance once occurred of a person attempting to ford, going too far to retreat before he saw the danger from the torrent coming furiously toward him, climbing a tree upon the island, just above the ford, and next day being rescued by his friends, who had from the shore witnessed his peril.

LUNETTE.

OCEAN SCENERY.

BY REV. H. B. ADAMS.

WATER, in motion or repose, is requisite to the perfection of natural scenery. At Naples, the fiery views of Vesuvius are beautifully softened by the bay in which the form of the mountain reposes, as in another heaven. And the image of the city rests so soft, so pure, that one might almost think it the abode of celestials.

The delicious landscapes of South Devon, England, receive their finish from its bright bays, and winding, placid streams, bordered by oak forests that sweep upward from their shores, rounded or concave, echoing to glad, rural voices, and to the splash of every oar that dips and glitters over the clear element.

The scenery of eastern New York is the gift of the Hudson. The bold Palisades, the sweet dales, the crowns of verdure, the friendly slopes, what would they be but for the majesty of the grand old river? We must have the mirrors of nature before we can take in her full revelations. Give us the calm, deep Connecticut, winding in fertilizing freedom between the hills that smile or frown on the borders of New Hampshire and Vermont, or their beauty and grandeur are wofully diminished. Give us the Penobscot and Kennebeck, and Portland's archipelago of isles, or we care not for the great Maine. Let us have the capricious Merrimack, tumbling among rocks, spreading into bays of silver, and driving his spring torrent onward in defiance of the chains of winter, or the pleasant places of Concord would lose half their glory.

Yes, if Nature would "glide into our musings with a mild and gentle sympathy," she must not only wave her woodland branches, and hold her roses to our eye, but give us the melodies and reflections of her rivers, lakes, and seas.

But our theme is *ocean scenery*. From this we are not disposed to exclude all that savors of the land. We like, here and there, a boat, a ship, on the calm bosom of the sea. We like to stand on the shore at eventide and look along the pile of cliffs, while the shadows play on their sides, and the last day-beams give distinct outlines to their brows; while darkness creeps onward over field, and hill, and hamlet, and city, even to the deep; and the moon stands on the cerulean floor above, like a throne of ivory in readiness for some great potentate; and over the sea the horizon is tinged "with azure, green, and gold," mysteriously and delicately blended, shooting columns of light into the sky, and throwing mellow reflections upon the waves. And we as freely admit into the definition of ocean scenery, the vast view that stretches over the waters and up to the heavens, though relieved by an occasional vessel, and bounded, where we stand, by shore and cliff, as we do that in which nothing meets the eye but "the sky above and the deep below." We have seen a dark cloud hang over the ocean when the sun lingered at the last rood of the open sky, just ready to "drop into his harbor;" beneath that cloud white canvass was spread, and a stately ship bounded onward to the pier where we stood. Suddenly that cloud was riven, and two black wings spread far on either side the golden chasm. Those sails were bathed in excess of glory, as if the heavens overflowed with brightness! Who could paint it? Yet what could form a lovelier or grander picture? Thus, we thought, does the light of the Eternal break through the clouds of death, on the soul of the dying saint! Thus does the light of the "Sun of Righteousness" kindle on the deep from which he is escaping, to throw its splendors full into the port in which he is to rest. Such is the scenery of the sea.

Have you ever witnessed sunrise on the the deep? The king of day lifts himself from his bed of waters, and the ocean, catching the light of his eye, tosses a thousand wave-offerings before him, while the sea-bird wheels and

dances to his glory, and the finny people sport lightly, or tumble carelessly on the radiant billow. And then the sunset! There may be those who see in it nothing peculiar, nothing inexpressible; indeed, many a voyage may be made without the sight; but let that sight come; let the sun go down amid his stately pavilion of clouds, when the whole firmament seems mustering its shadowy forms to do him homage, to put on mourning drapery, to catch his last retreating glories, or to weave themselves into a thousand shapes of romance and of life, and he must want the ordinary elements of poetry and admiration, whose spirit does not kindle with strange fire. We have our sunsets on land, when the mountains seem smothered in clouds; smoking, burning, blazing, with all the colors of earth and heaven, and in view of which the whole world of beings and of objects seems wrought up to the supernatural, so that it requires no effort to imagine angels visible amid the elements, building golden palaces in all the sky, and strewing the world with gorgeous fragments of saphire and crystal.

But if you would have an idea of one ocean sunset, transport, in fancy, to the sky, the fields, mountains, and forests of a whole continent; behold in the midst of them, pouring down from the heights, a score of Niagaras, the more awful for their silence, into chasms which only thought can fathom. See those torrent seas at once frozen into crystal, and becoming as the pillars of heaven, sinking into the profounds of the ocean, whilst a thousand Mont Blancs tower up in purity and whiteness, surpassing the burning glories of a sunset among the Alps. Look again! Those mountains and columns are builded into temples and cities, like the temple and city of the Apocalypse, whose stupendous and wealthy grandeur render them fit only for the dwelling of the Eternal! Along the line of the horizon, for a thousand leagues, are myriads of gigantic coursers, chariots, and men, clothed in unearthly splendors, and driving tumultuously onward, as if to the coronation of "the Great King."

Again, the sky is one vast burial plain, and the myriads of living and moving objects, so lately radiant as if they had been robed in the pavilions of eternity, compose one long, grand, solemn, funeral train; as if it were the mourning of creation, and we were about to hear from the last trumpet—

> "Nature dies, and God and angels
> Come to put her in the grave."

Then, there are the icebergs, wreathed in mist, or glowing like ponderous diamonds, in the sun! Bright, cold, solemn monuments of the ocean's dead! There are the starry night and the phosphoric fire, when the firmament and the sea seem to sparkle with rival strife, and the moon sits umpire of the brilliant emulation. There is the ocean in his fury, when winds sweep his breast, and his might and majesty awake at the summons; and in his repose such as the "ancient mariner" related to his spell-bound listener:

> "Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck, nor breath, nor motion;
> As idle as a painted ship,
> Upon a painted ocean."

Other scenes are familiar to the "sons of the deep;" those fitted for the tragic muse and for the genius of the pencil; but perhaps the most novel and peculiar is the rising moon, just on the horizon, with a ship in full sail between her and your eye. It is a perfect sea-piece, in a frame of silver. But its perfection is that of a moment. The one rises gloriously upward, the other passes rapidly on, and the heavenly and the earthly are parted.

Thus may we find at sea many a glorious object, to kindle the imagination, enlarge the mind, and thrill the heart; but we feel that beneath us and around us all is distant and cold. We miss the warm and friendly earth, the flowers that greet our eye, and yield to our fingers. We miss the aspect and the voices of home. The sky may be bright, and varied, and full of poetry, but we hear not the voice of the bird, nor the hum of animated nature. The deep has no music but the dull roar of its waves and the death-notes of the tempest. The sun may rise gloriously and shake from his brows the ocean drops, but we choose to hail his coming where the dews are on his path, and he casts his mellow light over human habitations. Much there is at sea to gladden and inspire us, but with all its life, all its "dread magnificence," all the beauty and glory that shine in its skies, our hearts instinctively say,

> Oh, give us the land again,
> Its meadow, and lake, and plain,
> Its fresh, bright streams,
> That down from the mountains swell;
> And oh, let us drink from the well
> That we see in dreams.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN AGE.

In a late number of the Parlor Magazine, we delineated the hopeless ruin of a gifted man addicted to the use of intoxicating drink. "Thirty years ago" there seemed no good influences in society to reclaim the wandering, to restore the fallen, or to save the ruined. The current of influence bore down strongly on the vicious, and they were swept away almost without a struggle for life. Let us now turn from that sad picture to the present day, when society has learned to give up no son of misfortune or vice, so long as he may be in the world. A new era has dawned on mankind, and the inebriate, with his craving, "scalding thirst" for that which is destroying him, may look up and hope for salvation now and hereafter.

It was on a certain cold night, when the winds were holding festival out of doors, and all good people drew closely around the merry fire, that two persons might have been seen in a parlor, splendidly furnished with every thing to please the taste and give comfort. They were young; the one a young man of perfect form, and a countenance indicative of superior intellect. On that countenance was traced an evident anxiety, which he could not conceal. His eyes were intently watching the face of his companion, a beautiful girl, whose face was very pale, and indicative of a painful internal struggle. Her accomplishments had been perfected by all the aids of wealth, and her personal beauty was only excelled by those qualities of mind and heart which made her an admirable woman. Too intelligent to be vain, and too gifted to be envious of any, she was admired and loved by all. With all these excellencies she had that womanly delicacy which forbade her to encourage attentions which she could not reciprocate.

William —— had been absent for several years, acquiring an education, and only a few months before this time had returned with the first honors of his class, and every prospect of excelling in the profession of the law, which he was rapidly acquiring. In common with many gifted youths, while in college he had learned to love wine, and occasionally had been known to be intoxicated. He was of too frank a disposition to disguise any habit, and of course it soon became known that he was not principled against the use of intoxicating drinks.

William evidently had proposed a delicate question, which was now exciting painful and tumultuous thoughts in the mind of his companion. For a long time there was no reply, save that at last some bright tears stole down her cheeks, whether in sorrow or joy remains to be seen.

"Emily, I do not wish to annoy you with needless importunity," said the young man, after a long silence, "and yet you must see that it is a subject which forbids suspense. I have told you all my heart, and all its feelings for you. And I did expect an immediate reciprocation of them, because your whole demeanor for some time past has given me boldness to hope."

"William, I beg you not to distress me any longer with this subject. I have already said too much in acknowledging, by action and word, that you have called out a new feeling for you, to which hitherto I have been a stranger."

"But will you leave me thus in painful suspense concerning my proposal? Emily, it were better to reject me entirely, than hold me thus."

It had been only a few days previous to this, that Emily's pastor, a venerable man, noted for his wisdom and his great interest in the young, had met her. He had loved her as his own child, nor had he less affection for William. But he was a wise man, and had seen too much of life to be blinded by dazzling talents, which were, as he knew, only a richer soil for the seeds of vice, as well as the seeds of virtue. He had watched with profound interest the rapid development of William's talents, and with no less pain the power of a habit which, unchecked, would ruin him finally. To have that noble girl laid on the altar for such a sacrifice as he feared it would prove, pained him.

As he met her now, and read in her face the honest desire for the advice of gray-haired wisdom, at the risk of offending her, and making an enemy of William, he said feelingly, as he pressed her hand—

"Beware, my dear girl, of intrusting your happiness to any man, be his talents and station what they may, *who sips wine*, and occasionally drinks too much. However estimable in other respects, that habit will be the destroyer of him, and of you also if you become his wife."

An expression of anguish shot across her countenance, as the old man spoke so plainly concerning one in whom her heart was deeply interested already, and yet one whose only bad habit her good judgment bade her beware.

"Father ——," she said, conquering her feelings, "I approve your words, and will follow them."

It was after this conversation that William had made the offer of his hand to her. Long since, in anticipation of this, she had resolved to reject his offer. And yet, when the otherwise noble man came to plead his own cause, she found it required no ordinary courage to abide by her previous determination. It was this which made her cheek pale, and wrung tears from her. At last she nerved herself to say, finally—

"Do not urge me any more. Do not ask me why I say it, only let us now separate, and henceforth be to each other only as *friends*."

"Only as *friends!*" impatiently exclaimed her lover. "It is unkind and disingenuous thus to tantalize my feelings. You have confessed that my attentions have been pleasant to you, and yet now you reject me without assigning a reason. Have I been deceived in finding you, whom I adored as a woman with a heart, to be a coquette without a heart?"

In a moment the tears started afresh, and some indignation was mingled in the varying expressions of her face. But like a noble woman, as she was, she determined to unbar her inmost heart, and let him see the conviction which drove her to a course so painful.

"William," said she, with faltering utterance, "you might have spared me the harsh necessity of saying what I am now compelled to. You demand my reason; and, however frivolous it may seem to you, to me it is sufficient, and I will abide by it. Duty to God, my parents, myself, and to you, imperatively forbids me to unite myself with one, however estimable in other respects, who uses intoxicating drinks."

The young man sprung from his seat as if pierced with an arrow. His black eye flashed, as he passionately said, "And is this all? Am I treated as though I were a sot? I take a glass of wine occasionally with a friend, and now you scorn me and drive me away as though you thought me a reeling drunkard!"

There was indignation in his emphasis, such as one feels under unjust accusation. He did not know himself. It is passing strange that all beside are aware of the ruin consequent on drinking, before the one most interested. All perceive the danger, and yet he who is to be ruined is the only one unconscious. It is to be noticed, indeed, that the man already bloated and blossomed with intemperance, feels that no one can see his situation, and he is always vexed when even a friend has courage to warn him. The prayer of Burns was never more apropos than in the case of one habitually using intoxicating drinks.

> "Oh wad some power the giftie gi' us,
> To see ourself as ithers see us."

It was thus with this gifted young man. He knew that he had been quite drunk several times. To be sure, he had been overtaken suddenly when with some companions, and yet the long and short of it in plain English was, he had been drunk. And now he felt himself wronged by the noble-hearted woman, who had gone so far as twice to tell him what she would have preferred to bury in her own heart, and had thus infringed on that good advice, which says—

> "But still keep something to yourself,
> Ye'll scarcely tell to ony!"

She had told him as much as that she loved him, and then why she dared not consent to become his wife.

To this sudden outbreak of anger her dignified reply was: "William, I can bear your indignation and your groundless imputations, but cannot change my resolution."

A sudden thought flashed across his mind, which was uttered as soon as conceived.

"If I will promise, and set my name to it in writing, that I will now and forever abstain from all that can intoxicate, will you consent to be mine?"

A bright glow lighted up Emily's face as she instantly pronounced the simple word,

"*Yes.*"

Forthwith the pledge was given, and the covenant, one of the most interesting into which mortals can enter, was ratified. Two loving hearts had plighted their mutual vows.

But a few weeks passed before that mansion was the scene of glad festivities, as the gifted William and the beautiful Emily were united in marriage. The gray-haired pastor was there. He knew all that had transpired and rejoiced in it, but with trembling, for his acquaintance with human nature warned him against a too implicit reliance on any sudden impulse, even for good. He feared this change would be evanescent as an impulse, rather than permanent as a principle. The old man's voice trembled as he said solemnly, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Several years have elapsed, and now come with me, indulgent reader, to one of those flourishing towns, which spring up like magic in the Great Valley of the West. Those grand old forests are leafless, and the winter winds sigh dolefully through them. That new town has a rum-hole in it, to which I would introduce you for one moment. The whole building is filled with the stench of rum and tobacco, and when by chance the door opens, there issues forth a volley of oaths and obscenities. It is a bitter cold day, and one draws his coat close about him, as the wind whistles by. And what shall poverty, with her poor tatters, do now? Ah friends, let us remember the poor, when it is cold, nor give them that cheap charity which merely says, "be ye warmed and clothed," yet gives not the things which are needful.

Suddenly the door of that tavern opens, and a stout, red-faced man, whom we take to be the landlord, rudely thrusts a poor wretch into the street, and then closes the door against him. It is a hard case, and yet the *like has occurred.*

Go up and examine this poor creature, and see whether or no you can detect the face of an old acquaintance. Say whether you can recognize the haggard face under that slouched hat? How wretched he looks, with his thin, ragged clothes, and "clouted shoes!" He stands a moment, as though stupefied, and then staggers along the street from sheer weakness. He is not drunk. The *kind* publican who put him forth from his doors, would not give him a drop, because he had not a cent. Indeed, had we been there, we might have heard the red-faced landlord shouting brutally, "Bill, what are you here for again?" and when the poor fellow asked for "a drink," he was insultingly asked for the pay first. But he had no pay, and instead of "a drink," he got a curse; and when he lingered, shivering around the fire, he was ordered, like a menial, to go out and get some wood. And when the weak man came in with a little, for he could carry no more, I fancied I saw him kicked by that large man's foot, and that then the same brutal man dragged him out as we saw! It is a hard case, we repeat, and yet such degradation, and such brutality, are to be found even in these days!

For once, at least, thank God for penniless poverty, which has sent, nay dragged, a drunkard sober from the stench of a rum-hole into pure air, though it is cold. Yes, he is sober, and sobriety has hope. But let us look a moment into the drunkard's home before he reaches it. It is a crazy old building, and the piercing cold rushes into it through a thousand holes. An old table, a bed, and two or three chairs, are the furniture. Drunkenness in that land of forests cannot deprive the poorest of a little fire, and yet that which cheers this room is utterly insufficient for such a day. And yet everything is neat. The room and everything in it, constituted poverty cleanly dressed.

And then the drunkard's wife! is it possible that this sorrowing creature, so thinly clad, can be the beautiful bride whom we saw a few years ago, the idol of all her friends, and especially of her husband's heart? Can this be she, on whom that aged man of God invoked a blessing? Those large eyes, red with weeping, and beautiful still, and, when we look into them, all brimming full of sorrow, we know they are Emily's. Yes, here we have William and Emily, whose history is short. The old pastor was right. The change in William was not the result of fixed principle, and not many months passed, before he returned to his wine. At first he was popular in his profession, and rapidly was acquiring fortune. "Waxing worse and worse," was the history of his progress in drinking, and this took from

him all confidence. He started for the West, hoping there to regain his character. He wept to break his heart at times, and yet was weak as an infant to resist his besetment. And thus had he gone down deeper into his degradation, until the gifted William was so low, that a rum-seller, the liberal patron of his own liquids, having got his last cent, dares to turn him into the street!

But we are tarrying too long. The wretched husband has entered the wretched dwelling. He yet loves his wife, and he loves the boy God has given them. Their misery is the bitterest drop in his own cup. The wife saw, that though wretched, he was not drunk, and flew to his arms. A true woman's love is the sunlight of sorrow. The husband felt that he deserved no such meeting and greeting as this.

"Oh, Emily, my injured wife," he uttered, as he wept, "God forgive me for reducing you to this! Leave me, and go back to your father, who has enough to keep you from this beggary, and let me go to ruin alone!"

It was true, her father was rich, but she would not forsake her husband, and now he could not learn where she was. She knew that *she* would be welcomed back home, but not the sot she called her husband. She never even balanced the thing in her mind. She would cleave to him, though it rent her heart in twain. To his despairing words she replied, as none but a woman can—

"Do not say so, William; all is *not* lost. Only give up this one bad habit, and we shall see years of happiness. You are young, and your talents will lift you high in your profession, and give us all the comforts of life. Cut away this millstone from your neck now, and see whether my words do not all prove true."

He was subdued by her kindness, and wept like a child. But past resolutions, as often broken as made, discouraged him, as he replied—

"Thank you, dearest wife, thank you, and God bless you for your goodness. But before we were married, and a hundred times since, I have vowed to abandon this vice, and yet here I am, an outcast drunkard, so worthless, that even—the tavern keeper has driven me from his door! Yes, I am 'a castaway' of all but *you*."

"And what of that? The wretch drove you away because you had no money. Come now, assert your manhood, and cast off your chain. If not for my sake, then do it for *our boy!*"

The little fellow, by this time, with quick intuition, seeing his father was gentle to his mother, had climbed up on his knees, and presented his lips for the fond kiss which he always received when the father was sober. This was more than he could bear, and again he sobbed like a child.

In the life of a vicious man, as in some diseases, there is a crisis, and woe betide him if the change is not for the better. The whole man is subdued and crushed, and you may cast him on any flood-tide, to be borne whither you will. As when the crisis in a fever comes on, if the patient is neglected, death soon ensues, so in reformation, when Divine Providence produces a crisis, we should "watch and pray," that the result be life. Such was the precise state of William's mind. A rum publican had driven him ignominiously from his door; a wife, heart-broken only on his account, had forgiven him and blessed him with holy words of hope; and to crown all, his little son had come and nestled once more in his father's heart, as he was wont in better days. The drunkard was now ready for any favoring flood-tide to bear him back to virtue, to society, and to God. In his case it came, and that at the right moment.

Scarcely had the little boy received that fervent kiss from his weeping father, when a knock at the door startled them; and a very respectable man walked in, scarcely waiting for permission, with the question, "Does William —— reside here?"

"Yes, sir," said William, "that is my name; have you any business with me?"

In an instant the stranger had seized the hand of the drunken lawyer, and was examining his countenance with a mournful scrutiny.

"Is it possible," at last he exclaimed; "is it possible that this is William —— and Emily ——? and looking thus, and living so miserably? But come; say whether you know me or not, for I *have* business with you, and very important business too."

William and Emily looked puzzled, and at last the former said, "You really seem to have an undue advantage over us in the matter of recognition. I cannot detect a familiar line in your face, except you recall James ——, of our native town, who, when we left it, was the most hopeless sot there. Excepting that habit,

the world could not produce a more noble fellow."

"Thank God, I am James ——, but no longer a *sot*. A merciful God rescued me, and I am a miracle to myself and those who knew me. And now I am itinerating the country to tell drunkards, even the most hopeless, to look at me, and take courage."

"We can hardly believe our own eyes. Is it possible?" were the expressions of William and his wife. And then succeeded a hearty welcome; such as old friends alone can give when they meet unexpectedly, far from home, among strangers.

"James ——? I am dreaming, or a miracle indeed has taken place," said William.

"Ay, ay," was the answer; "look at me well, and remember what I was six years ago. When you left our place, I became much worse than you ever saw me, and seemed abandoned of God and men. I barely lived through an attack of delirium tremens. I was on the very verge of the drunkard's grave, the treacherous brink of which was giving way under me. One day, beastly drunk, I had fallen in the street, and all looking on me passed by on the other side, save one little boy. You know him well enough, William; he is your brother's oldest son. He stood by me, and spoke to me so respectfully and kindly that it touched my heart. Says he to me,

"'Mr. —— come, get up, and I will get you something to eat; and to-night you shall go to the meeting, and sign the pledge, and then you will be happy again!'

"It seemed just as if heaven had drawn aside the darkness from my heart one moment, and let in one blessed beam of hope. I got up, with his assistance, signed the pledge, and God has thus far kept me."

As the reformed man thus talked with the eloquence of experience, his very appearance inspired courage.

"But," said William, "how did you find us out? I thought our residence was concealed from all our friends."

"That is easily explained," replied his friend. "As I got out of the stage-coach at the tavern, a short time since, I found the bar-room in a perfect uproar of excitement because the miscreant there had turned you out of doors, and your name was repeated in the course of the talk. Without delay, my mind all excited to meet an old friend, I inquired the way, and hurried here to see you. And now, come; your little nephew saved me; let me discharge part of my debt to him by rescuing his uncle. Come, William, in the fear of God sign this pledge."

"Oh husband, there *is* yet hope! Only sign the pledge and we shall yet be happy!"

Another moment and the pledge was signed, and the generous James —— called on them, in that mean house, to bow with him in gratitude before the Great Author of this mercy. The scene was an impressive one. Husband, wife, child, and deliverer, all united in the hearty thanksgiving of the occasion.

We need not enter more into details. The moment his habit was given up, William began to recover the confidence of his fellow-men. Emily's father heard of the change, and showed his interest in giving them a generous pecuniary benefit, placing them in easy circumstances. In two years William had a lucrative practice in his profession. His heart had been touched, so that a new principle was therein implanted, and now he lives in a humble sense of his constant need of God's aid to keep him from again falling. Emily, now so happy in her family, looks beautiful as she did on the night she plighted her vows to William. And their little son talks of no one in the world so much as of "good uncle James, who got pa to sign." Even the aged pastor, who married them, has been heard to say—

"We have entered on a new dispensation. When I was young, the drunkard's case was considered hopeless. But now, that James —— and William —— have reformed, who shall say that any case is hopeless?"

"Thirty years ago" and the present day, are very different for vicious men. Thirty years ago even good men looked on the poor inebriate, robbed as he was almost of manhood, and "passed by on the other side." But in our day "the good Samaritan" is seen in every hovel, penetrating every haunt of infamy; and, taking the vicious by the hand, he points to the cross and says, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!"

THE SNOW-STORM—A SKETCH.

BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

I LOVE snow. I have loved it from childhood. And where is the child that does not love snow? But my fondness for snow was not one of those fancies which vanish with our early years; with me it is a passion which years have served rather to strengthen than otherwise. The feeling may be somewhat changed in character, but not in intenseness. Yes, I love snow, and snow-storms are of all others my especial favorites. I love, too, to look upon the forests of winter, when the snow, as if out of pure benevolence, covers the naked branches of the trees with a robe of dazzling whiteness, making them seem the creations of another, I had almost said a purer world.

Snow does not fall upon you with the saddening, depressing influence of rain, drenching you to the skin, and chilling you to the bone; on me, at least, its effect is of a cheering and exhilarating nature.

I love to watch the flakes dancing and whirling about in the air, before they reluctantly fall to the earth. And their touch, when they chance to find their way to your neck, is like that of the fingers of some tiny elf, tickling you out of sheer playfulness. But would you see a snow-storm in perfection, you must not spend a winter here in the city, but take a trip to the northern part of the state, where Jack Frost for six months reigns undisputed, monarch of the waste.

Here it was the occurrence took place which I am about to relate. I had spent part of the summer and most of the autumn in rambling about the country, making sketches, and towards the commencement of winter went into St. Lawrence County, for the purpose of executing some commissions for some friends I had residing there. My stopping-place was the village of G——. I had finished my last engagement, and was preparing to return home, when I accepted the invitation of an acquaintance, a Mr. Hunt, to spend a few days with him at his farm, distant about ten miles. It was at a time when the temperance movement was agitating the whole country, and the little village of G—— felt its full share of the commotion. There was to be a temperance meeting during the evening, and as my friend was not only an enthusiast in the good cause, but one of the speakers engaged for the occasion, our departure was of necessity delayed until after the close of the meeting.

There was in the village, at the same time, a neighbor of my friend, by the name of Clark, a violent opposer of the temperance cause, and who delayed his journey only, as he said, in order that he might see what fools the cold-water men would make of themselves. In the mean time, at the bar of the public house, he was unremitting in his devotions. It was late when the meeting broke up; the snow-storm, which had commenced in the afternoon, had been all the evening increasing in violence, so that when I contrasted the powerful animals and strong double sleigh of farmer Clark, with the light jumper and small horse of my friend Hunt, I was half inclined to accept the invitation of the former to ride with him, saying, as he made it, that if I went with that cold-water man and his little pony, we would all freeze to death upon the road.

But when, on looking into the speaker's face, I beheld the effect his deep potations were having upon him, I judged it most prudent to adhere to my first engagement, and ride with my friend Hunt.

The night, notwithstanding the snow, was one of almost pitchy darkness, and our road, none of the smoothest at the best, was by no means improved by the snow-drifts. Add to this, the wind was high, and blew as if out of very spite directly in our faces. I have said that I liked snow-storms, but this was an exception to the general rule, for this one I must admit was not exactly to my liking. Be-

sides, snow-storms, to be enjoyed, must be seen as well as felt.

Although the road, as before remarked, was not a good one, yet the only serious obstacles to be encountered were, first, a long hill called "the ridge," very difficult of ascent; one side of this hill, sinking almost perpendicularly, formed from the top a precipice of some eighty or ninety feet. From this latter fact, however, we apprehended no danger, for there was an ample breadth of road on the top; it was only the climbing that we dreaded. The only other place where we had reason to fear any serious obstacle was where the way lay for a short distance through a narrow ravine. This ravine was sometimes so completely choked up by snow-drifts as to be quite impassable for several days. We had passed the ridge in safety, and, almost dead with cold, reached the entrance of the ravine, when, to our dismay, we found it closed against us; completely shut up with snow. Here then was a dilemma. The road at this point was intersected by another, which by a circuitous route of several miles would take us to our place of destination. But it was a road little used, and in order to travel it in safety we needed daylight; so that our only alternative, now, was to retrace our steps and endeavor to obtain lodging for the night at a log cabin, which we had passed about half a mile from the foot of the ridge.

We had just completed the descent of the hill on our return, when we met farmer Clark, his horses much fatigued from hard driving, preparing to ascend it. We informed him of the state of the road at the ravine, and advised him to return with us. He was evidently intoxicated, and received our advice with a jeering laugh. Just what he expected of cold-water men, he said; he knew that we would back out, but he had started for home, and home (he declared with a horrid oath) he would be, snow or no snow, that very night. Saying this, he invited us to drink some brandy with him from a bottle which he drew from his pocket. Upon our refusing, he put it to his own lips, took a long draught, replaced the bottle, lashed his horses, and commenced ascending the hill. We, in a few minutes, were at the log cabin, comfortably seated by a good fire. As we saw no more of farmer Clark that night, we came to the conclusion that, upon reaching the ravine, and seeing the condition that it was in, he had taken the other road, and had succeeded in reaching his home in safety. We found upon waking in the morning that the violence of the storm had abated; the wind had fallen, and the snow descended in large flakes. Towards noon the weather cleared up, and we were enabled to pursue our journey, which we did by the longer road, before mentioned. The journey, though long, and to the poor horse a fatiguing one, was to me one of exquisite enjoyment.

The country through which we now passed was one of valley and woodland, lake and mountains, possessing just enough of the evidences of cultivation to take from it the appearance of absolute wildness. Such a country, viewed as we now did this, glittering under the rays of a noonday sun, all its rough edges and sharp corners rounded off, and softened down by the fleecy mantle which covered it; the tall pines, their lower branches trailing the earth, and just enough of their dark foliage visible to give effect to the dazzling whiteness of the snow; even the arms of the sturdy oak bending under the weight of their unwonted burden; all conspired to make it appear a scene of enchantment rather than of reality, and any attempt to describe it in mere words must inevitably be a failure.

On reaching the home of my friend Hunt, we were suprised to learn that farmer Clark had not yet returned. And when that day, and the greater part of the next, had passed without bringing any tidings of him, his family became seriously alarmed for his safety. The whole neighborhood was now aroused in search of him, but all to no purpose. Neither the people of the village, nor those who lived on the road he was supposed to have taken, had seen anything of him since the night of the storm.

We now recollected that when last seen by us he was in the act of ascending the ridge. Could it be that, intoxicated as he was, he had driven off the precipice? Unwilling to alarm his friends with what might prove to be unnecessary fears, my friend Hunt and myself returned by ourselves to the spot.

On reaching the edge of the precipice our worst apprehensions were confirmed. The unfortunate man in his recklessness had driven too near the edge of the rocks. At this place there was a gradual slope of a few yards,

the rest of the descent being nearly perpendicular. On reaching this inclined plane, from which the snow had been driven by the wind, leaving a surface of smooth ice, the hinder part of the sleigh had swung round, and the horses, unable to retain their footing on the glassy surface, the whole had gone over the precipice together. The body of poor Clark was found deeply buried in the snow under the sleigh, which had fallen on him. The horses, too, were both killed by the fall. The fate of the wretched man (the result, as it was, of his intemperate habits) created quite a sensation at the time, and fearful as was the blow to his family, it was not unattended by some beneficial results even to them. He had left two sons on the verge of manhood, who, under the influence of his bad example, were fast following in his footsteps. His sudden death was to them a fearful warning. They turned from the error of their ways, and have grown up worthy members of society.

Thus ended my experience of northern winters. I have been in many snow-storms since, some quite as severe as the one I have attempted to describe, but no one that has so indelibly impressed itself on my memory.

"ARE THE YOUNG HAPPY?"

BY M. J.

SPARE, oh! spare to break the vision,
That would picture life so fair;
While our dreams are all elysian,
Whisper not of gloom or care:
Buoyant Hope has ever granted
Sunshine to the youthful brow;
If we *must* be disenchanted,
We, at least, are happy now.

When the smooth and silver water
Rocks the moonbeam on its breast;
And with tunes that Nature taught her,
Zephyr sings the flowers to rest;
When the billows thus are sleeping,
Who is thinking of the storm?
Or when winds such watch are keeping,
Of the lily's blasted form?

Point not then, in life's gay morning,
To a cloud within the sky;
Tell us not the sad forewarning,
That the things we love must die;
And because a dark to-morrow
May arise upon our way,
Dim not with the clouds of sorrow,
All the sunshine of to-day.

Think you if no word is spoken,
And no restless fancy curbed,
Youth's fond dreams would be unbroken—
Youth's illusions undisturbed—
Till its bark upon life's ocean,
Unprepared, with sails unfurled,
Downward in some wild commotion,
Unresisting, should be hurled?

Then I wrong the love so ready,
That would bid us shift the sail—
That would teach us how to steady
Barks so slight amid the gale:
Aught of danger unforeseeing,
Youth anticipates no ill;
Hope inwoven with our being,
Is an idle dreamer still.

But these fairy days will vanish
Like the rainbow from the sky;
And severer cares will banish
Lightness from the laughing eye:
Feelings ever fresh and vernal
Not to human hearts are given;
Only can they be eternal
In the boundlessness of Heaven!

FATHER FRANCIS;

A TALE OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

BY PHIL BRENGLE.

CHAPTER III.

One month, dark and dreary, passed over him in that horrible place. The Reformer was praying for death to end his misery. During that whole time he had been shut up in close darkness, had heard no pleasant word, or even seen the face of mankind. One day, however, as he was turning over the loathsome food just laid on the bottom of the cell, his hand came in contact with flint and steel. Near it was a box of tinder and a short candle. He eagerly struck a light.

A small piece of paper was lying in the midst of his food. Upon it was scrawled in a rude, unpractised hand:

"When I took my oath as a menial in the Holy Office, I swore to put aside my feelings as a man whenever they clashed with my duty. Hitherto I have kept that terrible oath, but now I am too weak to resist. I have gone to my home, and heard my wife's voice, and my own heart responded to her words. More than this, I have seen my only boy, playing happily in all the health and life which you renewed within him. This is too much. I will save a heretic! I will forswear my soul—and yet God will forgive that holy perjury.

"To-morrow you will be examined before the Grand Inquisitor, Tomas de Torquenada himself, who has just come from Madrid to preside on that day. Be bold and collected. Watch my movements well, and strive for your life when the time comes. I shall be compelled to apply the torture to your limbs; but think, in your pain, that it is not the real agony which they intend for you. I have so arranged them all—even the rack itself—that they will be nothing more than mockeries."

"Again, be bold and cool, and yet patient!"

Need we say that the Reformer spent the rest of that night on his knees in thanksgiving and prayer?

Time passed swiftly thus, and just as Father Francis was about to seek a little repose to nerve himself for the duties of the next day, an official entered his dungeon and summoned him into the presence of the Grand Inquisitor. The day had already come.

The room which he now entered was long and crowded with dark-robed forms, whose very silence might well strike terror into the nerves of an ordinary mortal. Nor were the figures more fearful than the horrid instruments of torture, each placed by the side of an official, who stood ready to perform the duties of his office. Among them, at their head indeed, the prisoner noticed one, whom he imagined to possess the form and air of Bartolemé.

The only person not disguised was the most terrible of all, Tomas de Torquenada, the Grand Inquisitor of Spain. This man, who has so thoroughly interwoven himself with the history of the Inquisition, was small, slender, and possessing more of the physical peculiarities commonly attributed to men of his stamp. Yet his eye, set, chill, even glowing in its fixed coldness, and his firmly bound mouth, made it impossible to mistake any other in his presence for the man whose name was whispered throughout Spain in terror, and has even descended to our own times, as another word for cruel bigotry.

By his side sat other Inquisitors of less note, all muffled in their customary robes. The only uncovered faces were those of the prisoner and Torquanada himself. He had no fear of betraying his feelings by his features.

The examination was opened by one of the associates. Every query was upon points of faith, and to all these Father Francis gave such answers from the first, as sealed his fate without farther question. He held the doctrines

which are now received in substance among all Protestants. Sentence of death was unhesitatingly pronounced—death by fire at the next Auto de Fé.

Torquenada then spoke for the first time:

"Heretic and unholy priest! You have said enough for your own doom, but you must now say more. For a long time you have escaped the wrath of the Holy Office: you have been sheltered and protected by the influence of some one high in power, infected equally with yourself. What is his name?"

"Hitherto, I have been protected by the hand of God, and he will not desert me now."

"Tell this Holy Office," continued Torquenada, slowly and steadily, "the name of the man who has upheld you against the Church."

"That there has been such a person," replied Father Francis, with equal energy, "it is useless for me to deny, and I thank God that He has so disposed the heart of at least one Christian noble in this land. But I will never betray him into your power."

A slight smile came over Torquenada's face, but he only nodded to the nearest official. This man, whom Father Francis had rightly imagined to be Bartolemé, approached the condemned with his instrument of torture. It was that which history has recorded for its fiendish cruelty, as *the torture of the boot*. The foot of the sufferer is placed in an iron boot, and then heavy wedges of metal are driven down between the boot and limb. The torture is most exquisite, as flesh, sinew and bone are of course crushed together in a very few blows.

From the tenderness with which his foot was fastened into the boot, Father Francis knew that he was in the hands of Bartolemé, but as the end of the large black wedges were inserted, and an arm raised for the blow, he closed his eyes in anticipated torment, wholly unable to understand how the torture could be evaded. The blow came; it was only a sharp, quick pain, instead of the crushing agony he had feared. Another and another. The prisoner hardly flinched.

Bartolemé had substituted, for the iron wedges commonly used, a set of hollow instruments made of thin, elastic slips of wood, so skillfully painted and joined together that they could not well be distinguished from those they were intended to counterfeit. As they were driven in, instead of crushing the limb, they were of course compressed into the width of a thin board, though the part above the iron boot retained its former size.

The Inquisitors could hardly believe their senses, when they saw their victim retaining his calmness under one of the severest of tortures. They attributed it to the interference of Satan himself, and consulted in evident perplexity. Torquenada suddenly called Bartolemé to his side and gave him a brief order, then turned to Father Francis:

"Confess that you have leagued with Satan, and we spare the next torture."

"God was my helper," replied the Reformer, solemnly.

"Away with him!" roared the Grand Inquisitor, losing self-command for the first time.

In an instant he was hurried from the room by Bartolemé and another. After many windings, they led him finally into perfect darkness, and there bound him hand and foot to the floor, so that he was unable to move a limb. While doing this, Bartolemé found an opportunity to whisper in his ear:

"The cord on your right arm is weak, but do not loose yourself until the last moment. Dash through the left door—then stop."

They then left them.

CHAPTER IV.

The condemned man lay for some moments in that posture without hearing any sound. The very silence became more painful than the darkness, for there was nothing upon which he could employ his mind in devising means to escape the danger.

Suddenly he heard a faint, regular noise, like the ticking of a large clock above his head. Then a light appeared in the top of the room, full thirty feet above him. Two heads were thrust out, eagerly watching something which then began to swing slowly down from the aperture. One of those men was Bartolemé.

The priest just noticed them and then fixed his attention upon the instrument they had set in motion. It swung regularly from side to side, like a pendulum, with a loud ticking sound. What it was, he could not at first see; but it was evident from the first that it was descending rapidly, and of course sweeping in longer arcs. The light from above flashed full upon it, and then Father Francis saw that it

was a heavy crescent of bright, keen steel, descending full upon him.

He now understood his danger, and quivered, as he recalled to memory the famous "pendulum" torture, rarely practiced in the Inquisition, and only in the most extreme cases. This crescent edge of steel would descend more and more slowly, but still descend right upon the helpless body beneath, and only stop its hideous sweep when it grounded upon the floor. The bare idea of being thus dissevered, so agitated him, that he was upon the point of bursting the cord on his right arm and attempting to escape forthwith, but he desisted, remembering the direction to wait until the last moment. Somewhat reassured, he watched the descending blade as coolly as he could command the strength.

By this time it was more than half way down. It was indeed a terrible sight—that broad, flashing edge, hovering in the air for a moment, then sweeping swiftly down to the middle of its arc, only to mount again and then descend still lower than before. He gazed upon it until a sudden insanity seized him, and he idly watched the coming death, then greeted it with a loud, silly laugh. It was now but a few feet above him, and he could plainly feel upon his cheek the wind of its rush. Yet he made no effort to free himself, but lay there, stupidly gazing upon it until a quick, astonished wave of Bartolemé's hand from above recalled him to his senses. The time had come. He easily burst the rotten cord upon his right arm, then seized a knife, which Bartolemé had secretly left at his side, and in an instant freed himself. Not a moment too soon, for the keen edge just grazed his side as he arose, and inflicted a very slight wound.

The light above was suddenly extinguished. As the priest threw himself through the left door, he distinctly heard his preserver slide down by the framework of the engine still in motion; then his quick, skillful leap to the ground. In another moment Bartolemé grasped his hand, and drew him swiftly forward in the darkness.

They had gone but a few steps before the rescued man heard the dull, grinding crush of the steel upon the floor.

"Thank the saints that your are not there!" whispered Bartolemé.

"I thank God, and you too," replied Father Francis, fervently. "Hush!"

Even Bartolemé, accustomed as he was to the place, found it difficult to thread his way in the darkness. At length, however, they stood in the court where the priest's eyes had been bandaged. The noise of footsteps was behind them, but Bartolemé coolly locked the door and threw away the key. In a few moments more, they had left the city behind, and were standing in the open field. Here Bartolemé slackened his pace.

"I thought you would *never* break that cord. Do you know that a madness had seized you—such as almost always falls into the frightened souls of men under that horrible engine? Some rave and shout; some are stupid as you were. However, that is over now. When I saw you handling the knife, I extinguished the light, and before my companion could seize me, slid down the sweeping frame. 'Twas a singular sensation I assure you, that came over me, when I balanced myself to strike the ground. No matter about that now; we are safe for the present. I have no fear of being taken before reaching home, for every arrangement has been already made, but we must cross the mountains into France this very night. Now, sir, I have more than paid my debt. You saved the life of of my child without increasing your own danger; I have saved yours at the hazard of my head and the certain persecution of the Holy Office hereafter. I must leave my country—I have lost all means of support—I depend now only upon my hands, and a helpless woman with her child are hanging heavily upon them! Is not your debt paid?"

"You speak too bitterly, my friend," calmly replied Francis. "A good deed is never unrewarded, nor shall you suffer for this. They said truly, that I have been upheld by one high in power: we will now go to him. Under his protection, you and your family will be screened from the Inquisition. I cannot share in your security. The faith which I have preached for years, and for the sake of which God has delivered me from this peril, is yet unknown and despised in the world. That faith I must preach until I die."

THE MAGDALEN TO HER SLEEPING CHILD.

BY MRS. SARAH W. BROOKS.

"I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

Thy brow hath caught a heavenly gleam,
And with a smile thy red lips part,
As if some rainbow-colored dream,
Were making music in thine heart.

That light is from a far-off land,
And by its shadow on thy brow,
I know that some fair angel band,
Is whispering to thy spirit now.

What message bear they from on high,
Those heralds of a sinless sphere,
Whose radiant wings have cleft the sky
To bear its music to thine ear?

Alas, my baby! shame and sin
Have seared my heart and stamped my brow,
Till naught but discord reigns within;
I hear no angel voices now.

I stand apart, a Upas tree—
A loathsome thing, with verdure dressed;
No living, loving flower but thee
Beneath my poisoned shade may rest.

Yet still I play a smiling part,
And many an answering smile I wake;
But oh, this weary, breaking heart—
This heart that cannot, cannot break!

I do not weep—I dare not pray,
And when my tortured brain grows wild,
This hand would fling my life away,
Were life not linked with thee, my child.

One tear, to cool my burning brain!
Plead thou, my babe, and heaven will hear;
Ask of that pitying angel train
The blessing of one single tear.

A prayer is in my heart to-night;
All-seeing Father, hear me now!
Give to my darkened soul such light
As falleth on my baby's brow.

He will not leave me to despair,
Who once upon the fallen smiled;
Bear to his throne the mother's prayer,
Ye who are whispering to her child!

THE HARP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODORE KÖRNER.

The secretary lived with his young wife still in the spring-time of the honeymoon. Neither worldly considerations nor transient affection had united them; an ardent and long-tried love was the bond of their union. They had known each other in early youth, but the delay which Sellner had experienced in obtaining an appointment had hitherto compelled him to postpone the accomplishment of his wishes. On the very Sunday, however, after he found himself securely fixed in his office, he led the beloved girl, as his wife, into their new home.

After the customary days of constraint, devoted to visits of congratulation, and to family festivities, Sellner and Josephine were enabled to enjoy their evenings in solitude, undisturbed by the presence of any intruder. These hours, which flew but too swiftly for the lovers, were passed in forming plans for their life, with Sellner's flute and Josephine's harp; and the deep unison of their tones was a sweet presage to them of the harmony and union of their future days.

One evening, after they had long been beguiling themselves with music, Josephine began to complain of headache. She had concealed from her anxious husband an indisposition, accompanied by a slight fever, with which she had been attacked that morning, and the fever was increased by the excitement of the music, which from her youth was somewhat apt to exhaust a frame naturally delicate. She now no longer concealed her feelings from her husband, and Sellner, being uneasy, sent for a physician, who treated the matter as a trifle, and promised perfect recovery on the morrow.

After a most restless night, however, during the whole of which she had been delirious, the physician found his patient in a state which bore all the symptoms of a violent nervous fever. He applied every remedy, but in vain. Josephine grew daily worse; Sellner was in despair.

On the ninth day, Josephine herself felt that she could no longer sustain this illness: the physician had already told Sellner so. Josephine felt that her last hour was come, and with calm resignation she awaited her fate. "Dear Edward," said she to her husband, pressing him for the last time to her bosom, "with deep regret do I leave this beautiful earth, where I have found thee and the blessedness of thy love; but though I may no longer be happy with thee, yet shall thy Josephine's love hover over thee like a faithful genius, till we meet again above." Having said this she sank back, and gently breathed her last. It was evening, and the ninth hour.

Sellner's sufferings were beyond all expression. Grief destroyed his health; he was confined many weeks to a sick bed, and, even when he arose from it, the strength of youth had forsaken him: deep melancholy succeeded to despair, and silent sorrow hallowed every remembrance of the beloved one. He had left Josephine's room exactly as it was before her death. Upon the work-table still lay her work, and her harp stood silent and neglected in a corner. Every evening Sellner wandered into this sanctuary of his love, and, taking his flute with him, he would lean, as in the days of his happiness, against the window, whilst in the saddest tones he breathed forth his longing for his beloved one.

Once, while standing thus in Josephine's room, lost in phantasies, a bright moon pouring in upon him her soft light through the open window, and the watchman from a neighboring tower calling the ninth hour, suddenly the harp, as if touched by the light breath of a spirit, responded to the tones of his flute. Deeply moved, he ceased to play upon his flute; but, with the silence of his own instrument, the sounds of the harp were instantly hushed. Trembling violently, he now began to play Josephine's favorite air, and then, ever louder and more powerfully resounded the chords of the harp to his own melody, the tones mingling in the softest, sweetest harmony. At length, sinking upon the ground in joyful emotion, and stretching out his arms to embrace the beloved spirit, he felt as if

breathed upon by the warm air of spring, and he distinctly saw a pale, silvery light floating before him. With glowing enthusiasm, he cried, "I recognize thee, holy shade of my glorified Josephine; thou didst promise to hover over me with thy love; thou hast kept thy word. I feel thy breath, I feel thy kisses on my lips, I feel myself encompassed—embraced—by thy glorified spirit!" With ecstacy he again seized his flute, and instantly again the harp sounded, but now ever softly and more softly, until its murmurs died away, as if melting into air.

Sellner's whole being was powerfully excited by this solemn and joyful communion with the spirit of his beloved. Greatly agitated, he threw himself upon his bed; and, in all the feverish dreams that visited him throughout the night, the heavenly sound of the harp mingled and predominated. He awoke late, and greatly exhausted. He felt his whole frame strangely affected, and he heard a voice within him, which seemed to him as a foreboding of his own speedy dissolution, and which betokened the triumph of the soul over the body. With indescribable impatience he awaited the evening, which he spent in Josephine's room, in earnest hope and undoubting faith. By the aid of his flute, he had succeeded in passing the time in peaceful dreams, until the ninth hour returned. Scarcely had the last stroke of the clock vibrated on his ear, when the tones of the harp again became audible—faint, low, hardly perceptible at first, but at length bursting into full power and harmony. The moment his flute was silent, the phantom tones of the harp were also mute, and he saw again passing before him the pale, silvery light. In his rapture he could only utter the words, "Josephine, Josephine, take me to thy faithful arms!" Again the harp took leave of him with faint, low notes, as if melting into air.

Still more affected by the events of this than of the former evening, Sellner was now so much changed that his servant, terrified at the appearance of his master, sent for his physician, who was, at the same time, his chosen friend.

The physician found the invalid laboring under a violent attack of fever, with the very same symptoms that he had formerly witnessed in Josephine, only much more severe. The fever increased considerably throughout the night, during the whole of which he talked incessantly in his delirium of Josephine and her harp. In the morning he was calmer, for, in truth, the struggle was over, and he felt that his release was at hand, though the physician gave no encouragement to this impression.

The sick man disclosed to his friend the events of the two last evenings, and no representations of the physician could alter the opinion of his patient. As evening approached, Sellner became weaker and weaker, and begged in a trembling voice to be taken to Josephine's room. This was done. With inconceivable serenity he looked around, greeted each dear object once more with silent tears, and spoke collectedly, but with firm conviction, of the ninth hour as that of his death. The decisive moment approached; he made every one leave the room, after having taken leave of them, with the exception of his friend and physician, who insisted on remaining. At length the tower clock with a hollow sound struck the ninth hour. Sellner's countenance became transfigured, a deep emotion glowed upon the pale cheeks. "Josephine," cried he, as if inspired; "Josephine! salute me once more at the moment of my departure, that I may know that thou art near, and that I may overcome death by thy love."

At that moment the chords of the harp burst out miraculously into loud, heavenly harmony, like a song of triumph, and around the dying man there hovered a pale, silvery light. "I come! I come!" cried he, sinking back, and breathing hurriedly and violently, as if struggling with death. More and more softly sounded the tones of the harp; more and more violent became the convulsive struggles of the dying man; and, as he expired, the chords of the harp suddenly snapped asunder, as if broken by the hand of a spirit. The physician, in deep emotion, with a trembling hand, closed the eyes of the deceased, who, notwithstanding the violence of the last struggle, now lay as if in a sweet sleep.

Never did the physician lose the remembrance of this hour. It was a long time before he could prevail upon himself to speak of the last moments of his friend; but at length he communicated the events of that evening to some friends, and at the same time showed the harp, which he had appropriated to himself as a legacy of the deceased.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM ENCOURAGED.

NUMBERS, xxi. 4.

BY J. P. M'CORD.

When Israel wandered with Canaan in view,
And came where the depths of the wilderness lay,
Where terrors surrounded and comforts were few,
Their souls were discouraged because of the way.

But roused to advance by the glory that led,
The length of the desert securely they passed;
Still onward and onward encouraged to tread,
The land of the promise they entered at last.

So, while in the midst of this wearisome waste,
With mansions in prospect which ne'er shall decay,
How often when troubles and foes must be faced,
Our souls are discouraged because of the way!

But soon, if with firmness we only endure,
Our journey shall end, and our trials be passed;
Whatever befall us, the promise is sure,
The land of our hopes we shall enter at last.

The light of the gospel illumines the way,
The grace of the Spirit is given to aid,
The Saviour who loves us his arm will display,
To guard from the dangers that make us afraid.

He traces the steps of our course with his eye,
He knows all the troubles that sadden the breast;
He means by these troubles our patience to try,
And strengthen our love for the place of our rest.

Then let us be firm in the deepest distress,
And, lured by the bliss of a better abode,
Still forward and upward with energy press,
Nor once be discouraged because of the road.

A TRIP ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

THE importance with which the isthmus has suddenly become invested, will perhaps render a brief account of the passage from Chagres to Panama interesting to most readers.

A number of years since we were ordered to Chagres with dispatches for Panama. Chagres was a miserable, dirty village, which, however, derived some importance from being at that time the starting-place from the Atlantic to Panama, and also the port at which specie and goods from Panama, destined for England *via* the West Indies, were embarked.

The dispatches with which we were charged were not only important, but urgent; and being out of the regular course of the mail, we could find no courier at Chagres to convey them to Panama; and, as I had a great desire to cross the isthmus, I volunteered my services as courier, and made arrangements for starting on the following morning. Fortunately, I found at Chagres a merchant who was also desirous to cross. He was an exceedingly pleasant Scotchman, who had been to Panama several times, and spoke the "Columbian Spanish" like a native.

We engaged a large canoe, the after part of which was covered by a caravan-roof, composed of wicker-work and stout grass mats. This formed an excellent defense from the sun by day and the heavy dew by night; and had it not been for the musquitoes, which invaded our snuggery like an army of trumpeters, singing in our ears, and stinging us right and left, we should have been comfortable enough. As it was, we smoked, to endeavor to choke them; and by laughing at our troubles we made them lighter. In truth, we had great need of all our philosophy, for the current ran so strong, that the four stout Indians who composed our boat's crew were obliged to abandon the paddle, and pole up the river the whole distance of sixty miles; consequently it was not until the afternoon of the third day that we landed to refresh ourselves on the bank, a few miles below the point where the part of the journey by water terminates. Thus far the journey had been exceedingly monotonous and tedious; the only amusement being an occasional shot either at birds—which, if they fell, were lost in the woods, growing in wild luxuriance to the water's edge—or at a lazy alligator basking in the sun on a bank of mud, and which, if the ball struck his impervious hide, rolled over and over like a log, till he sunk beneath the stream and disappeared. The heat by day was intense; for although the river is very deep, it is very narrow, and so choked with foliage on both sides, that a breath of agitated air is an unknown luxury. Then, although the heights were cooler, it was impossible to meet with a vacant spot to take exercise; and it may be imagined that three days and two nights of such purgatory was irksome in the extreme.

The spot where our canoe was now hauled up on the muddy bank commanded a beautiful view, considering it was in a wilderness, and flat. On the opposite side of the river Nature had formed for herself a perfect park; the velvet lawns sloped and undulated as if they had been laid out by elaborate art, whilst the majestic trees, centuries old, "now singly stood, and now in groups," and it only required a stretch of fancy to picture an old baronial hall in the distance, to transport one in imagination from a wilderness where possibly the foot of man had never trodden, to a country-seat in dear old England; so true is it that all the beautiful designs of art may be traced to Nature for their model.

It was during our rest at this place that I nearly lost "the number of my mess:" the Indians were busied making a fire of dried sticks to roast a guana I had shot, and I determined to take advantage of their absence from the canoe to make my toilette. I was leaning over the side of the boat, bathing my head in the rapid stream, when the canoe suddenly tilted with my weight upon her gunwale, and, losing my equilibrium, I plunged headlong into the river. How wonderful is the flight of thought! I could not have been more than a few seconds under water, and yet in that brief space I recollected not only that alligators were abundant, but that, about a fortnight before, a brave officer had lost his life by falling into this same river, and getting, as was supposed, into a

strong under-current, was hurried away by it, and unable to rise to the surface. What an age it seemed before I shook my head above the water; and, when I did so, I found the stream had already swept me a considerable distance from the canoe, and more into the middle of the current. "Courage!" shouted the captain of the boat's crew.

"Are there any alligators?" I cried.

"Oh no," said he, laughing encouragingly; and in a few minutes I reached the bank, and, by a desperate effort, threw myself on a bed of mud, from which I emerged darker in hue than our sable boatmen.

At about nine in the evening we arrived at Cruces, the place where the water-carriage ceases; and, proceeding to the "head inn," I pleased myself with visions of a good dinner, and a refreshing night's rest, preparatory to the ride of thirty miles onward to Panama on the day following. Alas, that our waking visions should so often prove no less illusory than our dreams of the night!

The head inn was not a dwelling for either feasting or repose: the room into which I was shown to rest for the night was furnished with two grass hammocks, suspended from the rafters, and exactly resembling a large net made from the tough, variegated grasses of South America, the meshes being about the size, and the net-work about the strength and substance, of an ordinary cabbage-net. I stretched myself in one of these, and had just begun to enter the realms of Somnus, when I was startled by the shrill crowing of a cock within a yard of my ear. This was followed by another, and another crow, and anon half-a-dozen throats were screaming defiance at one and the same moment. The noise in so confined a place was absolutely painful, and, jumping out of the hammock, I discovered that there were eight fighting cocks, each tied by the leg, in the four corners, and in the centre of the four sides of the room. We cannot afford to be very particular on board ship as to noise, and by long habit, we sleep through the scrubbing decks, or the tramp of a hundred men immediately overhead; indeed, I have known a man sleep undisturbed by a salute of cannon fired on the deck above him; but the screaming of eight fighting cocks, with the accompaniment of flapping of wings, and struggling to free themselves, was beyond even a sailor's powers of somnolency, and I rushed into the open air in despair.

I may remark that the love of cock-fighting among the Creole Spaniards amounts to a passion. At Santa Martha and Carthagena, and other places, I have seen heavy sums change hands at cock-fights; and judging from the living ornaments of my sleeping apartment, the passion for this species of amusement must have been equally strong at Cruces.

As soon as I found my friend the merchant, he very kindly acceded to my desire to proceed to Panama that night. It having become known that we intended to cross, four or five Spanish travellers requested to join us; and, after some delay in procuring mules and a guide, our cavalcade left the head inn, and took the road to Panama.

It was a lovely night; the full moon literally flooded the landscape with her splendor; but after riding about a mile from Cruces, we entered upon the actual road, and there the trees, and banks, and excavated rocks on either side, so perfectly excluded the moon's rays, that it was impossible to see the road, which was in a most ruinous state, never having been repaired since it was first made by the Spaniards some fifty years before. At one moment the mule was stumbling over a heap of stones, which the torrent of the rainy season had piled together; and the next, he plunged into the hole from which they had been dislodged. Of course our progress was very slow, and at seven o'clock in the morning we were still ten miles from Panama, having been eight hours travelling the twenty miles from Cruces.

As the road up to this time had been almost one continued lane, running between banks more or less steep, I considered there could be no danger of missing the party if I dismounted to refresh myself, by bathing my face in a clear brook which rippled across the road. I was rather behind the rest, and my stopping was not observed by any one, for all were jaded and silent with the tedious and laborious journey of the night. Having finished my ablutions, I endeavored to push on to overtake the cavalcade; and, although I could not see any of them, I concluded that it was simply some turn of the road which concealed them from my sight. The beast I rode, however, was either knocked up, or had never been accustomed to any pace faster than a walk. In vain I coaxed

or flogged him; flagellation seemed rather to retard than accelerate his movements; in vain I struck the spurs, with rowels the size of penny-pieces, into his ribs; I might as well have spurred a rhinoceros, for out of a deliberate walk he would not move. After travelling about a mile in this way, I came to a large, open plain nearly surrounded by a wood. I looked in all direciions, but could discover no trace, not even the print of a hoof, from which I might judge which way my companions had gone. But as the sagacity of the mule is by some wise man said to be equal to his obstinacy, I threw the reins upon the neck of mine, and suffered him to "go his own way;" and he, crossing the plain in a straight line, entered the wood. At first the trees were so thick, and the branches so interwoven, that it was difficult to force a passage; but after a while the wood became more open, and having proceeded so far as to have lost all chance of finding the way out again, the mule suddenly stopped on the brink of a very extensive marsh, muddy and overgrown with rushes. The spot upon which he stood was clear, and the grass excellently good, to judge by the avidity with which my quadruped attacked it. I dismounted, and paused for some time, revolving in my mind what was to be done. I was hemmed in by the wood, except where it was bounded by the marsh, and to return to the forest again would be only to get into a labyrinth from which I might never be able to extricate myself. Therefore I resolved to cross the marsh if possible, and to climb to the top of a mountain I saw in the distance, and from the summit of which I calculated I must see the city of Panama. In execution of this purpose, I loosed from the mule's neck a rope, which I used as a tether when those animals halt to graze on a journey; and, fastening one end of it to his neck, and the other round my arm, I *drove* him into the marsh, which no effort of mine could make him enter whilst I remained on his back. The first plunge into the stagnant morass was as deep as my waist, and I had not gone twenty yards when my feet became so fettered by the rushes that I lost my balance and fell at full length. Before I could recover my footing the mule had turned to the place we had left, and, being a large, powerful brute, he dragged me after him like a well-hooked salmon; and in his final bound to regain the bank, the rope broke, and he trotted out of reach and resumed his breakfast, casting a sly glance at me, as much as to say, "I hope you are refreshed by your cold bath."

I now felt in a perfect dilemma; for the valise containing the dispatches was strapped behind the saddle, and all my efforts to catch the mule were ineffectual. Whenever I approached, his heels were ready to launch out; and if in desperation I rushed at him, he bounded off with an inconceivable agility and force, until at length I was fairly exhausted; and spreading my cloak upon the grass I endeavored to collect my thoughts, and to realize if possible the true nature of my position. In the course of my experience I have been often struck with the difference of the state of mind under the prospect of immediate, and apparently inevitable death, and when the prospect of death is not so immediate, and apparently inevitable. I recollect, for example, being once wrecked; and when, in half an hour after, the vessel struck, she began to fill, and death appeared unavoidable—the boats being either washed away, or destroyed by the falling masts; the water increasing more and more in the hold; and there appearing not a doubt but all hands must perish. On that occasion I found it impracticable to fix my mind for three minutes together—my imagination was so busy catching at straws, that it was impossible to collect my thoughts and meditate soberly; but now, as I lay on the grass, in the wild forest, I could deliberately plan, reject, and replan, with the thoughts perfectly under control. Not but the possibility of death crossed my mind; for the want of rest in the canoe, the tedious journey of the night, and lack of any refreshment since the afternoon of the preceding day, made me doubt whether I should be equal to crossing the marsh, climbing the distant mountain, and then walking some ten or a dozen miles to Panama; if even I could contemplate the idea of leaving the valise containing the dispatches, on the chance of its being recovered afterwards. This, however, I felt I could never have done. We admire the heroism of the soldier who, when he was picked up dead upon the field, was found to have the colors he had borne stuffed into his bosom; but I believe that the same spirit is very general amongst men accustomed to military life, and subjected to military discipline. '*L'esprit du corps*' is the ruling principle, before which life and all other considerations become secondary.

Hence it was that I felt I could not abandon the dispatches intrusted to me, whatever else I might do.

I suppose I had lain thus for half an hour, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie by an exclamation of surprise, and a man's voice, demanding who I was, and what had brought me there. I started to my feet, and before me sat, on a stout Spanish pony, a muleteer. I soon made him understand my position, when, in an incredibly short time, he secured my mule, shifted my saddle on to his own pony, being, as he politely said, the more pleasant animal of the two for me to ride; and mounting the mule himself—which, by the way, appeared perfectly to comprehend the difference between his present and his late rider, he led the way through the mazy intricacies of the wood, and brought me out on the Panama road, at the distance of about three leagues from the city.

The honest muleteer explained to me, as we rode along, that the situation in which he had found me was one of great peril; for, independently of there being no habitation but his own, which was several miles distant, near to the wood, he said I might have remained in the forest forever, and no one would ever have thought of seeking for me there; and indeed this was confirmed, for, as we approached the city, we met several persons on horseback who had been sent out in search of me; but they declared that they would not have ventured to enter the wood, for fear of the hanging snakes with which it was said to be infested. My deliverer, it appeared, was a breeder of mules; one of which animals having strayed the night before, he thought it was just possible it might have entered the wood, and in seeking for his lost mule he fortunately discovered me.

There is nothing particularly imposing or striking in the appearance of Panama, as approached by the Cruces road. The country is flat and uncultivated, and the city resembles most other cities built by the Spaniards in those countries—large, heavy-looking houses, built of stone, without any attempt at architectural ornament; but there is an esplanade, upon which the beautiful brunettes promenade, the head uncovered, and the jetty hair, floating in rich, unconfined luxuriance, save where the wearer prefers the braid; and then it hangs in three or more pendants, which often nearly brush the tiny feet, clothed in their satin shoes.

The city of Panama is a comparative wreck of what it must once have been; but the magnificent bay is alone worth travelling across the isthmus to see. The sea almost always maintains its name of 'Pacific,' and looks like a gigantic parterre; whilst the numerous islands with which the bay is studded resemble so many flower-beds—ever blooming, ever lovely. I will not take the reader with me to visit some of these gems of the ocean, nor will I detain him to inspect with me the process of making the curious gold chains, for which Panama is celebrated, and many other curious things I saw; but merely add, that, after ten days' residence, I left the city at the peep of day, and on the following afternoon was on board my ship, having bathed in the two seas within forty-eight hours.

FAME.

A PASSAGE FROM THE BACCALAUREATE OF PROF. J. H. AGNEW, OF THE UNIV. OF MICH.

Fame is one of the universal aspirations of youth; literary or professional fame, of educated youth; and this is truly a higher fame than that whose trumpet is all of silver and her crown of gold. When the ardent youth hears the plaudit-notes of Fame sounding the praises of some favorite, and filling the ears of listening multitudes with his name, the inner depths of his spirit are stirred; he pants after the same notoriety, and courts the smiles of the goddess, in hopes that she may crown him with a like glory and point him out to an admiring world.

In some, the aspiration reaches no higher than to occupy the same niche in her temple with Sam Patch. Others seek to become *famous* by perpetrating deeds which should mantle their cheeks with shame, and will doubtless secure them the seat of honor beside their father, the Devil, who, for his rebellion, lost heaven and became the master spirit of hell.

Others, again, hear Fame's *artillery* thundering in the skies, and the shout of exultation going up from the people, as they read on her floating banners, "Victory, Conquest, Military Renown," and their fancy leads them to some battle-field of bloody strife, on which they win the glory of a scar, and return to exhibit it to a gazing populace.

And yet another class with interest deep watch the march of Fame, as, in purer robes, and with softer, lute-like music, she conducts one of her literary favorites to a white throne in her temple, and records his name where the wise and good of every age shall read and admire. "Ah me!" sighs the student, "shall I ever attain that pinnacle and have *my* name recorded on the memory of the living of successive generations?"

"Fame is a sweet self-homage, an offering grateful to the idol,
A spiritual nectar for the spiritual thirst, a mental food for minds."

There is a blameless love of fame, founded on a consciousness of worth and a regard for justice, differing *in toto* from that feverish longing for notoriety which oft accompanies idleness and vanity. Genuine fame is of slow growth, and ere it shoot up into the skies like a tall, green palm tree, must be dug about with toil, and, may be, matured with tears.

Be, then, studious, thoughtful, upright, conscientious, well-deserving of your race, and your fame will grow with your growth. When real merit walks in the sunlight, fame is its shadow. Envy, indeed, will be very likely to parade in the rear, with sneering aspect, criticising both the substance and the shadow; but close your ears against her malignity, nor turn about to mark her mockery. The discerning will make a just comparison, and render to both their desert.

"Be without place or power," says Heinselmann, "though others *beg* their way up; endure the anguish of unfulfilled hopes, though others realize theirs by *flattery*; forego the warm pressure of the hand for which others cringe and crawl."

THE LAY OF THE WOUNDED HEART.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

Oh, chide me not for weeping!
She's still the same to me,
Though she has long been sleeping
Beneath the willow tree.
That name so lightly spoken,
Falls sadly on my ear—
Deem not that Death hath broken
A spell so strong, so dear.

Can the cold grave e'er smother
The heart's first, warmest flame?
That heart enshrine another,
And still love on the same?
Say not, she early perished,
As flowers in autumn die;
Say not the form I cherished
Dwells where her ashes lie.

No! oft when tears are flowing,
As tears are flowing now,
And Life's chill winds are blowing
Fiercely upon my brow,
That loved one, who before me
Flew to her native sky,
Is bending fondly o'er me,
As in bright years gone by.

How thin the curtain hiding
The spirit world from me!
How oft, like shadows gliding,
That cherished form I see!
My God! I thank thee ever,
That friends so fond and true
Not e'en the grave can sever,
Or shroud from human view.

Now comes she near and nearer;
Welcome, my spirit bride!
Methinks she should be dearer
Than erst before she died.
What though she has been sleeping
Long 'neath the willow tree,
Yet chide me not for weeping—
She's still the same to me.

TO HARRIET.

BY A. H. M.

Alas! thy days on earth are nearly ended,
Thy voice rings hollow, while upon thy cheek
The hectic flush, with marble paleness blended,
Of shroud and coffin, and the red worm speak!

Oft have I listened to thy midnight moaning,
And deemed it strange that one so young in years
Should suffer thus, as though for crimes atoning—
Crimes dark and fearful, sealed with blood and tears.

But thou art in the morn of thy existence;
Thy hands are stainless, and thy guiltless soul
To evil thoughts hath shown a prompt resistance,
Nor ever yielded to their base control.

Oh, hard it is in life's delightful morning,
To view thy skies a sudden shadow wear!
And harshly grates the unwelcome notes of warning,
Which bids thus early for the tomb prepare.

The sweets of life had only just been tasted;
Thy young heart leaped with joy at every breath;
But ah, how soon its energies are wasted,
And thou art called to yield up all to death!

Yet He whose chastening hand is laid upon thee,
Hath for thee some high purpose to fulfill;
Distrust not, though 'tis out of sight beyond thee,
And though He wounds, believe He loves thee still.

But thou shalt leave no vain regrets behind thee—
No time misspent, no duties left undone;
No cares of earth, no kindred ties to bind thee;
Calm shall thine end be when thy race is run.

Then thy pure spirit, freed from earth's dominions,
Shall gladly leave this cumbrous load of clay,
While angel bands, on bright seraphic pinions,
To brighter realms shall guide thee far away.

There with unclouded brightness shining o'er thee,
Shalt thou thy Saviour's loving kindness prove;
Shall join with thousands who have gone before thee,
To swell the anthem of redeeming love.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

Our Future Plans.—The Parlor Magazine has passed into the hands of a new proprietor, who is making great exertions to render the next volume, soon to commence, richer, more elegant, and more valuable than any of its former issues. He is confident that as far as the judicious expenditure of money and a good share of industry can go to produce a magazine of the highest character, his patrons can have no reasonable ground of complaint. The engravings will be more elegant and the literary department more varied and excellent. The publisher confidently appeals to those who have been the friends of this magazine from the outset, and who have sustained it for the kindly influence it is adapted to exert in the domestic circle, to aid the work still by their pecuniary patronage and by their literary contributions. In our next number we shall be able, perhaps, to state more in detail the character of the improvements we design to make in the next volume. In the mean time, we hope to hear from our friends some favorable reports as to what they are disposed to do themselves.

Memory.—What a blessed thing is memory! When the mind retires within itself for a while, what a multitude of pleasing associations connected with the past come crowding into it. There are those in the world—we have met many such in our day—who regard the past as of no moment whatever. They look upon it—or rather they would look upon it, if they did not rather choose to bring it in oblivion—much as they would regard the money they had once possessed, and which has long ago been spent. With them the present is all of reality they find in life. Now, we do not happen to belong to that class of persons at all. We there find a reality in the past. We are no dreamer, no enthusiast, no poet, technically; but we should greatly regret the loss of the power which every one possesses, however some may undervalue it, to be an actor, perhaps for the thousandth time, in the scenes through which we passed long ago. We love to visit again those green spots over which passed the feet of childhood—to visit them not only, but to live among them. Yet are there a great many strange phases in this matter of memory. There are some things quite unaccountable by our philosophy. We cannot comprehend, for instance, how it comes to pass, when the spirit goes back to the past, and becomes an actor again in the scenes of the past, there often seems to be a much greater proportion of the painful than of the pleasurable in the retrospect; and yet we cling to those scenes with the utmost tenacity, cherish them fondly, and even derive a great measure of enjoyment from them. Why is this? Look at the old man, in the engraving with which this number of our magazine is introduced. He is living his life over again. There can be no doubt of that. His childhood, his early youth, his first love, his young bride, the death of his first-born, the last sad hours of the life of his best beloved, the fading away one by one of the flowers on which his heart doted—all, all come before his mind. They are as fresh, many of them, as if they had no former existence. Tears flow down those wrinkled, furrowed cheeks, as he passes in review, successively, the prominent incidents in his long life. Yet does he love these excursions of the mind. He would not willingly lose the pleasure he derives from them. The past is to him, in the aggregate, whatever it may be in detail, fairer, lovelier than the present. To our own mind, the faculty of communion with the past, is one of the choicest mental gifts of a beneficent Providence. A blessed thing indeed is memory.

To Correspondents.—We receive, first and last, a great many contributions, mostly in the form of poetry, that have not the slightest merit as literary productions; but which we are requested to publish, nevertheless, to gratify a few partial friends, or on the ground that the writer is a patron, or perhaps because the circumstances which gave rise to the effusion are themselves interesting. Now, we dislike to refuse admission into our Magazine to anybody who asks for such admission; but justice to ourselves, no less than to ninety-nine hundredths of our subscribers, compels us to say that neither of these considerations can weigh a feather with us in deciding upon the fate of an article. We must decide, from the *merits* of the article, whether it is accepted or rejected; and if that article wears the garb of poetry, it must be judged of by its excellence *as poetry*, in the main. Others have different standards of judgment in such cases—this is ours. "I have not the vanity," says a correspondent, in prefacing some lines which she

sends for publication, "to suppose myself a poet, or that the effusion I send you has any particular merit, aside from the circumstances connected with it." Indeed! then these lines are precisely such as we do not want to publish, and precisely such as the most of our readers would blame us for publishing, should they appear.

We are delighted with the articles from our new correspondent, "M. J." If we thought our readers would consider such an announcement necessary, we should be tempted to say that we consider her *morceau* in this number of the magazine a gem of beauty and excellence. Although the writer has given the initials only of her name in connection with the manuscript placed in our hands, we hope she will consider it no breach of editorial courtesy if we gratify a curiosity for which any one may be pardoned, and tell our patrons that the lady who employs this *soubriquet* is Miss MARGARET JUNKIN, formerly of Easton, Pennsylvania, and now a resident of Lexington, Virginia. We made her acquaintance during a visit to the former place last summer, at which time, through the politeness of some of our friends, we first saw a few of her fugitives, and were struck with their simple and classic beauty. We wondered how it came to pass that one who could write such strains as those, had been so seldom heard; for we are greatly mistaken, and are, moreover, a very indifferent judge of poetical excellence, if some of her effusions are not among the choicest specimens of lyrical composition which grace the magazine literature of the day. We ask her pardon, however, for this effervescent enthusiasm. The only apology we have to offer for it—rather a poor one, we grant—is of the same class and order with that trumped up by Goldsmith for the severity which characterized the description of the schoolmaster in the "Deserted Village"—

"The love he bore to learning was in fault."

PARLOR TABLE.

Modern Accomplishments, or March of Intellect. By Miss CATHARINE SINCLAIR, author of "Modern Society," "Charles Seymour," &c. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

Everything we have seen from the pen of this author has pleased us, and this not less than the rest. It is in the form of a tale, one of the best forms, we can hardly help saying, in this connection, when it is judiciously managed, in which to convey moral truths. The book will be welcome in the family where works of fiction, of an exceptionable character, are scrupulously discarded; and it can scarcely fail to be a source of great benefit, for the excellent thoughts it so happily evolves.

The Night of Toil. By the Author of the "Peep of Day." pp. 236, 18mo. Price 25 cts.

This "night of toil" was that of near twenty years, through which the first missionaries to the South Sea Islands passed, before the bright day of the triumphs of the Gospel there, in connection with the labors of Williams and other martyrs and defenders of the truth. The narrative has the beautiful simplicity which characterizes this favorite author, vividly portraying the varied and even tragic scenes of the history in their order, and thus fastening them upon the minds of the young. The heart of the writer is so large and full of love to Christ and the heathen, that the reader catches her spirit, rejoices in the conquests of grace over idolatry and sin, and pants to hasten forward the day when every fetter shall be broken, and all shall come to the knowledge of Christ.

The Boy's Spring, Summer and Autumn Books; Descriptive of the Season, Scenery, Rural Life and Country Amusements. By THOMAS MILLER. New York: Harper & Brothers.

One of the best series of racy, entertaining and instructive books for the juvenile members of the family that we have seen for a long time. There are three volumes in the series, which are bound separately or together.

Evenings at Home; or the Juvenile Budget Opened. By Dr. AIKIN and Mrs. BARBAULD. From the fifteenth London edition. Illustrated with beautiful engravings.

Here is another excellent volume by the same publishers. No pains have been spared to render the drapery in which the work appears worthy of its internal attractions. It is a book which will make the juvenile reader leave his play, and his supper too, if he is not very hungry.

Original Thoughts on Various Passages of Scripture, being the substance of Sermons preached by the Rev. RICHARD CECIL, A. M., never before published. Taken down by MRS. HAWKES, and now edited by CATHARINE CECIL. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

In this volume, containing 452 octavo pages, there are upward of sixty sermons in miniature. They are not skeletons merely, without any flesh upon them, and withal exceedingly dry and marrowless, as is the case with many sketches of sermons that we have seen; but they are full of thought; plain, simple, spiritual, pungent thought. They will bear reading, not simply by the clerical student, as models of sermon-writing, but by the humble Christian in his family and in his closet. Cecil was a holy man. The cross of Christ was exceedingly precious to him. His whole heart was in the work of preaching the gospel. He was peculiarly happy in his illustrations, and the book under review bears strong marks of the author's power in this respect.

Oregon and California in 1848. By J. Q. THORNTON, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon; with an Appendix, including recent and authentic information on the subject of the Gold Mines of California, and other valuable matter of interest to the Emigrant. With Illustrations and a Map. 2 vols. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This book will have a multitude of readers. The information it contains respecting Oregon and California, must be of essential service to those who have no other object in view than simply to learn, as a matter of curiosity, the particulars respecting this western country It is a readable book; and one may find not a little interest in these pages, who has not the slightest idea of ever himself seeing the region of gold. But those who are actually going to California, or who have friends about to make the journey —we are disposed to think, sometimes, that in these two categories pretty nearly the whole Anglo-Saxon race are included—the book will be of incalculable benefit.

History of Hannibal, the Carthaginian. By JACOB ABBOTT. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Here is another of the admirable series of histories, several of which have already been noticed in our pages. The general style of this book is much like that of the former. It is plain, simple, and to the point. Mr. Abbott is among the few who can write well for the young. He seldom wields his pen for their entertainment and instruction, without effecting the end, in the most pleasing manner.

How to be Happy; an Admonitory Essay for General and Family Perusal, on Regimen, Expediency, and Mental Government. By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M.D., author of "Guide to Health," &c. New York: J. S. Redfield. Price 25 cents.

This is a book with an odd title. "But that I know already," says the reader. Well, then, it is something more than that. It is a work treating on most important subjects, in a very singular and often a very quaint and almost grotesque manner. But it is evident enough, by even the most cursory reader, that the author is a profound thinker, and that his conclusions are worth attention. Some of his remarks on hypochondria, and his advice to the hypochondriac patient, are in our view, particularly original and serviceable. May the poor victim of that terrible disease reap the benefit of them. He needs it enough.

Raphael; or the Pages of the Book of Life at Twenty. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, author of the "History of the Girondists," &c. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A tale, covering one hundred and forty pages, written somewhat in the style of Richter; sometimes, perhaps, slightly imitative of that incomparable author. It will bear reading once, only once, we think.

The Genius and Design of the Domestic Constitution, with its Untransferable Obligations and Peculiar Advantages. By CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON. From the Edinburgh edition. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

In an introductory notice, prefixed to this volume, the following remarks are made by the Rev. Dr. Milner, whose judgment in efforts of this kind is entitled to great weight: "The volume here introduced to the American public is a very able discussion of a most important subject, no where else, to my knowledge, treated in the same radical and thorough manner. It is eminently adapted to be useful; and I cannot but hope that it will be highly acceptable, especially to those sustaining the solemn and weighty responsibilities of the paternal relation." With these views, from one of the most eminent American divines, we entirely coincide, though we have examined the book less thoroughly than he must have done. Works of this general character cannot be too greatly multiplied, or too widely disseminated.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THERE was one thing that Mr. Barnaby could not, as he said, "figure out;" and that was, where all his money went to. He was not extravagant; nor could such a charge be brought against any member of his family. They did not give parties in winter, nor go to the Springs nor the sea-shore during the summer season. They did not keep a carriage, nor buy fine furniture, nor indulge in costly dressing. And yet, though Mr. Barnaby's annual receipts were in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars a year, the thirty-first of December usually found him with an empty purse. This was the more surprising, as the Malcolms, next door, indulged in many things which the Barnabys would have considered extravagant; though the Malcolms had an income of only fifteen hundred dollars per annum. And what was more, Malcolm was putting three hundred dollars in the savings bank every year.

"I can't figure it out," said Mr. Barnaby, one New-year's eve, as he footed up the cash column of his annual expenses. "Two thousand and sixty odd dollars have gone since last December. But where has it gone? that's the question."

"I'm sure I haven't spent it," meekly replied Mrs. Barnaby, who always felt, when any allusion was made to the amount of money expended, as if her husband designed to charge her with extravagance.

"I know that, Aggy," said Mr. Barnaby, who understood, in a moment, how his wife felt. "I know that you haven't spent any thing more than is necessary. But, for all that, the cost of living has been enormous. We have only two more in family than Malcolm, whose salary is but fifteen hundred dollars; and what is altogether unaccountable, while I haven't ten dollars in my pocket, he has three hundred dollars of his year's salary snugly deposited in the savings bank."

"I can't understand it," sighed Mrs. Barnaby. I'm sure we don't indulge in any extravagances. We haven't bought an article of new furniture during the year; while the Malcolms have had a beautiful sofa, a set of candelabras, a large mahogany rocking-chair, and a dressing bureau for which they paid twenty-five dollars."

"I don't know how it is!" said Mr. Barnaby.

"And that isn't all," continued his wife. "Mrs. Malcolm has bought her an elegant muff and boa, a velvet mantilla, and a pin and bracelet worth twenty-five dollars."

"It's unaccountable! We have had none of these things, and yet our expenses outrun their's some eight hundred dollars! It really makes me unhappy. There is a leak somewhere; but though I have searched for it long and anxiously, I cannot find it out."

"Still, we must remember," said Mrs. Barnaby, "that we have two more in family, and one of them an extra servant, whose wages and board do not come to less than a hundred and fifty dollars a year; and the additional child will swell the sum, put the expense at the lowest possible point, to two hundred and twenty-five dollars. Then we pay seventy-five dollars more rent than the Malcolms. So, you see, that, in these three items, we make up a sum of three hundred dollars."

"Yes, but that isn't eight hundred."

"No, although it is a very important sum for which I have accounted. Half of it I am resolved to save. Mrs. Malcolm does with two girls, and I ought to get along with the same number. I'll send Hannah away next week."

"Indeed, Aggy, you will do no such thing," replied Mr. Barnaby, in a positive voice. "You're worn down with the toil and care of the children, as it is, and must not think of dispensing with Hannah. That would be a poor way to save."

"But I don't see why I can't do with less

help as well as other people. There is Mrs. Jones, over the way, with as many children as I have, and only keeps one servant."

"I am sorry for her; that is all I have to say on the subject. Her husband's income is less than half what I receive. We can afford three domestics as well as they can afford one. No, no, Aggy. If we are to retrench at any point, it must not be in the one you propose."

"I see no other way of reducing our expenses," sighed Mrs. Barnaby.

"Then let them go on as they are going, and we will be thankful for an income sufficient to meet our wants."

"But we ought to be saving something. We ought to be laying up three or four hundred dollars every year."

"I wish we could do so. However, as we cannot, there is no use making ourselves unhappy in consequence. We shall be as well fifty years hence as though we laid by a thousand dollars per annum."

Mrs. Barnaby looked serious and unhappy, as she sat, without replying to her husband's last remark; while Mr. Barnaby, regretting now that he had introduced the subject, sought to change it for one that was more agreeable. His efforts to do so were not very successful, and the evening of the New-year was passed in reflections that were far from being pleasant to either party.

Although neither Mr. nor Mrs. Barnaby were able to answer the question, "Where does the money go?" we think the reader will be at no loss to "figure out" the matter, after we enlighten him a little as to the mode in which the financial affairs of the family were conducted.

On the morning that succeeded to the evening on which we have introduced Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby, the former, as was his custom, went to market. As he walked along, he run over in his mind the various articles he must purchase; and being in something of an economical mood, he summed up the amount they would probably cost. When he left the market-house, he had spent three dollars instead of a dollar and three quarters, which latter sum had fully covered, in his previous estimate, all the articles that were really wanted. How the additional dollar and a quarter came to be added, was in this wise. A loin of veal had been determined upon, which was not to cost over sixty-five cents; but a fine fat pair of chickens met his eyes, and the cost was only twenty-two cents more than the veal, which was such a trifle that he decided at once in favor of the chickens. Having bought the chickens, to add a bundle of celery and a quart of cranberries was the most natural thing in the world, and these took twenty cents more, to say nothing of the pound of sugar at eight cents, that would be required to sweeten the cranberries. The man who had the chickens to sell, had also some very nice honey, the sight of which created in the mind of Mr. Barnaby the desire to have some. The price was twenty-five cents a pound, though what of that? Mr. Barnaby had no means of taking it home, but Mr. Barnaby was a man of expedients. He never liked to be foiled in any thing, and was, therefore, rarely at a loss for some mode of accomplishing his ends. Just across from the market-house was the shop of a tinman; and as Mr. Barnaby looked up he saw the bright tin kettles, of all sizes and shapes, hanging before his door.

"I have it," said he, speaking aloud his thoughts. "Such articles are always useful in a family."

So he walked across to the tinman's, and bought a small kettle, for which he paid thirty-one cents, and then walked back and had a pound of honey placed therein, for which he paid twenty-five cents more. After he had purchased what vegetables he had designed getting, some dried Lima beans presented themselves, and a quart were taken, as the price was but fifteen cents. Some cakes and candies for the children took a shilling more. Thus it was that three dollars were spent, instead of one dollar and three quarters, the sum at first decided upon as sufficient.

When Mr. Barnaby went to market, he put five dollars in his pocket. On returning home and counting over his change, he could find but two.

"That can't be," he said to himself, searching first in one pocket and then in another. "I haven't spent three dollars."

But no where could he turn up another copper.

"Somebody must have given me wrong change." This was the most reasonable conclusion to which he could come, after adding up the cost of the various articles purchased, and forgetting to include the tin kettle, the

cakes and candies for the children, and the quart of Lima beans.

"Hadn't you better take your umbrella with you?" said Mrs. Barnaby to her husband, as the latter prepared to leave for his place of business. "It looks very much like a storm."

Mr Barnaby opened the door and glanced up at the sky.

"I don't think it will rain."

"It will be wisest to take your umbrella. If it don't rain, no harm will be done; and if it should rain, you will save yourself from being wet."

Mr. Barnaby paused a moment to think, and then said, as he stepped out,

"I'll risk it."

On his way to his office, Mr. Barnaby passed a window in which were some very handsome bouquets of artificial flowers made from tissue-paper. He paused to admire, and then went in to ask the price. Once inside of the store in which the bouquets were sold, and in the power of a saleswoman who knew her man the moment he entered, there was no such thing as retiring without becoming the owner of a splendid bunch of flowers, at the moderate cost of fifty cents, which the shop-woman promised to send home immediately.

"Cheap enough," said Barnaby to himself, as he left the shop. "How many dollars have I spent in real flowers that faded and became worthless in a day; but these will retain their beauty for years. Aggy will be delighted with them."

During the morning, Mr. Barnaby had occasion to purchase some articles of stationery. While waiting to have them made up into a package, after selecting what he wanted, he commenced looking over the books that were displayed upon the counter.

"Just the thing for Tom," he said aloud, as he opened a book containing a number of gayly-painted pictures. "How much is it?"

"Only thirty-seven and a half cents."

"You may tie it up for me." And he tossed the book to the man who stood behind the counter.

Before twelve o'clock, the rain, which Mr. Barnaby's wife had predicted, began to fall. At one, it was still coming down freely, and at two, Mr. Barnaby's dinner hour, there was no sign of abatement. Mr. Barnaby opened the door of his office and gazed up at the leaden sky; he then looked across the street and saw, hanging before a door, just the article he wanted—an umbrella. To get possession of this article, he must, of course, purchase it. But he had two umbrellas at home now.

"What if I have?" said he to himself, as the fact was presented to his mind. "It is *here* that I want an umbrella."

Not long was the question of buying another umbrella debated. He couldn't lose his dinner, especially as a fine pair of fat chickens were to be served; and it was raining too hard to think of venturing on the journey home without some protection. He might go home in a cab for fifty cents; but then the half dollar would be gone as certainly as if it were thrown into the street. If, on the contrary, he were to buy an umbrella, even though it cost more, he would be in possession of a useful article, that would have to be bought, as the natural result of the wear and tear of those he now had on hand, before a twelvemonth elapsed. Moreover, he reflected, for as large a family as his, three or four umbrellas were almost indispensable.

Arrived at this conclusion, Mr. Barnaby ran across the street and supplied himself with a cheap cotton umbrella, at an expense of seventy-five cents.

"Where *does* the money go?" said Mr. Barnaby that evening, as he searched his pockets, and could find but a solitary sixpence remaining of the cash he had taken from his secretary in the morning. "I can't understand it. Certainly I have not spent five dollars." Then he took a piece of paper and his pencil, and tried to "figure it up." But he did not get beyond four dollars; and he would almost have taken his oath that he had not spent a copper more. As for the deficit, that must have occurred through his having received wrong change.

Here the reader has a history of one day's spendings; and he will perceive that from two to three dollars passed from the hands of Mr. Barnaby that had better remained in his possession. A system like this, pursued every day in the year, would use up from six hundred to nine hundred dollars, and there would be little or nothing to show for it in the end. In the day's expenditure, one dollar had gone, and Mr. Barnaby's memory was entirely at fault in regard to the manner of its disappearance. A dollar thus wasted each day, would leave, in the annual expense, three hundred dollars un-

accounted for. But Mr. Barnaby had never looked at the matter in this light. He did not reflect, that a cent uselessly spent every day, is equal to three dollars thrown away in the year.

On the next morning, Mr. Barnaby again went to market, and, as was usual with him, turned over in his mind the various articles he must buy, and fixed upon the sum that would meet all that was really wanted. But, as on the day before, he exceeded this amount. The excess was one dollar, and the articles purchased could all have been left in the market-house, and no member of Mr. Barnaby's family experienced the smallest deprivation in comfort or health.

"What a beautiful bunch of flowers!" said Mrs. Barnaby to her husband, for the tenth time, as they stood together in the parlor after breakfast. "What a pity it is we haven't a glass vase to cover them. They would look so sweet!"

"Wouldn't they?" was all the reply Mr. Barnaby made; but the idea suggested by his wife did not die with the sound of her voice. It entered his mind, and lived there. In imagination he saw that bouquet of flowers—tissue-paper though they were—within a glass vase, their beauty increased twofold.

Mr. Barnaby did not go direct to his office on leaving home that morning, but walked two or three squares out of his way, in order to visit a china store. Before leaving the store, his purse was lighter by two dollars, that sum having been expended for a glass to cover the bouquet of paper flowers bought for fifty cents.

As Mr. Barnaby walked along, thinking how gratified his wife would be when the vase was brought home, he passed a pickling and preserving establishment, and saw in the window jars of fruit and vegetables of various kinds, preserved in the condition they were in on being taken from the vine or tree. One of these jars was marked, "Tomatoes." Mr. Barnaby liked tomatoes very much, and had them on his table from the time they were to be bought four for a shilling until frost withered the vines on which they grew. To have a taste of the delightful vegetable once during the winter could hardly be called extravagance—so thought Mr. Barnaby—even if it did cost something to procure the gratification. So in he went, without debating the matter, and bought a small jar for fifty cents. While the shopkeeper was selecting his change, he took up a small bottle containing less than half a pint, marked "strawberries."

"Have these the natural flavor?" he inquired.

"O yes," replied the shopkeeper. "They have been hermetically sealed, after exhausting the air, and are in just the state they were when taken from the vines. I opened a bottle yesterday, and found them delicious."

"What is the price of this bottle?"

"Half a dollar."

"How better can I surprise and delight Aggy," said Mr. Barnaby to himself, "than by buying her some of these strawberries?"

That question settled the matter, and Mr. Barnaby's purse was soon lighter by another half dollar. The tomatoes and strawberries were then ordered to be sent home, and Mr. Barnaby, feeling very comfortable in mind, proceeded to his office, and entered upon the business of the day. Between that and nightfall, he gave a shilling to a beggar who got drunk on the money, bought fifty cents worth of toys for the children, over which they disputed as soon as they received them, and which were all broken up and thrown away in less than twenty-four hours, and ordered home a quarter of a dollar's worth of buns for tea, and found, on sitting down to supper, that his wife had baked up enough cake to last the whole family for three or four days.

So passed the second day of the new year; and when, in the evening, reflection came, and Mr. Barnaby found nearly seven dollars less in his purse than when he went out in the morning, he was even more at a loss than on the day before to account for the deficiency. In attempting to sum up the various expenditures into which he had been led, he could not make out over five dollars and a half; and his mind remained totally in the dark as to the balance.

On the third day—but we will not weary the reader by minutely detailing the process by which Mr. Barnaby got rid of his money on the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth days of the new year. What we have given will furnish a clue to unravel the mystery of his heavy expenses, and show, what he was himself unable to find out, where the money went. The amount uselessly spent, or that might have been saved without any abridgment of physical or mental comfort, during those six days, was just fifteen

dollars! or at the rate of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year.

The manner of proceeding during this one week, shows exactly how Mr. Barnaby conducted his affairs. Not a day passed that he did not waste from one to three dollars in trifles to gratify a bad habit of desiring to have every little thing he saw, instead of waiting until real wants tugged at his purse-strings.

And it was not much better with Mrs. Barnaby. She, too, had acquired the same habit, and sixpences and shillings dropped daily from her fingers, as if they were of but small account.

Thus it went on, as it had been going for years; and when the next thirty-first of December arrived, and Mr. Barnaby examined his expense account, he found that twenty-two hundred dollars had vanished, and that scarcely a vestige of any good it had brought them remained. There had been no additions except very unimportant ones, to their furniture; no silver-plate nor fine jewelry had been purchased; nor had either Mr. or Mrs. Barnaby indulged in any extravagance of dress.

"Where does the money go?" asked, again, Mr. Barnaby, in a kind of despairing tone.

"I'm sure I cannot tell," sadly replied his wife. "It seems impossible that we could have spent so much. What is there to show for it? Nothing!"

"Nothing at all! That makes the great mystery. Twenty-two hundred dollars!"

While they yet conversed, their neighbors, the Malcolms, dropped in to sit an hour. No very long time passed before the subject uppermost in the minds of the Barnabys showed itself.

"How is it," said Mr. Barnaby, "that you are able to live on so much less in the year than we can, and yet appear to spend more?"

Mrs. Malcolm smiled, and said that she was not aware that such was really the case.

"But I know that it is so," returned Mr. Barnaby. "You do not spend as much as we do by at least seven or eight hundred dollars."

"Probably you put our expenses considerably below what they really are."

"No, I apprehend not. I suppose it costs you from twelve to thirteen hundred dollars a year."

"Yes. That is pretty near the mark."

"I shouldn't like to say how much it really does cost us; but I can assure you it is far beyond that. As to where the money goes, I am entirely in the dark. We have nothing to show for it."

"I wish you would impart to us your system of economy," said Mr. Barnaby, smiling. "If I could get through the year for fifteen hundred dollars, I would be perfectly satisfied."

"I have no particular system," replied Mr. Malcolm, "unless you call taking care of the little leaks in the cash system. When a boy, I lived with a shrewd old farmer in the country, who belonged to the 'save-your-pennies-and-the-pounds-will-take-care-of-themselves' school. One fall, in putting up cider, he trusted to rather a rickety-looking barrel, which showed a disposition to leak. 'I guess it will do,' he said, thoughtfully eyeing the barrel after the cider had been poured into it, and noticing that in two or three places small streams were oozing forth. 'The barrel is a little loose, but it will soon swell.' And so the barrel was placed in the dark cellar with two or three others for the winter's supply. Two barrels were tapped one after another, and they yielded back the full amount of liquor that had been committed to their charge. But on coming to the third barrel, and taking hold of it to bring it forward to a better position, it was found to be empty. 'Aha!' said the old farmer, 'I see how it is. I thought that leak was of no consequence, but it has wasted the whole barrel of cider. There's a lesson for you, John,' he added, turning to me. 'Take care of the little leaks in your pocket, when you grow up and have money to spend, for they are what run away with most men's property.' I understood him as fully as if he had read me a homily of an hour long. All useless expenditures I now call leaks, and stop them up immediately."

"No doubt we spend a great many dollars that might be saved in the year," said Mr. Barnaby; "but I cannot conceive how all the leaks in our pockets could let out five or six hundred dollars in twelve months."

"It's an easy matter for us to let five or six hundred dollars leak out, and yet scarcely be aware of the daily waste," replied Mr. Barnaby. "Two dollars spent every day, that might be saved, gives six hundred dollars in a year."

"True. But a man could hardly let that much leak away without observing it."

"It is very possible. Suppose you add on,

daily, to each of your three meals, a shilling or sixpence more than is necessary; and this may be done so easily as scarcely to be noticed; how much do you think it would be in a year? Why, the important sum of one hundred and thirty-eight dollars!"

"Is it possible?" Mr. Barnaby looked surprised.

"Even so. And if twenty-five cents be added to each meal, a thing easily done, as you very well know, the yearly aggregate is swelled to two hundred and seventy-six dollars."

"In the matter of desserts alone," said Mrs. Malcolm, coming in with a remark, "which rather injures than conduces to health, half a dollar a day, in a family as large as yours, may easily be spent."

"Don't you have a dessert after dinner?" inquired Mrs. Barnaby, in a tone of surprise.

"Not every day," answered Mrs. Malcolm.

"I don't believe Mr. Barnaby would know that he had dined, if he hadn't a dessert on the table."

"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Barnaby; "for then my first course would digest so easily that it would be hard to imagine that I had eaten any thing. The fact is, now that I reflect upon it, these desserts are to my stomach as the extra pound that broke the camel's back. I don't believe I would have a dyspeptic symptom, if I did not touch puddings, pies, sweetmeats, nuts and raisins, blanc-manges, floating islands, and a hundred and one other things that my good wife prepares for our gratification, and which I eat after my appetite has been satiated on plain and more substantial food."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Barnaby. "And so, after all, these are the thanks I am to receive for my trouble. Dear knows! if it was not for you, I wouldn't worry myself every day about a dessert for dinner."

"And at a cost of over a hundred dollars a year," returned Mr. Barnaby, good-humoredly. "I begin to see a little of the way in which the money goes."

"There are so many ways in which we are obliged to spend money," said Mr. Malcolm, "that unless we are watchful, a little will leak out at a dozen points every day, and shows, in the end, although we remain all unconscious of the waste that is going on, an alarming deficiency. When I first entered upon life, I saw how this was in my own case. Sixpences, shillings, and even dollars, did not seem of much importance; though of fives, tens, and twenties, I was very careful. The consequence was, that the small change kept constantly running away; and, in the end, the fives, tens, and twenties, had mysteriously disappeared. I saw that this wouldn't do, and reformed the system. I took care of the small sums, and soon found that I always had large sums to spend for things actually needful, and had really more satisfaction in what I obtained with my money than I had before."

"But it is so hard," said Mrs. Barnaby, "to be careful of the sixpences, without growing mean and penurious, and even seeking to save at the expense of others' just rights."

"Perhaps it is," replied Mrs. Malcolm. "But the consequence need not follow. All we have to do is, to deny ourselves the indulgence of a weak desire to spend money for little articles that we could do without and not abridge our comfort in the least, and we will find enough left in our purses to remove us from the temptation to be unjust to others."

"Taking care of the pennies, then, and leaving the pounds to take care of themselves, is your system," remarked Mr. Barnaby.

"Yes," answered Mr. Malcolm. "That is our system, and we have found it to work very well. We not only enjoy every comfort we could reasonably desire, but have nearly two thousand dollars in the savings bank."

"And yet your salary is only fifteen hundred dollars a year."

"That is all."

"While my income is over two thousand, and I haven't a cent left to bless myself with when the thirty-first of December arrives. But I see where the leak is. I understand, now, clearly, how the money goes; and, by the help of a good resolution, I will stop the leak."

How far Mr. Barnaby was successful in stopping the leak, we do not know. It is hard to reform confirmed habits of any kind, and we are afraid that he found the task assumed a hard one. But if he conquered in the attempt, his reward was ample, compared to the amount of self-denial required for the achievement.

SCENES IN A PASTOR'S LIFE.

BY REV. SIMON ANDREW.

NO. XV.

THE FELON.

On a certain morning, not half a century since, a fine-looking old gentleman might have been seen climbing up the side of a merchantman moored at the wharf of one of our seaports. The vessel had only reached the pier the evening before, and she was crowded with emigrants from Europe. Mr. Ralston—such was the gentleman's name—was a man in easy circumstances, and having been fortunate in business, was now enjoying his fortune. City life and his well-earned reputation for promptness, had cultivated in him a manner slightly dictatorial, and a feeling of superiority to all dependent on him. He did not lack intelligence or shrewdness as a wholesale merchant, and yet he did lack penetration into the characters of those he met for the first time. His foible, if it deserve that name, and his feelings, will appear in a conversation which took place on the morning alluded to.

"I tell you, sir," said Mr. Ralston, "I am tired of employing native servants. The men are all sovereigns, and the women are all ladies. They have such notions of their dignity, that they act as if they were conferring all the obligation by working for you, if it be only as scavengers."

"But ought not that to gratify, rather than to disgust, Mr. R., when you see them having a proper self-respect? You do not want our poor to become servile as the paupers of Europe?"

"Proper self-respect, indeed! A gentleman dressed to meet the President, if he happens to step out where his coachman is, must be as polite as possible, or the fellow takes it in dudgeon. Or you find a fellow reeking with perspiration at a ploughtail, you must shake hands with him, or he will insult you as an aristocrat!"

"Well, well, you give rather a musical account of these American workers, and yet you must remember that some of them have just as good parentage as those who occupy the White House."

"Yes, my friend, these ideas are amazingly comfortable; but what would you think of my coachman, the other day, after hearing a frothy declamation from the Hon. Senator ——, on the dignity of American citizenship, the sovereignty of the people, and such like stuff? Why, I happened to call him '*John*,' instead of *Mister* Whipster, and he threw himself on his offended dignity, and told me he was not accustomed to such disrespect! And sure enough, off he went."

"That was somewhat provoking, surely, but then, Mr. R., perhaps you will hear of him in legislative halls, and may think differently of this matter then."

"No, no, no; I am tired of these sovereigns on the coach-box and at the ploughtail, whose modest notions would lead them to sup with the President, if he were your guest, in their shirt-sleeves. They do well enough to vote, but they make miserable servants. I am determined to try foreigners, and must off now to the ship after a factotum to take up the river with me to-night."

"I will accompany you, if you are willing."

"Glad of your company, but let us hurry."

What a medley of human faces met them on that deck, sufficient to sicken one for ever of the old world pauperism! Here they were unrecommended, and not one man in America could say whether on that deck might not stand

some of the most hardened villains, whose names would yet be so notorious as to be the charm which should turn the multiplying sheets of some police gazette into gold. One can't help shuddering to select a servant from such a mass of strangers.

Mr. R. at first found no man to answer his ideas at all, but at last fixed his attention on one standing by the shipside.

"There is my man," he forthwith said to his friend. "I want him and will have him. He wont want to eat with you, and be mad if you do not call him *Mister*."

"Surely, Mr. R., you cannot mean *him*," replied the friend, pointing to the man. "Why, I tell you he is a savage, if there ever was one. I would not trust myself with him for all the gold in Peru."

"Fudge, fudge," replied Mr. R. "He is the man. See what an athletic fellow he is, and yet how obsequious his demeanor. Come, let us find an interpreter and secure him."

The person who was thus unconsciously the subject of these remarks, merits a description, for he was one of a thousand. He was a man of ordinary stature, but evidently very strong. As he stood before the friends, he seemed humble as a Franciscan begging a morsel of food. He had a slight stoop in the shoulders, which, to an ordinary observer, would seem to be a good set-off to his obsequious demeanor. But Mr. R.'s friend thought that stoop resembled much the crouching posture of a tiger when about to spring on its prey. The face and head were such that Lavater would have shuddered, and Fowler have hurried away, casting glances over his shoulder to assure himself that the man was not after him. His thick lips and pug nose would have done credit to a bull-dog, whilst a modern physiologist would have asseverated that the man who had such teeth, such a mouth, and such a savage expression, must have been dieted on raw meat, and drank blood all his life. The forehead was low, and retreated in such rapid grade that—to speak phrenologically—no place was left for the organs of benevolence, conscientiousness, and veneration. The organ of firmness seemed a tumor on the head, bolstered up roundly by cautiousness and secretiveness. The intellectual organs were small, but the back part of the head enormous. The eye was dull, but Lavater would have detected in it a malignant expression. This singular head was covered with a profusion of straight, wiry hair. Had the thousands of foreigners who landed that year, been examined closely, probably not one of them could have been selected whose countenance ought to have excited so much fear. And yet Mr. Ralston selected this man, as though guided by a fate. He had crossed the orbit of his malignant star.

No remonstrances of the friend availed, and in a short time Mr. R. had hired the man.

Time hurried on, and La Bouche, the servant, was so obsequious and so attentive that his master felt no little pride in his own shrewdness in choosing him out of hundreds, and that in the face of remonstrances. Had he been a little while behind the curtain of events, he might have trembled. He would have seen this man, in the occasional absence of the family, carefully examining all apartments of the house, and as, by chance, he happened on some jewel or money, his dull eye would gleam with pleasure. As Mr. R. would draw out his gold lever in the presence of La Bouche, a close observer might have observed the greedy gaze of avarice, looking like a serpent from his eyes. But no one saw it, and even Mr. R.'s daughters, who were at first as much shocked at his savage face as was the friend I have spoken of, at last learned to think he was a faithful man, and gave up their prejudices. Not an article was stolen, and he seemed the safest of men.

In the mean time he had secured enough of broken English to ask for brandy at a tavern-bar, and occasionally drank, but not to intoxication. Many thought him a strange man, but no one could allege any thing against him.

I have noticed that the grosser crimes are usually associated with the use of intoxicating drinks. However strong may be the desire of revenge, or the greed of gold, or however long men may have brooded over a guilty determination to take life, not one in a hundred can do it until the power of alcohol has been freely invoked. One draught is not enough. It must be repeated again and again, before conscience can be drowsed, and animal passion phrenzied sufficiently for the deed of blood.

On a certain evening, not many months after the addition of La Bouche to Mr. Ralston's family, he might have been seen on his way to a tavern not far distant. His head was sunk on his breast as he slowly walked along. Had he been a Wall street broker,

one would have said he had lost some thousands. Evidently some troublesome thoughts were harassing his mind. He called for brandy, and drank a good bumper. Again he slowly passes along the street, and at another place drinks again. Now he stands as if listening to the conversation of the motley group gathered around the bar-room fire, and adds the fumes of a segar to the stifling atmosphere of that place unequalled in all the world. The stimulant is working, and his care-worn face looks more cheerful. It is nine o'clock, and with one more swig of brandy, he leaves for home. And yet, savage as he was, his step indicates some misgivings as he comes near the house, and through the window sees the benevolent old man reading his newspaper, calmly as one who apprehends and fears no evil. The sight unmans the wretch, and he feels he cannot fulfill his guilty intentions without more courage. And whence shall that more courage come, if not from the decanter? A short walk brings him to this Satan's inspiration; and this taken, he is ready for any thing, even to murder that old man and all his family.

Midnight comes, and a neighbor passes by. "Strange," he thinks, "that good old Mr. Ralston—for in spite of his notions of self-dignity, all respect him—should be up so late. The house is lighted up. There must be company; and yet it is singular that a man so strictly observant of good customs should allow any company to interfere so largely with his common practice!"

So thought the neighbor, but seeing nothing remarkable besides, he passed on home; and yet, as he passed, he remembered to have seen a man come into the parlor." "It must be Mr. R.," and with no more thought about it, he went home and slept soundly.

In the morning another neighbor wondered to see the window-shutters thrown open so early. The doors were open too. The barn-door and stable-door were unclosed, and even the gates in the same position. It looked so singular at that usually well-arranged mansion, that the neighbor walked over to see whether all was right. In the hall the coats were thrown upon the floor, and in the parlor a sideboard looked as if it had been rifled. "Foul play here, plain enough!" but how foul, he did not then dream of. He hurried into the dining-room, and his suspicions were increased. A closet evidently had been broken open, and no silver furniture was seen. The neighbor was all trembling with excitement, thinking Mr. Ralston had been robbed.

He was just about to go up stairs to rouse Mr. R., when he started back, frightened. It was a footprint on the stair, partly traced, and a closer examination convinced him it was blood. Now thoroughly alarmed, he ran to the neighbors to rouse them. The news flew like electricity, and the village was soon the scene of the greatest excitement. Crowds were seen hurrying towards the place. Those nearest by had already searched the upper part of the house, and when they came to Mr. R.'s sleeping apartment, words cannot describe the scene which burst on them in all its appalling horrors. In the bed, on the front side of it, lay the corpse of Mrs. R., mangled with blows from an axe. Mr. R. seemed to have slept on the back side of the bed, and to have sprang out to struggle with the assassin. The floor was tracked with blood in such a way as to indicate that the victim had not given up life without resistance. He was on the floor, gashed and cut in the most horrible manner. A pair of stockings found saturated with blood, indicated that the assassin had put off his shoes, as if not to awake his victims by the noise of footsteps. In the upper chamber another ghastly sight met their gaze in the mutilated corpse of the servant girl. The monster had not been dainty as to his victims nor the way of killing them, and his work had been completed with a savage certainty.

The cold remains gave evidence that the deed must have been accomplished some hours before. Besides, the murderer had opened every drawer, trunk and closet in the house, giving plain evidence that the greed of gold had prompted the deed.

"Where is La Bouche?" now resounded through the house. His bed was undisturbed, and he was not to be found. Then might have been heard some muttered curses, and had he then been found, justice would not have waited for the tardy forms of law.

It was now found that a horse had been taken from the stable, and hoof-marks indicated the course taken. But why pass over the details? The greedy wretch had loaded himself down with costly clothing, and the officers found articles along the road. Clattering hoofs

resounded over the ground that quiet morning, and before night the felon La Bouche was in a dungeon. He was covered with evidences of guilt, and when tried, the jury were only out long enough to make up in proper form the verdict "guilty of murder in the first degree."

Had a tiger been on trial, he could have manifested no more indifference. The agony of friends brought into court to testify to certain articles found in his possession, did not soften him in the least. When condemned, he even said he had waited some days for some wealthy relation of the family to be present, in order to increase the spoils of murder. When asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced, he declared his innocence; and when that sentence was interpreted to him, he listened with the most perfect indifference, until that part of it was reached which gave his body, after death, to the physicians for dissection. He shuddered, and some affirm that he wept. Such was this strange being. Goaded on by avarice, he had brutally butchered a family, and amid the lamentations which broke around him, he maintained a sullen firmness. Even when he was sentenced to be hung by the neck, he was unmoved; but now that he hears that his body is to be cut piecemeal for the benefit of science, he shudders and weeps. Surely, man's heart is a riddle without an answer, unless we go to the Book of books, which declares, "The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart."

And this creature declared he had loved, and had been loved. Poverty kept him from a union on which he had set his heart, and if we may believe the words of such a man, here was the mainspring of his action. He would get money, not because he loved it, but because it would secure him the hand of her he loved. For this he had come to America, had practised his diabolical treachery, and at last, with the heart of a fiend, had murdered a family. And yet he trembled at the sentence of dissection.

"In each human heart terror survives
The ruin it has gorged."

The heart must have unrevealed depths of depravity, or this La Bouche would not have given such a tragical comment on the words which some would rather gloss than believe: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?"

Two snatches of conversation will close this sketch. The Gospel of Jesus Christ bids its ministers to act on the principle that "the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." When the spiritual adviser stood in that narrow cell, and heard the clanking irons on the prisoner, he felt his errand to be a solemn one, but the felon seemed without emotion. He tolerated the visitor because he could not help it.

"In a few weeks you are to die; are you ready?" asked the clergyman,

"Yes, as much so as I ever shall be," was the reply, uttered in tones of the utmost indifference.

"But you are to die for a great crime, and the blood of willful murder is upon you."

"Well, what of that? Is it worse to kill a man for his money, than an ox for his flesh? Both die, and that is the end of them."

"The Bible, my poor misguided fellow-sinner, says that man's soul is to live forever, in heaven or in hell. You have murdered, and the sin will send you to the chambers of endless despair, unless you repent of it. Do not talk of man as if he were a brute!"

"The Bible! what is that? You do not mean the Catholic mass-book. I tell you all the priests in France I ever saw, don't believe any of their mummery about purgatory and hell, nor do I believe it. So there is no use in talking about it."

"But you killed two innocent old people who had been kind to you: how can you talk so about such a deed? Think of that old man and his companion butchered in cold blood by you, and only to get money!"

At this allusion he trembled, and acknowledged it was a wicked thing, wished he had not done it, if he had life to try again he would not do it again.

"How could you murder those people with such cruelty and with such evident intentions of long standing?" inquired the clergyman again.

He thought a moment, and for once seemed impressed with the fact that a man will commit unutterable wickedness when left of God, as he made this memorable reply:

"I must have been abandoned of God when I did this wickedness; and it seems to me they must have been abandoned too, or God would have protected them from me!"

"Do you feel, then, that you have sinned

greatly? Then go to God as a sinner; go directly pleading the death of Jesus Christ as the ground of your forgiveness. The thief on the cross was pardoned, and some guilty of murder have repented and have been saved. Believe thou in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

But how could the dark-minded man apprehend the truth? I fear he did not even "see men as trees walking." He acknowledged his great sin, but the means of escape from it were dimly apprehended. He died, as might have been expected, firmly, and yet, to the last, looked forward to the dissection of his body with more dread than to hanging.

Such is one move of those scenes which make up the chequered history of a pastor. May Providence forbid its frequent repetition!

I have spoken of the necessity which even this abandoned man felt of alcoholic stimulus to prepare him for his bloody deed. Let me introduce a brief conversational comment on that fact.

"Well, Mr. Tapster, what do you think of La Bouche's night's work?" said a man with twinkling eyes to a barkeeper.

"It was the most bloody murder I ever heard of. I never saw such a sight as those Ralstons the morning after the murder," replied Tapster.

"Did you ever see La Bouche before?"

"Oh yes, often. He spent an hour or two here the night of the murder, and took several glasses of brandy. In fact, here is the very piece of money out of which I took the change. It is an old-country piece."

"Indeed, Mr. Tapster, you have been honored: let me ask you a question. Do you believe that even this fiend could have butchered that old man, his wife, and servant, without a free use of drink?"

Here was a thoughtful pause, as if some unpleasant reflection was intruding itself on the liquor-seller. At last he replied, "I hardly believe he could have done it without some drink to give him courage."

"That is, Mr. Tapster, if there had not been men here to let that creature have drink to drown conscience, and madden avarice, poor Ralston's family might now be among the living!"

"What's that? Do you mean to make me share in that murder?"

"It is just as long as it is broad. I should think you had some hand in it, if what you say is correct, not as intending it, but none the less certainly implicated, so far as the fact is concerned. Now I would like to have you tell me how you know, when selling rum to a promiscuous crowd of customers, that you are not selling it to some one who will be influenced by it as La Bouche was?"

Here ensued a pause; and it is somewhat hard to see how a man could answer this blood-written commentary on his own agency in that dreadful deed. The pastor would say to all such, you will die richer to die poor with your hands clean of this business, than to die rich with the proceeds of a traffick awfully prolific in scenes kindred to that here sketched. "Deliver me from *blood-guiltiness*, O God, thou God of my salvation."

CHRIST A TEACHER.—A celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who was accustomed to receive large sums from his pupils, in return for his instructions, was one day accosted by an indigent youth, who requested admission into the number of his disciples. "And what," said the sage, "will you give me in return?" "I will give you myself," was the reply. "I accept the gift," answered the sage, "and engage to restore you to yourself at some future period, much more valuable than you are at present." In similar language does our great Teacher address those who apply to him for instruction, conscious that they are unable to purchase his instructions, and offering to give him themselves. He will readily accept the gift; he will educate them for heaven, and will, at length, restore them to themselves, incomparably more wise, more happy, and more valuable than when he received them.

DREAM-BELIEF.

BY CLARA WALKEY.

Though the dense, tempestuous clouds that darkened the world of thought and knowledge during the middle ages have rolled away, the lingering and more subtle mists of prejudice and ignorance still partially veil the hallowed beams of truth, and more or less obscure the visions of various intellects. How frequently do we still hear of dreams that come in the dim and hushed hours of night, bringing intelligence of concealed wills, proofs of murder and robbery, foreshadowing death, ruin, or some dismal misfortunes.

It would be verging on scepticism to affirm that there is no direct communication between the great Ruler of events and those that make it their daily, hourly trial to obey him; whose end and aim are not of this earth, and who neglect not to apply to him for everything needed—and most assuredly scepticism is far worse than the fanaticism of dream-belief—but we are not required to believe this in any stated instance without plain and entire proof. The prophets of old, and the great Promulgator of our dispensation, gave ample proofs of their divine authorization in the great works they undertook, by the great and unmistakable evidence of miracles; and shall we, therefore, be justified in crediting the reality of divine interposition in every case where merely a dream becomes realized? Term these nightly visitants simply sleeping thoughts and fancies, and much of the mysterious influence that surrounds them will disappear. We regard it as nothing supernatural if, in our waking hours, some bright thought should flash across our minds, and light the way out of some scene of perplexity or peril; if some long-obscured remembrance should burst through the clouds of oblivion bright and distinct as in the days of yore; or if we should then recover what we had lost, either in the material or immaterial world. Neither should we deem it unaccountable if, in our daily meditations, the place, when proofs and traces of any crime have been concealed, should occur to us; and is the case really so essentially different when we sleep? Some of our faculties are often active, or only partially repose, while others are rendered inert by slumber.

What gorgeous pictures does imagination sometimes create in a dream—it becomes a real after-delight to recall them. At another time, memory is more busy, perhaps, and fancy comparatively passive, and the friends and scenes of by-gone days are near us—are around us. We seem to breathe the very air, to smell the very flowers we did of old. Then, again, both are active, and strange discrepancies are the inevitable consequence. Aspirations for the future, regret for the past, designs for the present, are mingled in inextricable confusion. The most incongruous characters are blended into one everchanging vision; impossible combinations of time, and place, and circumstance, are formed and dissolved in endless mutability. And there is nothing beyond natural philosophy in all this; there is nothing incomprehensible in either remembering facts or occurrences, or even *inventing* in our sleep; or that a clever thought should arise, should be remembered, and prove useful afterwards. We frequently recur, during slumber, to the subject that has most engrossed us before, that has cost the most anxious deliberation; and it would be wonderful, indeed, if we did not sometimes dream *usefully* respecting it. Serviceable dreams are sufficiently rare, in truth, to excite no reasonable wonder, though beautiful ones are more common; and they are sometimes invested with an almost spiritual radiance; a something indescribable, in our waking moments, seems to environ every object like a halo of glory; fear and horror also ever appear in extreme, stalking like colossal shadows through the changing scene. This would lead us to conclude that, when the other facul-

ties slumber, there is a concentration of power in that of imagination, and, therefore, everything appears exaggerated either in beauty or hideousness; and this naturally induces the credulous to think there is something unearthly about such dreams, especially those which appal most—dreams of evil, which, predicting fearful and fatal events, occasionally fulfill them by means of the very dread they inspire; for, like the poor mouse that rushes into the serpent's jaws, the victims of their own credulity are confused, blinded, frenzied by their fears, and either rush into the danger they have sought, or sink, unresisting, before the powers of their own morbid fancies.

Disappointment at its not being realized digs the grave of many a dream of marvellous beauty, many a vision of glorious hues and glorious forms; while others are immortalized by simple coincidence, by the felicity of idea embodied in them, and their applicability to existing circumstances, or by the fearful events that they cause through the fanaticism of the dreamer. Thus superstition and ignorance ever bring suffering in their train, conjuring up spectres for their own destruction, yet spreading the fatal infection wherever they fall by their own envenomed darts, perverting all that is most beautiful, innocent, and pure, into temples of slavish fear—temples which, happily, are now tottering before the silent but mighty power of enlightenment and mental progress.

MY SOUL, HOPE THOU IN GOD.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

My soul, O Lord, on thee relies,
Though all is dark and drear;
To thee my fainting spirit flies,
And to thy throne devoutly cries,
Nor will I yield to fear.

My heart, my bleeding heart, shall be
Submissive to thy will;
Thy mercy long has followed me,
And though thy frowning face I see,
I'll trust that mercy still.

Though sorrow all my hours attend,
Or when I wake or sleep,
I know on whom my hopes depend,
And upward shall my thoughts ascend—
I'll praise thee while I weep.

In all my griefs, while here I stay,
O'er life's brief stage to roam,
Thou wilt defend, by night and day,
And safe conduct me all the way
To my eternal home.

My home! no sorrow enters there;
No hearts with grief are riven—
Then all life's ills I'll gladly bear,
Since thus my Father would prepare
My chastened soul for heaven.

TIDINGS IN THE WILDERNESS.

HARK! 'tis that returning footstep!
  Echo rings it through the brain,
Startling from its peopled cloisters,
  Many a pale and ghastly train!
"Hush the fevered heart's pulsations?"
  Ye may bid who do not know,
How its strokes, in one short moment,
  Tell out hours of joy or woe.

Then, go stand upon the watch-tower,
  See the flames your home devour,
Sparing—seizing—whom you know not—
  Wait and watch them for an hour.
Stand, and bid your nerves be quiet;
  Gaze, and guide your pulses well;
Think, and give no place to feeling;
  Hope, and care, and fear dispel!

Oh, ye Stoics, are ye human?
  Or hath life to you been calm,
Till ye wot not it hath forces
  Stronger than your valiant arm?
Smile in mockery—call it folly—
  Weakness—madness—what you like—
Truth it is that oft a footfall
  Doth upon the heart-strings strike.

Hark! I hear a chime of voices!
  Look! I see a well-stored hand;
Cheeks are flushing, paling, flashing—
  Reckless of your stern command.
Through the dizzy brain careering,
  Shapes fantastic hold their sway!
When the strange suspense is ended
  Truth shall charm the sprites away.

Turns away one disappointed,
  And unbidden tears *will* flow—
Nay! her oft-tried resolution
  Doth not oft desert her now.
Now to yonder silent corner,
  Softly, with no cynic eye,
Doth she with her absent near her,
  Know how wild her pulses fly?

When ye wander, homeless strangers,
  Ah! how well you'll understand
Why a silent, unsealed letter
  Trembles in another's hand.

It is finished—that epistle—
Broken by a stifled sigh;
Yes! it told of sore bereavement—
Yet no tear bedims her eye.

Blame her not that woman's frailty
May not bide excitement's hour;
'Gainst a tempest of the passions
Outer nature hath no power.
But her soul hath found a refuge
And a rest serene and still;
And affliction's strokes are welcome,
For they work her Father's will.

LUNETTE.

SONG OF THE GONDOLIER.

COME from thy bower, for the young moonbeams shine
On the deep placid breast of our beauteous Rhine;
Come forth from thy chamber, my own chosen bride,
For the gondola dances upon the quick tide!

I will tell thee, in whispers as soft as the thought,
Which around this fair scene of enchantment is wrought,
Of the love that can find no expression in words,
For its language is music, like the loves of the birds!

Oh, I'll sing to thee—sing to thee—all the night long—
While the heart gushes forth in my passionate song;
And thine shall reply to its murmuring strain—
For music and love shall unite us again!

Put off, now! put off from the gossiping shore,
That cold eyes may look on our rapture no more;
And only the stars, beaming soft from above,
And the gentle moon, witness our innocent love!

The Past and the Future, this holiest night,
Have crowned the fair Present with gems of delight;
And true love has wrought, with its infinite power,
A halo of gladness around this sweet hour!

Thy presence has filled me with tenderest alarms;
And, blessing, I clasp thee within my fond arms!
I hear thy voice chanting the song of our loves,
In murmurs as soft as the cooing of doves!

Sing thus, like an angel—oh, sing me to rest,
As my weary head pillows itself on thy breast;
For affection like ours no misfortune may sever—
And I'll love thee and cherish thee, dearest, forever.

FANNY GREEN.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY ANNA M. HEFFERNAN.

THERE is no class of persons in the community who really deserve more pity than old bachelors—an unenviable lot, aptly compared to a fly dwelling in the heart of an apple, revelling in its own sweetness. An old maid can render herself useful and beloved; prove an affectionate and devoted friend—her heart ever open to the wants of others, welcome wherever she goes. But the old bachelor, never; young maidens turn away at his approach, and matrons expect from him neither sympathy or attention, for what is more discordant to his sensitive ears than the cry of children? Alas! it seems the poor bachelor's fate to meet these tiny musicians at every turn—in steamboat, stage, or railroad car. Oh, the ills that assail the poor man are without end—while the cares of his single state increase with such rapidity as to prevent his participating in those of another. It is true, he may return home from business tired and hungry—find his supper ready, and his slippers where he placed them in the morning; but no smiling face is at the door to greet him with warm affection, and offer those nameless little attentions that love ever suggests, or place his slippers by the grate, roll to the fire his easy chair, and be ready with feminine tact to narrate the little events of the day, or beguile the hours with reading or music. Alas, for the poor bachelor! no such bright visions bless his sight, save, perchance, in sleep, where, without doubt, he is troubled by such dreams of felicity, but to awake and find them anything but realized. If he is sick, there is no soft hand to smoothe his pillow, or fan his aching brow. For who would venture near an old bachelor, after his paying such a poor compliment to the fair sex in general, by remaining single? Be it not supposed, however, that they have consulted their own wishes, by remaining in this state of single wretchedness.

People may talk as much as they please of their republican sentiments, dislike of titles, contempt for precedence and rank in society. It will do very well to profess such simplicity; but observance shows that the new world is fast aping the follies of the old world, and there are many who, if they could, would gladly purchase a title with half their fortune. It is human nature. And there are few, no matter how modest or retiring, that would be found willing to refuse the distinctions the world confers upon its favorites. Zenobia, whose wisdom and beauty excelled the famed Cleopatra, whose virtues and strength of mind burst, meteor-like, through the dark age in which she lived—rent in sunder the shackles of slavery that enchained her sex, and caused to rise, as if by magic, upon the desert plain, a glorious city, whose marble palaces and temples, dedicated to the worship of the gods, became the abode and centre of wisdom and knowledge—the fame of whose court and queen drew from all parts of the earth its science and learning, to grace the famed city of Palmyra, whose broken pillars and prostrate columns, that have battled with the storms of ages, and sheltered in its ruins the prowling beast and wandering Arab, still remains to point out to the traveller the once magnificent "city of the desert."

In reply to a messenger from the Roman emperor Aurelian, who was sent to remonstrate with her for assuming too much, and her sons wearing the purple; and to her daughter, who said, "Power, glory, they are but shadows!—surely, it is honor sufficient to be called the sons of Zenobia,"—"Nay, not so," the queen answered. "We are in the world, and of it. Honor and greatness, which are truly honorable and great, not in learning and genius, else were the wise Longinus upon the throne, and I his waiting-woman; not in action, else were the great Zabdas king, and I a patient household drudge. Birth, and station, and power, are before these. Men bow before names, and sceptres, and robes of office—aye, lower than

before the gods themselves. Power itself were a shadow, without these tinsel trappings. It is vain to stand against the world. This coronet of pearls, this gorgeous robe, this golden chair, this human footstool,* in the eye of a severe judgment may signify little. Zeno or Diogenes might smile upon them with contempt. But so thinks not the world.

Thus spake Zenobia centuries ago; thus speaks the world now. Who will echo the words?—

"Honor and wealth from no condition rise,
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

* A beautiful Indian girl.

MUSIC.

BY M. H. R.

Music! who hath not felt a joyous thrill
Of blissful rapture gushing o'er the soul,
Sweet, sweet beyond description, as the sound
Of some clear, long-remembered melody
Floats on the tranquil air? How vividly
Comes back the memory of by-gone days!—
The pictures fancy traced upon the heart,
In characters which time has failed t' efface,
When bursts upon the ear strains long ago
Familiar.
Oh! how beautiful; how like
The enchantment of some far-off fairy-land,
Oft seen in dreams—and ah! in dreams alone—
Seems the low, half-hushed, gently breathing notes,
Falling in tuneful harmony from strings
Swept by the fingers of some cherished friend,
Known and beloved in childhood's joyous years!

What else, save music, hath such potent spells
To charm the troubled spirit—soothe its pains—
Sweeten its bitterness—make light its cares?
To hush the raging storm of passion—quell
The rising tempest of wild anger? To restore
A calm, serene, and peaceful frame of mind?
Music! if mortals would resemble those
Angelic beings circling round the throne
Of the Most High, then let them cultivate
And love it; seek its influence—cherish well
Those higher, holier feelings it inspires.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

English history presents a noble subject for a writer who, like Macaulay, possesses the power of giving to the progress of ideas and the development of principles that living interest which has been thought to belong to biography alone. It is the history of the mightiest empire on which the sun has ever shone. It is the history of the race which exerts, and is to exert, a wider influence on the destinies of humanity than any other which has ever played a part upon the stage of the world. This race, unlike all others which have become dominant, has grown up under the eye of history; so that every stage of its formation, and every step of its development, is matter of record. The earlier history of Egypt and Assyria, of Greece and Rome, is lost in the night of fable. We know little definite of them before they became great and powerful, but the means by which that greatness was attained, and that power won, are as utterly unknown as the annals of the world before the flood. We simply know that each of these races was formed by the intermixture of various peoples, and that the predominant element in each was not aboriginal to the soil upon which it flourished. A race must be transplanted in order to attain a vigorous growth.

The history of England properly divides itself into two portions. The first is the formation of the race: the gradual process by which Celtic savages, Saxon marauders, Danish pirates, and Norman robbers—the rough materials and elements of humanity—were cast into the fiery crucible and molten together, till from the mixture was produced the great Anglo-Saxon race. The second portion of English history is the record of the doings and achievements of the race thus formed. It is the record of its endeavors, sometimes blind and unconscious, to work out the great problem of liberty and law, of freedom and order. Through these long centuries how many generations of stout frames have sunk down wearied in the combat; how many wise heads and noble hearts have outworn themselves with studying and planning to win for us what they never enjoyed! The sense of personal security which surrounds me like an atmosphere while I pen these lines—the consciousness that my sleeping hours are watched over by the sleepless eye of law, and that the whole might of the community will be aroused to avenge the slightest wrong done me; all this was won for me by keen combats of hand and brain, at Runnymede and Naseby, in the Long Parliament and the Great Convention, no less really and truly than on Bunker's Hill, at Yorktown, and in the first Congress. Hampden, and Sidney, and Russell, were my conscripts, and fell fighting my battles.

The Phenician navigators, who visited the Cassiterides, or Tin Islands, which we now call Britain, found them inhabited by a people scarcely more civilized than the New Zealanders of the present day. And centuries later, when some faint gleams of Roman civilization had shone upon their darkness, their stupidity and brutality was a proverb among the more cultivated nations of the south. They were thought too stupid even for slaves. Of all the Roman conquests in the west, Britain was the latest won, the most incomplete, and the earliest abandoned. Civilization and law, which followed the flight of the Roman eagles, scarcely reached these remote islands, of which, indeed, the conquerors seemed to have held little more than military possession; and left behind them few traces of their dominion except their military camps, *castra*, or, as the word now appears as part of the name of so many towns, *chesters*, scattered over the island in every available military position.

When the body is attacked by some fierce disease, the vital fluid is recalled from the extremities to the seat of life; so the Roman empire, when collapsing in its death-throes, summoned its legions from the distant provinces for the defense of Italy. Britain was thus left, defenseless, to the inroads of the Saxon. The Celtic race, the aboriginal savages of Europe, were unable to withstand the onset of a bolder, hardier and more determined race. The institutions of civilization and Christianity, which had just begun to spring up, were beaten down. "If they are praying against us, they are fighting against us," said the Saxon Ethelforth, as

he gave the monks of Bangor to the sword. The broken and shattered remnants of the Celtic race fled westward to the mountain-fastnesses of Wales, and Britain ceased to be Celtic. So the ground was ploughed and harrowed for the reception of the seed of nations.

A rough and hardy plant was it, whose seed was cast into those desolated fields. The founders of the Gothic, Vandal, Frank and Lombard kingdoms which were erected on the continent upon the ruins of the Roman empire, were, or soon became, Christian, so that their dominions came under the civilizing and Christianizing influence of the Church, and of such Christianity as the times afforded and were capable of receiving. The conquerors of Britain, meanwhile, remained heathen, and throughout the Heptarchy which they founded, bloody rites were performed at rude altars before savage idols, while in Spain, Italy, and Germany, Christian councils were eagerly and keenly debating the most abstruse mysteries of the Christian faith, and endeavoring to fathom the deepest abysses of the divine nature.

The Saxons, who had now become Anglo-Saxons, passed four centuries in grim heathenism, when one day—so runs the legend—Gregory the Great saw in the market-place of Rome a company of young, fair-haired slaves, whom he was told were, by nation, Angles. "Were they but Christians," said he, "they would be angels, not Angles." The name of their monarch, ALLA, and of their province, DEIRA, suggested to the pontiff the alleluiahs which they would sing when saved from the divine ire. Moved by this incident, Gregory dispatched missionaries for the conversion of the Saxons, who landed on the isle of Thanet, where, four centuries before, Hengist and Horsa had beached their prows. Among these missionaries was Paulinus, who took his way to the Northumbrian kingdom, where his message met with a ready acceptance. "'Who,' exclaimed the king"—so run the chronicles of the venerable Bede—"when the council was ended, 'shall first desecrate the altars and temples?' 'I,' answered the chief priest; 'for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped?' Immediately casting away vain superstition he besought the king to grant him, what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser; which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the idols. The crowd seeing this, thought him mad. He, however, halted not; but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he held in his hand, and, exulting in the acknowledgment of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple with all its inclosures. The place is shown where these idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, where that priest, inspired by the true God, polluted and destroyed those altars which he himself had formerly worshipped."

So once more Britain became Christian, and, after centuries of combats, which Milton likens to the fighting of kites and crows, order and civilization again began to bloom. But only for a moment; they were again to be beaten down. The race which was forming must be broken up, and again cast into the crucible.

There is an old Scandinavian myth of the forging of Mimung—a sword, of temper so exquisite, and edge so keen, that it cut sheer through all other arms and armor, as if they had been reeds and willow wands. When the blade was forged, the maker made trial of it by cutting asunder a thread of wool, floating on water. Nowise content, he broke the blade in pieces, forged and welded it for three days, tempered it again, and produced a weapon that clove through a ball of wool, floating on water. Again was the blade broken up, and again welded together in still hotter and longer-continued flames, till at last the armorer was satisfied with the temper and keenness of his work. What Mimung was to other swords, the Anglo-Saxons are to all other races, cutting sheer through them, itself undinted and undulled; and this keenness and toughness of temper has been produced, in much the same way, by repeatedly breaking up the race, and rewelding it again.

This second breaking up was effected by the inroads of fresh swarms of invaders from the Scandinavian coasts. The Danish pirates poured across the narrow seas, now the sure defense of the British isles. The indomitable courage and steadfastness which, in virtue of their Teutonic blood, the Danes shared with the Saxons, was dashed in the former with a reckless and desperate valor, to which the latter were strangers. They loved the fury of battle for its own sake, not merely for the gain which they might win, or the renown which

rested upon warlike achievements. Not to die in battle was a shame and a disgrace; and when they felt the approach of natural death, they would gash themselves with deep wounds, that Odin might bid them welcome to Walhalla, as warriors slain. The struggle between these two branches of the great Teutonic race continued for six generations. In the fierce conflict civilization was again beaten down, and trodden into the soil. Fresh hordes from the Scandinavian shores poured in to keep up the waning conflict. But the impulse of emigration finally ceased. The volcano ceased to spout forth its lava; and that which had been poured upon England began slowly to become absorbed into the soil of the island. The Danes received the faith of the Saxons. Civil institutions once more began to spring up. Danes and Saxons began to blend together till the distinction was lost, and England again was ruled by a homogeneous race. But the Mimung of nations was not yet tempered.

Foremost of all the Scandinavian tribes whom the shores of the Baltic nourished, were the Northmen. Two centuries before, the prescience of their terrible inroads had darkened the stout spirit of Charlemagne. The great Emperor had once unexpectedly arrived at a city in Gaul, and while he was there a fleet of strange vessels entered the harbor. They were recognized as Northman pirates by their long hulls, and wide-spread sails, like the wings of a bird of prey. When, however, they learned that the great Emperor was in the city, they hoisted sail and sped away; for true to their character, and unlike the Danes, they had little love for desperate enterprises where neither fame nor booty was to be won. Charlemagne meanwhile gazed sorrowfully in the direction where their white sails were receding in the distance. "I am cut to the heart," said he, "that they dare approach this shore while I live, because I foresee how they will persecute my children and their people after I am gone."

His fears were more than fulfilled. The long, swift vessels of the Northmen were the terror of every shore of Christendom. At length they possessed themselves of a part of France, to which they gave the name of Normandy. Transplanted thus to a more genial clime, the Northman character assumed a new phase. Hitherto they had only appeared as the boldest, the rudest, and most merciless of all the Scandivanian hordes. They now abandoned their native language, for that of the Franks; forsook their heathen worship for the Christian religion; laid aside their former rude ferocity, and acquired all and more than all the refinement and culture which was to be found in the nations which they overran. But the blade lost none of its keenness by becoming polished. The rude and dauntless valor which had enabled them to acquire their conquests, was, when joined to skill and culture, sufficient, and more than sufficient, to maintain their acquisitions. The descendants of the rude Hrolf, the Northman, who contrived to insult his liege lord in the very act of doing homage for the principality which was conferred on him, swearing that he would bow to no mortal man, having humbled himself too much by doing reverence to the new God whom he had adopted;—the descendants of this same Northman, under the softer name of Normans, became, in the second generation, famous throughout Christendom for all courtly accomplishments and the arts of peace. This race, thus founded, soon gave sovereigns to Sicily, Antioch, and England.

By one great and terrible blow the Norman struck down the rising Saxon power in England. All, and more than all, the so-called "rights of conquest" were exercised by the victors. The soil was portioned out among the leaders, and the conquered race was at once reduced to the rank of an inferior caste, and visited with every species of insult and ignominy. Every institution of the Saxons was overswept by the Norman deluge, and buried fathoms deep beneath the waters. Yet the tough Saxon race would not be extinguished. The waters began to subside, and here and there the Saxon granite began to show itself, like the mountain ranges after the deluge. No other race ever survived so utter and hopeless an overthrow. Soon the Saxon element began to mingle with the Norman, and from the union sprang the English race. The Mimung of nations was forged. The descendants of those who fell, mutually slaying and slain, at Hastings, won by their united exertions, and for their common benefit, the Great Charter from their feeble monarch.

"Here," says Macaulay, in one of the most eloquent passages of his work, "commences the history of the English nation. The history of the preceding events is the history of wrongs inflicted and sustained by various tribes, which

indeed all dwelt on English ground, but which regarded each other with aversion such as has scarcely ever existed between communities separated by physical barriers. Here it is that we must seek for the origin of our freedom, our prosperity, and our glory. Then it was that the great English people was formed, that the national character began to exhibit those peculiarities which it has ever since retained. . . . . Then first appeared with distinctness that constitution which has ever since, through all changes, preserved its identity; that constitution of which all the other free constitutions in the world are copies, and which, in spite of some defects, deserves to be regarded as the best under which any great society has ever yet existed during many ages. Then it was that the House of Commons, the archetype of all the representative assemblies which now meet, either in the Old or in the New World, held its first sittings. Then it was that the common law rose to the dignity of a science, and rapidly became a not unworthy rival of the imperial jurisprudence. . . . Then was formed that language, less musical, indeed, than the languages of the south, but in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, inferior to that of Greece alone. Then, too, appeared the first dawn of that noble literature, the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England."

The Great Charter which the nobles won from John, did not immediately inure to the benefit of the great masses of the English people. It secured freedom only to those who before possessed it—to the nobles, the clergy, and the gentry; but long centuries elapsed before it was even suspected, much less conceded, that the personal rights of the meanest subject were as inalienable and indefeasible as those of the proudest baron, or of the monarch himself.

Mr. Macaulay has fully recognized the fact that the great instrument in the amelioration of the condition of England at this period was the Catholic Church. Accustomed as we are to look on that Church as she now is, far in the rear of the human race, it is difficult for us to do justice to her when she occupied the van. She was then at the height of her greatness, and playing the most distinguished of her many parts. She first appears in history enjoying a simple precedency over the other churches, accorded to her on account of the personal character of her bishops, for the post of honor was the post of danger, and naturally drew to itself the noblest and the bravest spirits; then follows an official overseership, confirmed by the imperial power; then an episcopacy over South Italy alone, battling with the image-breaking East on the one hand, and with Arian Lombardy on the other; then linking herself to the victorious Frank empire, and endowed by Pepin with a worldly principality; falling under the dominion of the German emperors; set free from this domination, and made the ruler and arbiter in the confederation of nations; claiming the power to make and unmake kings; and precipitating Europe upon Asia in a succession of crusades. Now we see her narrowly escaping overthrow in the great uprising of the thirteenth century; victorious in the contest; degraded into a mere intriguing Italian principality; sinking into the slough of corruption; shaken to her centre, and seemingly on the point of extinction by the great Lutheran revolt; restored by a sucession of pontiffs, the austere sanctity of whose lives would have done honor to the days of her first martyrs, and by the mighty society of the Jesuits; battling fiercely against the northern reformers, and winning back half the ground she had lost in Europe, and more than compensated for the loss of the other half by her conquests in the Orient, the New World, and the isles of the sea. Once more we behold her reduced to the condition of an ill-governed Italian principality; swept away by the hurricane of the French Revolution; restored, while the Protestants were shouting over what they deemed her final overthrow; allying herself, in our own day, with the great popular movement; cast off by that movement; and now, no man knows what or where.

But at the time of which we are speaking, the Roman Church was playing her great part of arbiter among the nations. That place she had acquired and held by the best of all possible titles—she alone was capable of filling it. Her interests coincided with those of the people. The distinction of races was hostile to her essential principles, for she claimed that her touch could confer on the lowliest-born a mysterious dignity, which gave him a claim to the reverence of the loftiest and proudest noble or monarch. With her ranked hierarchy, whose dignity was altogether independent of blood or descent, she dared confront the proudest aristocracy of birth, and she came off victorious in

the struggle. What could earthly weapons avail against her spiritual armory?

But while the Church declined, the people advanced, outstripped her in the race, and flung her aside; then pressed forward with bolder and more rapid strides.

From this point begins the heroic period of English history, marked by the rise and progress of the Puritans, and by the Great Rebellion. The barons had won the recognition of their rights from their sovereign, but they had won it for themselves alone. To the commons it mattered little whether their oppressors were kings or nobles. The Church had fought their battles, and had removed the most pressing of their disabilities. Just at this moment the wars of the Roses exhausted the power of the barons, and the commons, relieved from their superincumbent pressure, began to be and to feel themselves of importance in the state, and to clamor for a recognition of that importance. Under this form the great battle of progress was now to be fought. What might have been the result had the leadership of the aristocratic party remained in hands as capable as those of the Plantagenets and Tudors, no man can say. But it was transferred to the House of Stuart, the weakest and the vainest which ever filled the English throne.

Just when the prerogatives which the ancient monarchs had claimed began to be considered insupportable, the besotted James put forth pretensions of which his predecessors had never dreamed. Hereditary monarchy, as embodied in his own foolish person, was the only form of government sanctioned by the Supreme Being. He was the sole source of law and privilege; and whatever immunities the subjects enjoyed, they enjoyed by his sovereign pleasure, and might be deprived of them by that pleasure. Resistance to him was treason against God. He was amenable for his acts to no human power, and for injuries inflicted by him there was no redress. James died, and left his principles to his son, the contest between whom and his people was submitted to the decision of the sword. The aristocratic party rallied around the monarch.

In this contest we meet with loftier characters than we have before encountered. Wentworth, with his famous "Thorough" on his lips, goes glooming across the stage, and mounts the scaffold, a sacrifice for a prince too cowardly and faithless to interpose his undoubted prerogative to save his faithful servant—a prince whom neither friend nor foe could trust. Hampden flings himself into the desperate breach, and passes away from a conflict which is not to be decided by his calm and serene wisdom. The stern and lowering ranks of the Independents begin to crowd the stage, and foremost among them the great Protector. His strong arm turns the desperate tide of affairs. He saw that the fiery chivalry of England which rallied around the monarch must be confronted by a chivalry whose inspiration was drawn from a still higher source. The royalists were moved by the highest earthly motives; the obscure feeling—more effective from its very obscurity—of loyalty to an anointed monarch; the remembrance of a long line of ancestors whose banners had flaunted in the breeze of every victory since the days of Cressy and Agincourt; the strong fellow-feeling sprung from the heirship and possession of the soil; the confidence derived from the consciousness of being trained to the use of arms;—these powerful motives were all monopolized by the royalist party. To each of these Cromwell opposed motives drawn from another world. For loyalty to an earthly monarch, was substituted devotion to a heavenly king. Instead of a nobility founded upon the records of heralds, they had a preeminence derived from their names being written among the heirs of eternal life. To the enthusiasm drawn from the possession of earthly acres, they opposed a zeal sprung from the conscious heirship of a heavenly inheritance. The valor sprung from earth went down before that derived from the unseen world. The Roundheads clove their iron way through the ranks of the Cavaliers on many a well-fought field, as the axe hews its way through the wood. The royal cause was irretrievably lost; and the world was aghast at that great execution done before the windows of the Banquetting-house at Whitehall.

Then the reins of government fell into the hands of Oliver. The plain farmer, the rigid disciplinarian, the successful captain, displayed all the highest qualities of the statesman and the prince; and now, after two centuries of obloquy and abuse heaped upon him, he is acknowledged to have been the bravest, the royalest, the wisest, and the best monarch who has ever filled the English throne.

We have sometimes drawn a parallel between

three men, widely separated in time, circumstances, condition, and achievements; each was in his own sphere a conqueror; and each of whom, we have thought, had it been laid upon him, might have done the work of the others:—Cromwell, Luther, and Bunyan. The same downright, sturdy manhood forms the basis of the character of each. The physical characteristics of all were strikingly alike: there is the same burly figure, the same heavy and massy brow, the same rugged features. Yet, like green valleys shut in among Alpine rocks, there are the same traits of loving tenderness, seeming all the more tender from their rugged environment. Each had the same fiery imagination which first paints figures from within upon the outward eye, and then accepts these figures of the brain for outward realities. Each endured mental and spiritual conflicts which would a thousand times have overcome physical powers less robust. Each wrestled, in no metaphysical sense, with the Prince of the Power of the Air; and each won the victory. Luther or Bunyan, we have no doubt, might have led armies to assured victory or ruled a great nation. Bunyan or Cromwell, we think, might have given impulse to the Reformation. Cromwell or Luther might perhaps have written Pilgrim's Progress or Grace Abounding.

With the accession of Charles the Second, a new aspect comes over English history, and one which, to our view, more than any other, exhibits the wonderful tenacity, toughness, and recuperative power of that thrice-broken, thrice-welded English race. No people who have from such a height sunk so low, have ever risen again. The antediluvian world was purified by water; the seat of the Roman empire was cleansed by fire and sword; in France, the reigns of the Regent Orleans and of Louis the Fifteenth, were followed by the general overturn of the first Revolution, and the end is not yet; who dares hope for the regeneration of the present Spanish or Italian race? But no such fiery captain was needed for the regeneration of the English race from the great fall of the Restoration.

But our limits are reached, and we must pause. We had intended to have written, not of English history, but of Macaulay's History of England. But to what purpose, after all, would it have been, when the book itself is in everybody's hands, and has been devoured with a keener relish than that excited by the newest novel? We might indeed have spoken of the portions of the work by which we have been most impressed. We might indeed have called attention to the masterly skill with which, in the introductory portion, the golden thread of constitutional progress is disentangled from the petty details of the accession and demise of monarchs, the conflicts of rival houses, the details of battles and sieges. We might have expressed our admiration of the few bold strokes by which are delineated the features of Oliver and his Invincibles; or of the human interest which is given to the death of so contemptible a being as the head of the English Church, dying amid his harlots, with the Host sticking in his throat. We might have expressed our admiration of the picture, in the third chapter, of the England of two centuries ago. We might have spoken of the two great historical portraits of James the Second and William of Orange. We might, moreover, had we carried out our original design, have endeavored to discover precisely wherein consists the charm of the style of the work, simple and unadorned as at first sight it seems to be, and almost absolutely bare of tropes and figures, and of what are usually esteemed ornaments of diction. We might have called attention to the skill, with the manner of a special pleader, in which, in his Miscellanies, he has treated of many of the same topics; in his History laid aside for the grave severity and dignity of a judge. But, we repeat, to what purpose would all this have been, when the work itself is already so well known?

EDWARD PAYSON AND HIS WORKS.

It is a matter of no little interest to the devout Christian, that the works of Dr. Payson are now published in a very tasteful style, and at a price so low as to place them within the reach of almost every reader. Messrs. Hyde & Lord, of Portland, are in possession of the copyright of these works, and have recently issued a new edition, in all respects equal and in several superior to the former edition, though they have reduced the price—the three volumes being now sold for five dollars. Payson, in our estimation, was one of the most accomplished and devoted, as he was one of the most successful ministers that have ever graced the American pulpit. He was not without his faults. There was, at times, a semblance of the austere and melancholy in his religious experience, which has lent a tinge to his works; though this element was rather the result of a morbid state of mind induced by physical disease, than of any constitutional defect, or of any peculiarity in the type of his religion. But making due allowance for this circumstance, we know of no American divine whose works may be read and studied with greater profit by the minister, the theological student and the private Christian, than Edward Payson. There is an originality, a clearness, a directness, an earnestness, in his style, which cannot fail to be of immense service to those who are preparing for the ministry. Besides, there is a devoutness, a depth of spirituality, about all his efforts, which render them doubly valuable. Payson enjoyed, at times, a very near and intimate communion with God. He knew what it was to converse with the King of kings, as a man converses with a friend. He breathed, ever and anon, the atmosphere of heaven. From the depths of humiliation, into which a sense of guilt often plunged him, he rose to a life purer and more blessed than falls to the lot of most of the disciples of Christ, in this lower world; and it is a delightful task to follow him, as we may, in some sense, into this purer life, to listen to his words, when his lips have been touched with a coal from off the altar of God. Christians need to be familiar with such examples as this of Payson. Nothing, perhaps, is a greater incentive to resolute and devout efforts to overcome the world and to attain a high position among the disciples of the Son of God, than the knowledge of the fact that others like ourselves, subject to the same temptations, with the same obstacles to overcome, were eminently successful in their Christian warfare, and that they had the strongest assurance in their own hearts, of their adoption as children. This is and will be, to the end of time, a part of the mission of Edward Payson; for, although often the subject of intense pain—often under a gloomy cloud—on account of his sin, he always emerges into the bright sunshine of the divine favor, under the cross of Christ. We see him oftenest in green pastures and by the side of still waters. Payson—thanks to his Master for that—Payson left his testimony to the reality of the land of Beulah, so beautifully described in the allegorical language of Bunyan, but which many Christians believe has only an imaginary existence. In a letter he dictated to his sister, a short time before he left the world, he says: "Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam above me; its breezes fan me; its odors are wafted to me; its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached, and now he fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun—exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should thus deign to shine upon a sinful worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants. I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to ex-

press that emotion." What precious words are these! They are uttered not by an enthusiast, not by one under the influence of moral insanity—but by one possessed of a sane mind, in the fullness of its strength. At another time he said, "I can find no words to express my happiness. I seem to be swimming in an ocean of pleasure, which is carrying me on to the great fountain. It seems as if my soul had found a pair of new wings, and was so eager to try them, that, in her fluttering, she would rend the fine net-work of the body in pieces."

The first volume of Payson's works is occupied with a memoir and his Select Thoughts; the second and third contain a judicious selection from his sermons. Some of his illustrations, embraced in the first volume, are exceedingly happy. For example: "Suppose you wished to separate a quantity of brass and steel filings, mixed together in one vessel, how would you effect this separation? Apply a loadstone, and immediately every particle of iron will attach itself to it, while the brass remains behind. Thus, if we see a company of true and false professors of religion, we may not be able to distinguish between them; but let Christ come among them, and all his sincere followers will be attracted towards him, as the steel is drawn towards the magnet, while those who have none of his spirit will remain at a distance." Again: "If we perceive a number of children playing together in the street, we could not, without previous knowledge, determine who are their parents, or where are their homes. But let one of them receive an injury or get into any trouble, and we learn who are his parents, for he immediately runs to them for relief. Thus it is with the Christian and the man of the world. While we observe them together, pursuing the same employments, and placed in the same circumstances, we may not be able at once to distinguish them. But let afflictions come upon them, and we are no longer at a loss; the man of the world seeks relief in earthly comforts, while the Christian flies to his heavenly Father, his refuge and support in the day of trouble."

Humble, distrustful, timid, as we often see this servant of Christ, he was as bold as a lion in the prosecution of an enterprise, when sure that he entered upon it with the approval of his Master. "What God calls a man to do," he says, "he will carry him through. I would undertake to govern half a dozen worlds if God called me to it, but I would not undertake to govern half a dozen sheep unless God called me to it."

Few men better than Payson knew how to pour the oil of consolation into a heart that was bleeding on account of the bereavement of friends, or suffering in any manner. At one time he visited his mother, who had just been called to gaze for the last time upon the face of a beloved child. "Mother," said he, "suppose some one was making a beautiful crown for you to wear, and you knew it was for you, and that you was to receive it and wear it, as soon as it should be done. Now, if the maker of it were to come, and in order to render it more beautiful and splendid, were to take some of your jewels to put into it, should you be sorrowful and unhappy because they were taken away for a little while, when you knew they were gone to make up your crown?" His mother was greatly comforted and consoled by this comparison, and was forced to remark that no one could conceive of the soothing, quieting influence it had upon her.

On one occasion he went to see a sick person who was very much troubled because she could not keep her mind all the time fixed upon Christ, in consequence of the distracting influence of her sufferings, and the various objects and occurrences of the sick room, which constantly called off her attention. She was afraid she had no love for Christ, because she found it so difficult to fix her mind upon him. Dr. Payson, when he had heard her patiently through the catalogue of her trials, thus addressed her: "Suppose you were to see a little sick child, lying in its mother's lap, with its faculties impaired by its sufferings so that it was generally in a troubled sleep; but now and then it just opens its eyes a little, and gets a glimpse of its mother's face, so as to be recalled to the recollection that it is in its mother's arms; and suppose that always, at such a time, it should smile faintly, with evident pleasure to find where it was—should you doubt whether that child loved its mother or not?"

WHERE IS HAPPINESS?

"Oh, tell me where is happiness!"
Cried a gay and thoughtless child,
As she wandered o'er the pleasant green,
Where the flowers grew sweet and wild.

She roamed amid her garden flowers,
And the queenly rose was there;
"Ah! this is happiness," she said,
"For thou art passing fair."

With eager haste the rose was plucked,
But, alas! a thorn was found;
And the fair child wept—her hope had fled,
As she cast it to the ground.

"Oh, tell me where is happiness!"
Said a lovely, pensive girl,
As she wiped the tear-drops from her eye,
Or toyed with a golden curl.

A noble youth stood by her side,
And he answered, "In thy smile
May pure, true happiness be found,
With a love which knows no guile."

The maiden wept; a cruel pain
Was gathering round her heart;
She felt how vain the boon she craved,
When the spoiler hurled his dart.

'Twas eve—the stars looked coldly down
On the little murmuring rill;
And naught was heard through wood or glen,
Save the note of the whippoorwill.

The breeze was whispering soft and low,
When a drooping form drew nigh;
Pale was the maiden's lovely cheek,
And dim was the dark blue eye.

"'Twas here," she cried, "a thoughtless child,
I decked my mimic bower;
And sought in vain for happiness,
In every wildwood flower.

When youth, and love, and hope were mine,
When all seemed bright and fair,
I plucked the roses as they grew,
But found that thorns were there."

Thus sadly did the maiden grieve,
While the stars were looking on,
And the moon behind a cloud was hid,
As if the sight to shun.

The morning came—a hymn of joy
Was sung by an angel band;
The fair girl woke to happiness,
In a brighter, better land.

D. A. J.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

CHURCH AND STATE.—There is a good deal of controversy among men of judgment on this side of the Atlantic, as to whether one may marry his deceased wife's sister, and questions of that sort; but in relation to the question whether it is lawful, and, if lawful, whether it is expedient, for the Church to intermarry with the State, there is probably but little difference of opinion. What a miserable state of existence this union must be in England! We were looking over Mr. Noel's argument against it the other day, and although we were previously acquainted with most of the general facts adduced, yet they were never presented in so striking a light before. The Book of Canons, published about the time of the first James, we think, contains such vindictive enactments against Non-conformists, that the wonder is, when we remember that these enactments are still in force, not that such men as Baptist Noel should denounce the establishment, but that they should cling to it so long. In this Book of Canons it is enacted, that whoever shall affirm that the Book of Common Prayer containeth anything in it which is repugnant to the Scriptures, shall be excommunicated. It goes farther, and declares that whoever shall pronounce any of the thirty-nine articles erroneous, in part or entirely; whoever affirms that the form and manner of making bishops, priests and deacons, contains anything in it repugnant to the Word of God, shall suffer excommunication. There is a good deal implied in excommunication, too. Those who are thus degraded by the Church, are made to suffer like felons by the State. By excommunication, the Puritans were rendered incapable of suing for their debts, were liable to imprisonment for life, were denied Christian burial, and, as Mr. Noel remarks, were, as far as a human power could inflict such a punishment, excluded from heaven.

RICHARD BAXTER AND JUDGE JEFFREYS.—In that inimitable work of Macaulay, just published by the Messrs. Harper—the History of England, from the accession of James II.—there is a paragraph in which everybody must be deeply interested, respecting the trial of Baxter, the author of the "Saint's Rest," before Judge Jeffreys. An information was filed against this excellent, though persecuted and hated man, and oppressed by age and infirmities, he appeared at Westminster Hall, to request time to prepare for his defense. "Jeffreys," says Macaulay, "burst into a storm of rage. 'Not a minute,' he cried, 'to save his life. I can deal with saints, as well as with sinners. There stands Oates, on one side of the pillory; and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together.' When the trial came on at Guildhall, Polfexen and Wallop appeared for the defendant. Polfexen had scarce begun his address to the jury, when the Chief Justice broke forth—'Polfexen, I know you well. I will set a mark on you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the liturgy. He would have nothing but long sounding cant without book.' And then his lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying—'Lord, we are thy people, thy precious people, thy dear people.' Polfexen gently reminded the Court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric. 'And what ailed the old blockhead, then,' cried Jeffreys, 'that he did not take it?' His fury now rose almost to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the city. Baxter himself attempted to put in a word. 'My lord,' said the old man, 'I have been much blamed by dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops.' 'Baxter for bishops!' cried the Judge. 'That's a merry conceit indeed. I know what you mean by bishops—rascals like yourselves, Kidderminster bishops, factious, snivelling Presbyterians!' Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffreys bellowed—'Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the Court! Richard, thou art an old knave.

Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God, I'll look after thee. I see a great many of thy brotherhood, waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. And then,' he continued, fixing his savage eye on Baxter, 'there is a doctor of the party at your elbow. But, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all!'" Pretty language, this, for my lord the Chief Justice! That was the way the High Church party dispensed justice and equity to the Puritans, in the reign of the second James.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—This number concludes the fifth volume of the Parlor Magazine; and with the issue of the May number some important changes will be introduced, which we flatter ourselves will greatly add to the interest and worth of the Magazine. These changes are perhaps sufficiently indicated in the publisher's announcement on the cover. But we beg leave to call attention to the fact that, as the work is now placed on a firm pecuniary foundation, the proprietor is able to elevate its character by calling in the aid of those whose valuable contributions can only be secured by generous compensation; and this our publisher intends to do. The value of a publication of the general character of the CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE—it being almost exclusively made up of original articles—must depend in a great measure upon its contributors. They, rather than the editor, impart to it its spirit, and determine the rank it shall hold in the scale of literary and moral excellence. They, for the most part, manufacture from the raw material. By far the greater share of the labor of the loom must be performed by them. The editor can scarcely be expected to weave much. To select from the fabrics produced by others—to impart to them, peradventure, a finer finish, now and then, (if he have liberty so to do)—to group together in each number a pleasing variety in the texture of such fabrics—these are mainly the duties of an editor. Such being the case, how puerile it is to parade the name of an editor of a magazine before the public, as the manner of some is, and to endeavor to convince the public that by some feat of legerdemain or other in connection with that name, a perfect specimen of excellence is to be produced, very much as the pretty Minerva was educed from the head of Jupiter! Nonsense! The reading public are indebted to the contributors of a magazine a hundred times more than to its editor, for what of value there is in it. On this account we think our publisher acts wisely in giving an ample remuneration to the literary correspondents of the magazine; and we cannot doubt that this arrangement will secure for it a degree of excellence to which it has never before attained.

PARLOR TABLE.

Ancient Sacred Lyre, or Cumberland Collection of Church Music. By BENJAMIN SWEETSER, Jr. Portland: Hyde, Lord & Duren.

The merit of this collection of church music—and it is certainly no small merit, in our estimation—consists mainly in the fact, that a great share of the tunes in it belong to the old stamp. Modern compilers of sacred music for public use, appear to us too often inclined to supplant these old favorites altogether, by other, and, too frequently, inferior compositions. The good old *fugues* of Billings, and men of that mould, are in danger of absolutely dying out, unless, as in the present instance, they are embodied in new collections. Long live the old *fugues*, "Majesty," "New Durham," and kindred compositions.

The New York Chronicle.

A publication with this title has been recently commenced in this city, which purports to be "a monthly report and permanent repository of religious intelligence and useful knowledge." It is edited by Rev. ORRIN B. JUDD, and published by Holman & Gray. The first numbers please us very much. It seems to be edited with spirit and judgment, and its mechanical appearance is worthy of all praise.

The North British Review.

This excellent publication continues to be issued promptly in this country, a very short time after the arrival of the foreign copy. The number for February is peculiarly rich and varied in its contents. It contains, among many other fine articles, capital reviews of Baptist Noel's book on the Union of the Church and State, and Macaulay's History of England. The latter is admirable in the extreme. The publishers have given notice that they have printed extra copies of this number, for the accommodation of those who desire to possess this review. Published by Leonard Scott & Co., No. 79 Fulton street.

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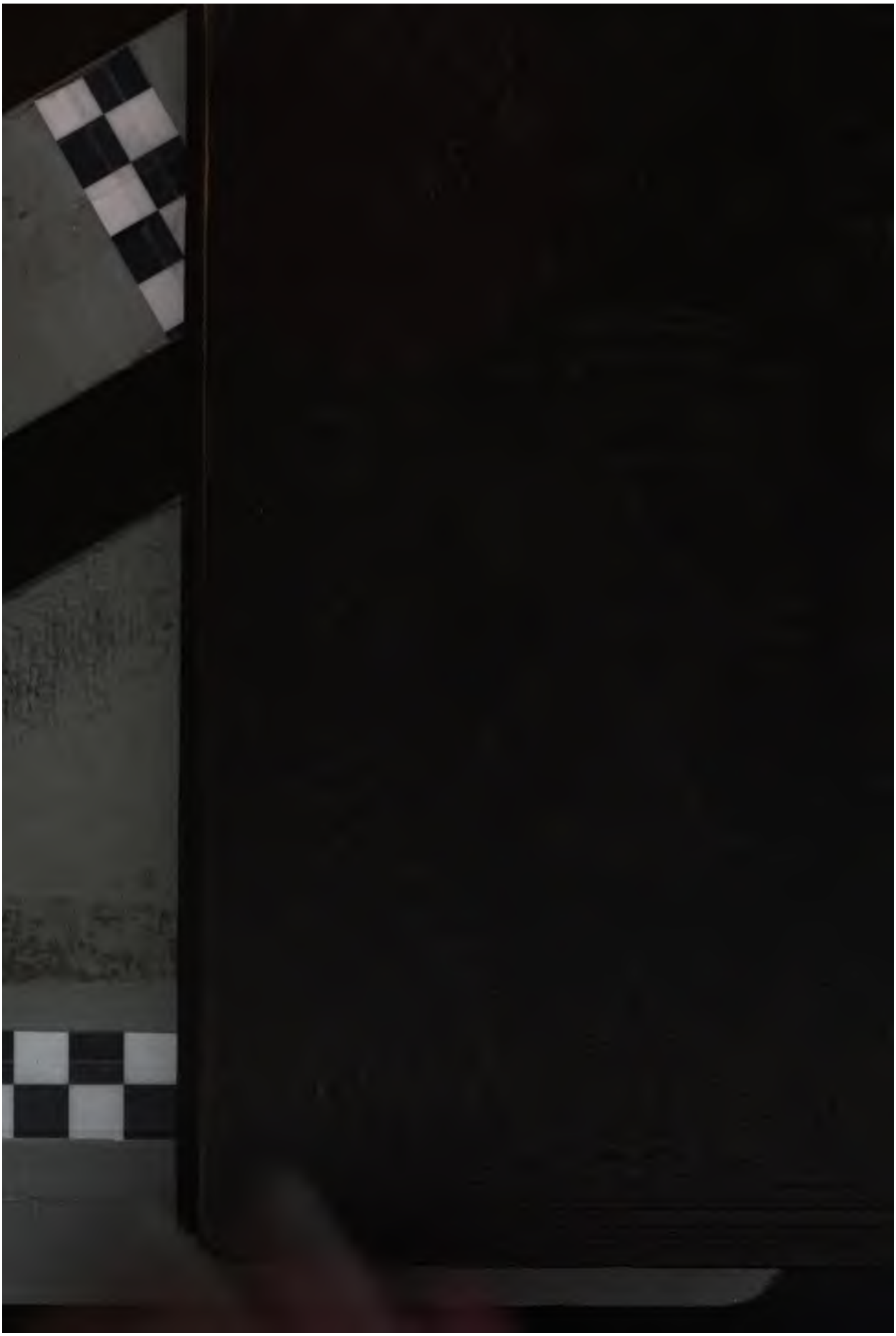
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